

New York:

I. C. & J. N. STEARNS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS,
No. 116 NASSAU STREET.



19 Ap. 12. Simmons 14.

at back

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

FEBRUARY TO JULY, 1841.

Address to the Reader,	1	What is Poetry,	95
The Sociable Weavers,	2	The River,—a Song,—Music,	96
About Labor and Property,	3	The Sun,	101
My First Whistle,	4	Night,	101
Owls and Eagles,	5	Hogg's Father,	102
Origin of 'The House that Jack Built,'	7	Anecdote,	102
My own Life and Adventures: by Robert Merry, 9, 63, 65, 129, 161		Queen Elizabeth of England,	103
Swallows,	15	Peter Pilgrim's Account of his School- mates, No. 1,	137
The Human Frame likened to a House,	18	Hunting Wild Animals in Africa,	111
Chinese Spectacles,	18	Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America, 116, 140,	181
Story of Philip Brusque, 19, 47, 73,	97	The Kingfisher and the Nightingale,	125
The Sailor's Family,	21	Absence of Mind,	126
The Groom and the Horse,	23	Death of the President,	127
The Druids,	24	The April Shower,—a Song,—Music,	128
Plain Dealing,	26	The Artist's Cruise,	133
The Re-entombment of Napoleon,	27	Something Wonderful,	144
What is Truth?	28	Fanny Gossip and Susan Lazy,—a Dialogue,	145
Varieties, 30, 62, 127, 190		Antiquities of Egypt,	149
Music—Jack Frost, a Song,	32	A Drunkard's Home,	152
Origin of Words and Phrases,	35	The Boastful Ass,	157
The Pelican,	36	Travelling Beehives,	158
Peach Seeds,	37	Architecture of Birds,	158
John Steady and Peter Sly,—a Dialogue,	38	The Secret,	158
The Three Friends,	41	The Logue Family,	159
The Fox and the Tortoise,	43	Hymn, and Music,	159
The Travels, Adventures, and Experi- ences of Thomas Trotter, 44, 81, 120, 138		The Humming Birds,	167
Contentment,	50	Madagascar,	168
Napoleon's last Obsequies,	51	A Philosophical Tea-pot,	171
Our Ancestry,	53	Astonishing Powers of the Horse,	172
The Month of March,	60	The Moon,	173
The Child and the Violets,	62	Importance of Attention,—a Dialogue,	174
Spring is Coming,—a Song,—Music,	64	The Horse and the Bells,	178
The Great Northern Diver, or Loon,	71	The Crane Family,	179
The Spectre of the Brocken,	79	A Good Reply,	187
Trifles,	80	Pet Oyster,	187
The New Custom House, Boston,	86	The Shetland Pony,	188
The New Patent Office, Washington,	89	Curious way of Keeping Accounts,	189
What sort of Heart have you got?	90	Instinct,	190
Professions and Trades,	94	Poetry and Music,—Tears,	192

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1841, by S. G. GOODRICH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

AUGUST TO DECEMBER, 1841.

The Siberian Sable-hunter, 1, 33, 69, 103, 156	Washington, a Teacher to the Young, 107
The Wolf that pretended to be fobbed, 7	The Poet and the Child, 111
Beware of Impatience, 8	The Ostrich, 112
Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter, 8, 44, 74, 144	What do we mean by Nature? 112
Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America, 14, 54, 121, 135, 161	A Vision, 114
Lion Hunting, 16	The Sun and Wind, 116
Merry's Life and Adventures, 17, 39, 65, 97, 149, 178	The Kamskatka Lily, 116
Toucan, 19	Habits which concern Ourselves, 117
The Newfoundland Dog, 21	Anecdotes of Haydn, 118
The Mysterious Artist, 24, 51	The Fox and Raven,—a Fable, 119
Peter Pilgrim's Account of his School- mates, Nos. 2 & 3, 27, 140	I don't see why, 120
Egyptian Schools, 30	Charles and his Mother, 124
Varieties, 31	John Doree, 127
The Boy and the Lark,—a Song, 32	Letter to the Publishers, 127
Origin of Words and Phrases, 43	Bees, 128
Hymn, 50	Up in the Morning early,—a Song, 128
Anecdote, 50	London, 133
The Sparrow and Robin, 51	Aurelian and the Spider, 133
The Alligator, 60	Exotic Fruit and Flowers in Eng- land, 134
Braham's Parrot, 61	Benevolence of the Deity, 134
Mungo Park and the Frogs, 62	The Rhinoceros, 137
A Child lost in the Woods, 63	Briers and Berries, 138
The Sun, 63	The Crows' Court of Law, 138
Autumn,—a Song, 64	The Story of the Supposed Miser, 139
Habit, 73	The Mouth, 139
The Oak and the Reed, 80	The Pilot, 148
Sincerity, 81	A Little Child's Joy, 151
The Hyena, 84	The Mammoth, 152
Jewish Women, 84	Geordie and the Sick Dog, 152
Story of Philip Brusque, 85, 100, 130	The Tongue, 158
An Incident from Ancient History, 89	What is Selfishness? 159
Effects of Prohibition, 89	A Thought, 159
Saturday Night, 90	Winter,—a Song, 160
Oliver Cromwell, 92	A Long Nap, 171
Musings, 93	Lord Bacon, 172
Anecdote of an Atheist, 94	Habits which concern Others, 173
Who made this? 94	The Black Skimmer of the Seas, 175
Wisdom of the Creator, 94	The Squirrel, 176
Yankee Energy, 95	Gothic Architecture, 177
Who made Man? 95	The Apple,—a German Fable, 181
Power of God, 95	The Pretender and his Sister, 182
The Bird's Adieu,—a Song, 96	Winter, 183
Wisdom of the Creator, 106	The Hand, 184
	Nuts to Crack, 185
	To the Black-eyed and Blue-eyed Friends of Robert Merry, 186
	Winter,—a Song, 188

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1841, by S. G. GOODRICH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.



Address to the Reader.

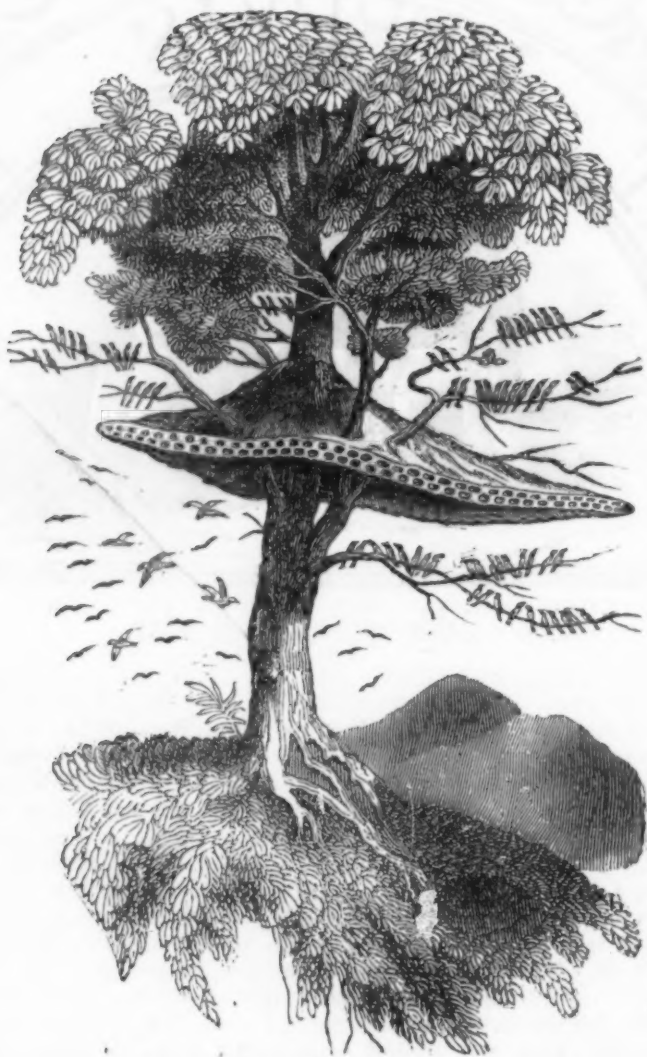
KIND and gentle people who make up what is called the Public—permit a stranger to tell you a brief story. I am about trying my hand at a Magazine; and this is my first number. I present it to you with all due humility—asking, however, one favor. Take this little pamphlet to your home, and when nothing better claims your attention, pray look over its pages. If you like it, allow me the privilege of coming to you once a month, with a basket of such fruits and flowers as an old fellow may gather while limping up and down the highways and by-ways of life.

I will not claim a place for my numbers upon the marble table of the parlor, by the side of songs and souvenirs, gaudy with steel engravings and gilt edges. These bring to you the rich and rare fruitage of the hot-house, while my pages will serve out only the simple, but I trust wholesome productions of the meadow, field, and common of Nature and Truth. The fact is, I am more particular about my company than my accommodations. I like the society of the young—the girls and the boys; and whether in the parlor, the library, or the school-room, I care not, if so be they will favor me with their society. I do not, indeed, eschew the favor of those who are of mature age—I shall always have a few pages for them, if they will deign to look at my book. It is my plan to insert something in every number that will bear perusal through spectacles.

But it is useless to multiply words: therefore, without further parley, I offer this as a specimen of my work, promising to improve as I gain practice. I have a variety of matters and things on hand, anecdotes, adventures, tales, travels, rhymes, riddles, songs, &c.—some glad and some sad, some to make you laugh and some to make you weep. My only trouble is to select among such variety. But grant me your favor, kind Public! and these shall be arranged and served out in due season. May I specially call upon two classes of persons to give me their countenance and support—I mean all those young people who have black eyes, and all those who have not black eyes! If these, with their parents, will aid me, they shall have the thanks and best services of

ROBERT MERRY.

NEW YORK
STATE LIBRARY
ALBANY



A Tree with Nests of Sociable Weavers upon it.

The Sociable Weavers.

MEN find it convenient to devote themselves to different trades. One spends his time in one trade, and another in another. So we find the various kinds of birds brought up and occupied in different trades. The woodpecker is a

carpenter, the hawk a sportsman, the heron a fisherman, &c. But in these cases we remark, that the birds do not have to serve an apprenticeship. It takes a boy seven years to learn to be a carpenter; but a young woodpecker, as

soon as he can fly, goes to his work without a single lesson, and yet understanding it perfectly.

This is very wonderful; but God teaches the birds their lessons, and his teaching is perfect. Perhaps the most curious mechanics among the birds, are the Sociable Weavers, found in the southern part of Africa. Hundreds of these birds, in one community, join to form a structure of interwoven grass, (the sort chosen being what is called Boshman's grass,) containing various apartments, all covered by a sloping roof, impenetrable to the heaviest rain, and increased year by year, as the increase in numbers of the community may require.

"I observed," says a traveller in South Africa, "a tree with an enormous nest of these birds, to which I have given the appellation of *Republicans*; and, as soon as I arrived at my camp, I despatched a few men with a wagon to bring it to me, that I might open the hive and examine the structure in its minutest parts. When it arrived, I cut it to pieces with a hatchet, and saw that the chief portion of the structure consisted of a mass of Boshman's grass, without any mixture, but so compact and firmly basketed together as to be impenetrable to the rain. This is the commencement of the structure; and each bird builds its particular nest under this canopy, the upper surface remaining void, without, however, being useless; for, as it has a projecting rim and is a little inclined, it serves to let the water run off, and preserves each little dwelling from the rain.

"The largest nest that I examined was one of the most considerable I had anywhere seen in the course of my journey, and contained three hundred and twenty inhabited cells, which, supposing

a male and female to each, would form a society of six hundred and forty individuals. Such a calculation, however, would not be exact. It appears, that in every flock the females are more numerous by far than the males; many cells, therefore, would contain only a single bird. Still, the aggregate would be considerable; and, when undisturbed, they might go on to increase, the structure increasing in a like ratio, till a storm, sweeping through the wood, laid the tree, and the edifice it sustained, in one common ruin."

About Labor and Property.

ALL the things we see around us belong to somebody; and these things have been got by *labor* or *working*. It has been by labor, that every article has been procured. If nobody had ever done any labor, there would have been no houses, no cultivated fields, no bread to eat, no clothes to wear, no books to read, and the whole world would have been in a poor and wild state, not fit for human beings to live happily in.

Men possess all things in consequence of some person having wrought for these things. Some men are rich, and have many things, although they never wrought much for them; but the ancestors, or fathers and grandfathers, of these men, wrought hard for the things, and have left them to their children. But all young persons must not think that they will get things given to them in this way; all, except a few, must work diligently when they grow up, to get things for themselves.

After any one has wrought to make a thing, or after he has a thing given to him, that thing is his own, and no person

must take it from him. If a boy get a piece of clay, and make the clay into a small ball or marble to play with, then he has labored or wrought for it, and no other boy has any right to take it from him. The marble is the *property* of the boy who made it. Some boys are fond of keeping rabbits. If a boy have a pair of these animals, they are his property; and if he gather food for them, and take care of them till they have young ones, then the young rabbits are his property also. He would not like to find, that some bad boy wished to take his rabbits from him! He would say to the bad boy, "I claim these rabbits as my property; they are mine. You never wrought for them; they are not yours." And if the bad boy still would take the rabbits, then the owner would go to a magistrate, and tell him of the bad boy's conduct, and the bad boy would be punished. All things are the property of some persons, and these persons claim their property in the same way that the boy claims the marble that he has made, or the rabbits that he has reared. It is very just and proper that every person should be allowed to keep his own property; because, when a poor man knows that he can get property by working for it, and that no one dares to take it from him, then he will work to have things for his own use. If he knew that things would be taken from him, then he would not work much, and perhaps not at all. He would spend many of his days in idleness, and live very poorly.

When one person wishes to have a thing which belongs to another, he must ask permission to take it, or he must offer to buy it; he must never, on any account, take the thing secretly, or by violence, or by fraud; for that would be *stealing*, and he would be a thief. God

has said, "Thou shalt not steal;" and every one should keep his hands from picking and stealing. Some boys think, that, because they *find* things that are lost, they may keep these things to themselves. But the thing that is found is the property of the loser, and should be immediately restored to him without reward; it is just as bad as stealing to keep it, if you can find the owner.

My First Whistle.

Of all the toys I e'er have known,
I loved that whistle best;
It was my first, it was my own,
And I was doubly blest.

'T was Saturday, and afternoon,
That school-boys' jubilee,
When the young heart is all in tune,
From book and ferule free.

I then was in my seventh year;
The birds were all a singing;
Above a brook, that rippled clear,
A willow tree was swinging.

My brother Ben was very 'cute,
He climbed that willow tree,
He cut a branch, and I was mute,
The while, with ecstasy.

With penknife he did cut it round,
And gave the bark a wring;
He shaped the mouth and tried the sound,—
It was a glorious thing!

I blew that whistle, full of joy—
It echoed o'er the ground;
And never, since that simple toy,
Such music have I found.

I've seen blue eyes and tasted wines—
With manly toys been blest,
But backward memory still inclines
To love that whistle best.

OWLS AND EAGLES.



The Harpy Eagle.

Owls and Eagles.

It has been remarked, that, as mankind apply themselves to various trades and pursuits, some being carpenters, some house-builders, some hunters, some fishermen, so we find that the animal tribes appear to be severally devoted to various professions. And as we find among men bold, open pirates, who rob by day, and secret thieves, who plunder by night; so, among animals, we find those that seem to have taken up similar vocations.

The eagles, for instance, are daylight robbers; and it is wonderful to observe, how well adapted they are for the life they are designed to lead. They are strong of wing, with powerful talons to grasp their prey, and a sharp, hooked beak, calculated, like the knife of a butcher, to cut their food in pieces. Their eye is keen and long-sighted, so that they can mark their victim afar off; and their flight is swift, so that they may strike down upon it with certainty.

Thus qualified to pursue a life of rapine and plunder, their very air and bearing correspond with their profession. They have a bold, haughty, and merciless look. The description in the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, portrays the character of these birds in a few sentences, and it is im-

possible to mend the description: "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command," saith the inspired writer, "and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her



The Eagle Owl.

eyes behold afar off. Her young ones, also, suck up blood; and where the slain are, there is she."

Thus, if the eagles are the open, daylight robbers, the owls are the secret thieves and plunderers by night. And it is interesting to observe how well these creatures, also, are fitted for their voca-

tion. In order to see at night, they need large eyes, and, accordingly, they have large heads to accommodate these organs. Their business is to steal upon their prey in the darkness and silence of the night. Accordingly, they are covered with an abundance of light, yielding feathers, so that they may glide

through the air on a noiseless wing, and come upon their victim unheard and unsuspected. If you have ever seen an owl at evening, or during a cloudy day, (for it is seldom that they venture abroad in the sunshine,) you must have noticed, that he skims along as if he were almost as buoyant as a soap-bubble. How different is this from the whistling rush of the pigeon, or the whirring flight of the partridge!

Among the owls there are at least fifty kinds; and, taken all together, they are a most curious and interesting family. Among these, the largest is the great eagle owl, which is found in Europe. Its home is among the deep recesses of mighty forests, and the clefts of rocks amidst the mountains. From its lonely retreat, where it reposes in silence during the day, it issues forth, as the dusk of evening throws a yet deeper gloom over the dark pine forest or rocky glen, to prowl in quest of prey. On silent wing it skims through the wood, and marks the fawn, the hare, or the rabbit nibbling the herbage. Suddenly wheeling, it sweeps upon the unsuspecting victim, and, if not too large, bears it off in its talons. Other and less noble game is also to be reckoned as its prey, such as rats, mice, squirrels, and frogs. These are swallowed entire, after being merely crushed into a mass by the efforts of the bill; the bones, skins, feathers, or hair, rolled into a ball, are afterwards ejected from the stomach.

In our American forests, we have an owl very similar to the one I have described, both in looks, size, and habits. These large owls seldom approach the abodes of men; but the little barn owl is more familiar. He often takes up his residence in a barn, and, hiding in some nook by day, sallies forth at night, making prey of such little animals as he

can find. He is very useful in destroying rats and mice. Mr. Waterton says that he has seen one of these little owls bring a mouse to its nest of young ones every twelve or fifteen minutes during the evening. It is also stated, that this bird will sometimes take up its residence in a pigeon-house, and live there, without giving the pigeons the least disturbance, or even taking their young ones.

The ancients called the owl the bird of wisdom, because he looked so sober and solemn. Many superstitious people now-a-days look upon him with foolish dread. The owl is frequently mentioned in the Bible; but the most interesting allusion is that of Isaiah, chap. xiii., in which the prophet foretells the coming destruction and desolation of Babylon, then a great and powerful city. His words are, "Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there." This prophecy has been literally fulfilled. Many years after the time of Isaiah, Babylon was destroyed, and the place became a scene of desolation. Travellers tell us, that now the place is surrounded with caverns, which are the refuge of jackals and other savage animals, and that in these cavities there are numbers of bats and owls.

Origin of "The House that Jack Built."

THE following curious article shows that the idea of the popular legend of "The House that Jack built," is of ancient date, and derived from the Jews. That famous story is in fact modelled after an ancient hymn, conceived in the form of a parable, sung by the Jews at

the feast of the passover, and commemorative of the principal events of the history of that people. The original, in the Chaldee language, is known to scholars; and, as it may not be uninteresting to my readers, I will furnish the literal translation, which is as follows:

1. A Kid, a Kid, my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

2. Then came the Cat, And ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

3. Then came the Dog, And bit the Cat, That ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

4. Then came the Staff, And beat the Dog, That bit the Cat, That ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

5. Then came the Fire, And burned the Staff, That beat the Dog, That bit the Cat, That ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

6. Then came the Water, And quenched the Fire, That burned the Staff, That beat the Dog, That bit the Cat, That ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

7. Then came the Ox, And drank the Water, That quenched the Fire, That burned the Staff, That beat the Dog, That bit the Cat, That ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

8. Then came the Butcher, And slew the Ox, That drank the Water, That quenched the Fire, That burned the Staff, That beat the Dog, That bit the Cat, That ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

9. Then came the Angel of Death, And killed the Butcher, That slew the Ox, That drank the Water, That quenched the Fire, That burned the Staff, That beat the Dog, That bit the Cat, That ate the Kid, That my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!

9. And killed the Angel of Death,

8. That killed the Butcher,

7. That slew the Ox,

6. That drank the Water,

5. That quenched the Fire,

4. That burned the Staff,

3. That beat the Dog,

2. That bit the Cat,

1. That ate the Kid that my Father bought for two pieces of money.

A Kid, a Kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The Kid, which was, among the Jews, one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The Father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who is represented as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The Cat denotes the ancient Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The Dog is symbolical of the ancient Babylonians.

4. The Staff signifies the Persians, a powerful nation of antiquity.

5. The Fire indicates the Grecian empire, under Alexander the Great,

6. The Water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies, to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The Ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine and brought it under the Caliphs of Bagdad.

8. The Butcher, that killed the Ox, denotes the Crusaders, by whom the

Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens, for a time.

9. The Angel of Death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Crusaders, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the 10th stanza is designed to show, that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and to live under the government of the long-expected Messiah.



My own Life and Adventures; by Robert Merry.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM inclined to think, that, among the various pleasures of life, talking is one of the greatest. Eating and drinking are very good things, especially when one is hungry and thirsty, and has a good meal before him. But they are very short in their duration. The heartiest supper is over in a few minutes, and drinking, in as many seconds. Beside, these are selfish pleasures, and afford

only the single satisfaction of an immediate appetite. But talking is not confined to self, nor is it limited to the body. It exercises the mind, and extends alike to the speaker and the listener.

The love of talking exhibits itself in very infancy. The little prattler, even before he can speak words, tries to amuse you with his inarticulate gabble. And when he has learned a word, with what glory does he repeat it to you! A young soldier touches off a cannon with

less exultation than the infant pronounces his first articulate syllable.

And then, look at a group of children! How eager are they to speak to each other! How their little tongues rattle! Sometimes all will speak at once, whether anybody listens or not. It is often hard to get a word in edgewise among such a set of orators.

Suppose some child has been away, and comes home with a piece of news. How does he rush into the room, scarcely taking time to hang up his hat or cap, and with staring eyes and ruddy cheeks, set forth the wondrous tale! Suppose a child has seen something new, as a lion or an elephant; how does he talk of it to his companions! Or, suppose he has been rambling in the woods; and has seen an eagle, or a gray squirrel, or a woodchuck,—something he had never seen before,—how eager is he to talk about it!

Thus it is with the young; they love to talk of things that interest them; and thus it is with those who have passed from the morning of life toward its setting sun. It may be that old people are less talkative than young ones; but still we all love to speak to others of that which excites our own feelings, or occupies our minds. Talking, then, is one of the great pleasures of life, and God has no doubt made it so for good and wise purposes. How large a portion of the happiness of life would be cut off, if we were all dumb!

For myself, I was a great rattler in youth, and, even now that my hair is grizzled with years, I must confess that I am not greatly altered in this respect. My life has been a varied one, and I have seen a good deal of the world. I cannot pretend to be so great a traveller as Peter Parley, nor can I match him in telling stories to babies. But still

give me a good listener, and something to speak about, and I can talk from sunrise to sunset.

I love better to talk to youth than to others. Those who are from eight to sixteen years old, are my chosen friends. I always find some way of entertaining them. Several bright-eyed girls and boys are in the habit of coming to see me, and I tell them my long stories. They come again and again, and I infer that they are pleased with them. I tell them sometimes of giants and fairies; but it is curious, that, while most young people prefer these tales of fancy; I succeed much better in pleasing my listeners by talking to them about things that really exist, or have really happened. Truth, after all, is more attractive than fiction, if it is only dressed in a proper guise.

My own adventures seem to give my listeners the most pleasure; for I have been all over the United States; have been a soldier, and seen service; have been a pedler, and travelled thousands of miles on foot; have met with strange accidents and hairbreadth escapes from danger; and have had my share of what is called hard luck. Still, I have reason to thank Heaven that my heart is happy, and my mind cheerful. I love sunshine as well as when I was a boy, and see much more occasion to laugh than to cry. I have indeed my serious moods, for there are some subjects that demand seriousness and reverence. Religion claims some of our time, and much of our thought. The Sabbath is with me a day of solemn reflection and prayer. I bend over the Bible, with a feeling that I am listening to the voice of God. These things make me serious, but not sad. As the sun seems to shine brighter, when it comes out from a cloud, so my heart is ever more serene

and cheerful, for its communion with holy things.

But this is enough for an introduction. I am now going to tell the story of my own life, which I hope may prove both amusing and instructive.

CHAPTER II.

About my Birth.—The Death of my Parents.—My first Journey.—My Wonder at seeing the Country.—Lambs.—I find out where Milk comes from.—Reflections and good Advice.

I was born in the city of New York, in the year 1790. My parents were both English people. At first, they were in poor circumstances, but my father became a merchant, and acquired some property. He died, however, in the midst of success; and in a few months after my mother followed. I was thus left an orphan, at the age of six years, but with a fortune of about ten thousand dollars.

My mother had a brother living in the small town of Salem, situated upon the eastern border of the State of New York, and touching the line of Connecticut. He kept a tavern; and, as it was upon the great road that was then the route between Boston and New York, he had a good situation and a thriving business.

To the care of this uncle I was committed by my mother's will, and immediately after her death I was taken to my uncle's residence. I had never been out of the city of New York, and had never seen the country. I had supposed the world one great city, and never fancied that there were hills, and forests, and rivers, and fields without any houses. I still remember my journey from New York to Salem very well. I remember that the sight of so many new things,

put the recollection of my father and my mother out of my mind, and banished the sorrow I had felt at seeing my parents laid into the coffin, and carried away, to return to me no more. I was delighted at everything I met, and particularly remember some lambs that I saw playing on a hill-side. They were scampering about, jumping from rock to rock, and chasing each other at full speed. I had never seen a lamb before, and I thought these the prettiest creatures that were ever made. I have since seen lions and tigers, and many other strange creatures; but I have never met with any animal, that excited in me half the admiration that I felt when I saw those little lambs.

I suppose some of my young friends in the country will laugh at what I am now going to tell them; but it is nevertheless true. As I was going from New York to Salem, we stopped one night at a small inn. When we arrived at this place, the sun was an hour high, and I had some time to play about the house. As I was running around, peeping at every new and strange thing, I saw some cows in the barn-yard. I had seen cows before, but still I went up to the gate and looked through, and there I saw a woman, sitting upon a little stool, and milking one of the cows. Now I had never seen a cow milked before, nor, indeed, did I know where milk came from. I had not thought about it at all. If I had been asked the question, I should probably have said, that we got milk as we do water, by pumping it from the cistern, or drawing it out of the well.

I looked at the woman for some time, wondering what she could be about. When she had done, she came out of the yard, and I saw that her pail was full of milk. "What is that that you

have got?" said I. "It is milk," said the woman. "Where did you get it?" said I. "I got it from the cow, you little simpleton!" said the woman; and then she went into the house.

I did not like to be called a simpleton, for I had come all the way from the great city of New York, and supposed that I knew everything. I soon found, however, that I was ignorant of many useful things that children of my age in the country were well acquainted with.

The little incident, however, that I have just related, was not without its use to me. It set me thinking about other things, and I began to ask questions about every article of food and dress,—where they came from, and how they were made; and, in this way, I obtained a great deal of knowledge. I would recommend it to my young readers to follow my example in this respect. They will find it very amusing to study into these matters. Let them one day inquire about hats, what they are made of, where the materials come from, how they are obtained, and how they are wrought into hats. Another day, let them take up the subject of coats, and learn all about the cloth, the buckram, silk, twist, and buttons, that are used in making them. So let them go through with dress; and then they may inquire about bread, and other articles of food; and then they may learn all about the furniture in the house. From this subject, they may go on and learn how houses are built. I can assure my young readers, that, in this way, they may spend their time very pleasantly, and become well acquainted with all those useful things with which we are surrounded. If I had done this before I went to Salem, I should have known where milk came from, and not been called simpleton by a milkmaid.

CHAPTER III.

Wise Observations.—Story of the Hat.

I FANCY that some of my readers imagine, that it would be a dull business to study into the history of hats and coats, bread and butter, and such other common-place things. But there is an old proverb which says, "Look ere you leap;" and another which says, "Think twice and speak once." These admonish us never to be over-hasty in speaking or acting; and, on the present occasion, I shall endeavor to show, that this good rule has been transgressed by those who despise my advice about hats and coats, bread and butter.

Here, Philip! give me a hat; let it speak for itself. Come, old hat, tell us your story! tell us what you are made of; where the materials of which you are made were obtained, how they were put together, and the price at which you were sold. Come, old beaver, speak out! What! dumb? Not a word? Then I will speak for you. So here is

THE STORY OF THE HAT, SUPPOSED TO BE TOLD BY ITSELF.

"I am made partly of wool, which is the hair of sheep, and partly of furs, of different kinds. There is some beaver's fur, some musquash's, and some wild-cat's in me.

"I suppose that everybody knows how we get wool,—by shearing it from the sheep's back; but we do not get furs in the same way. Musquashes, beavers, and wildcats are not tame, like sheep, and they will not let you take them into a barn, and shear off their nice, soft fur. These creatures live far away from the abodes of men; they seek the distant solitudes beyond the hills and mountains, and those who

would catch them must go and find them in these wild retreats.

"Sometimes, it is true, a beaver is found nearer to our houses, and now and then a wildcat, that has strayed from his native forest, is found in the neighboring woods. The musquash builds his habitation on the banks of streams, and is not very uncommon even in districts frequented by man.

"But these animals are, on the whole, so scarce, that, in order to obtain a supply of their fur, a great many hunters and trappers spend their time in roaming through the mountains, valleys, and prairies of the far West, in order to obtain them. These people meet with a great many strange adventures. Sometimes they will follow the branch of a river for five hundred miles, in a boat, during which time they will not meet with a human habitation, save the wigwams of the Indians. Sometimes they will sleep at night upon the ground, with no covering but a blanket; sometimes they will meet with a party of Indians, and have a fight with them. Sometimes they will meet with friendly Indians, who receive them into their lodges, and entertain them kindly; sometimes they are confronted by a grizzly bear, who places himself in their path, and must receive at least a dozen bullets in his breast before he is killed. Sometimes they will roam over wide deserts, and suffer very much for want of water. Sometimes they will be in the midst of a vast prairie, the grass of which is on fire, and then they have the greatest difficulty to escape from the flames. Sometimes they are robbed of all their furs by hostile Indians, and sometimes they meet with Indians who sell them large quantities of fur.

"After a great many cares, and trials, and dangers, and often after an absence

of two years, the fur-hunter comes back with his load of skins; and a pretty figure he is. The clothes he carried with him are worn out, and he is now attired in the skins of various wild beasts. On his head you see the grizzled fur of a raccoon, with his tail hanging down behind. His coat is made of a wolf's skin, and his vest of the skin of an otter. But his trowsers are the drollest part of his attire. They are made of a bear's skin, and each leg looks like a great, shaggy, black dog, standing upright! Altogether, the hunter is a most curious object. He looks like three or four wild animals all sewed into one!

"What a great variety of adventures has this man met with in his wanderings of two years. How many pleasant stories could he tell, if he would sit down of a long winter night, and recount all that happened to him; all about the bears, the foxes, the wolves, and the wild Indians that he saw. How much this poor man must have suffered; what toil, hunger, thirst, danger and privation; and all this, that master Philip might have a hat; all this to get furs to make hats of.

"The wool and fur being obtained, these are prepared by the hatter, who, in the first place, makes a sort of cap, shaped something like a sugar-loaf. This is then soaked in hot water, and, being put upon a block, the crown is made of a proper shape. The whole is stiffened with gum, colored, dressed, put in boxes, and sent to the hat-seller. The price paid for me was two dollars. Philip has worn me for about a year, but I am in a sad condition. The hole in my crown was made by a stick, which went through me one day when Philip threw me at a red squirrel on the fence. The rent on my brim was caused by a saucy fellow, that tried to pull me off one day.

but I chose to be torn, rather than see Philip insulted by having his hat knocked off; for, though the boy has his faults, I like him better than anybody else."

Such is the story of the hat. My object in giving it to you is, to show, that the commonest article of daily use has its history, if we will only inquire into it.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at my Uncle's.—The Village.—Bill Keeler.—My first Day at School.—Trouble.

I MUST now return to the story of myself. The morning after I left the little tavern where I discovered how milk was obtained, we proceeded on our journey, and at evening arrived at my uncle's house. It was an old-fashioned building, painted red, with a large sign swinging in front, upon one side of which was the picture of a stout barn-yard cock, and on the other side was the head of a bull. So my uncle's tavern went by the name of the "Cock and Bull."

I soon became acquainted with the family, and in a few weeks was quite familiar with the main street and all the by-lanes in the village. My uncle had no children, but there was living with him a boy about ten years old, by the name of Bill Keeler. He became my principal companion, and, being a very knowing sort of lad, gave me an insight into many things, which I could not otherwise have understood.

After I had been at my uncle's about six months, it was concluded to send me to school. I was now seven years of age, but, strange as it may seem to boys and girls of the present day, I did not know my letters, and, what is more re-

markable, I had a great dislike to the idea of going to school. I believe it is the case that all people who grow up ignorant acquire a settled dislike to learning and learned people. As an owl can see best in the dark, because the light seems to put his eyes out, so ignorant people love ignorance and darkness, because truth and knowledge offend and distress them. I mention these things as a warning to my reader against growing up in ignorance, and thereby becoming a lover of darkness, rather than light.

Well, I went to school for the first time, and I remember all about it to this day. The schoolhouse was situated in a large space, where four roads met. It was a bleak and desolate hill-side, partly covered with heaps of stones, thrown out of the path, or gathered from the neighboring fields. There were a few groups of tangled briars and stunted huckleberry bushes amid these heaps of stones. On the lower side of the hill, there was an old gnarled oak growing out of a heap of splintered rocks, at the foot of which there bubbled forth a small stream of pure water. This fountain went by the pretty name of "Silver Spring."

Bill Keeler led me into the school, which was then kept by Mistress Sally St. John. She looked at me through her spectacles, and over her spectacles, and then patted me on the head, told me I was a good boy, and sent me to a seat. In about an hour I was called up, the spelling-book opened, and the alphabet being placed before me, the mistress pointed to the first letter, and asked me what it was.

I looked at the letter very carefully, and then gazed in the face of Mistress St. John, but said nothing. "What's that?" said she, peremptorily, still pointing to the first letter of the alphabet.

Now I hadn't been used to being scolded, and therefore felt a little angry at the manner in which the school-mistress addressed me. Beside, at that moment I saw Bill Keeler at the other end of the room, looking at me with a saucy twinkle in his eye, which made me still more angry.

"What's that?" again said the school-mistress, still sharper than before. It was time for me to do something. "I'll not tell you!" said I. "Why not?" said the school-mistress, greatly amazed at my conduct. "Because I didn't come here to teach you your letters; but I came here to learn them."

The school-mistress shut up her book. Bill Keeler rolled up his eyes, and made his mouth into a round O. "Go to your seat!" said the school-mistress. I turned to go. "Stop!" said the school-mistress, fetching me a slap on the side of the head; at the same moment she opened the book, and again presented the alphabet to my view. "Look, there!" said she, pointing with her finger to the top letter; "do you see that?" I answered, "Yes." "Well, that's A," said she. "That's A?" said I, doubtingly. "Yes," said the mistress sharply. "I don't believe it!" said I. "Why don't you believe it?" said she. "Because I never heard of it before," I replied. "Go to your seat!" said the school-mistress; and away I went.

Such was my first day's schooling. In the evening, Mistress St. John called upon my uncle, and told him I was the most stupid creature she ever saw, and very ill-mannered beside; and she hoped I would by no means be permitted to come again to her school. My uncle was greatly offended, not with me, but with the school-mistress. He declared I should not go near her again; and, for more than a year, I was per-

mitted to amuse myself in my own way. I was greatly pleased with all this at the time, but I have since often thought how severely I was punished for my ill behavior at school. For more than a year, I was left to run about in idleness, getting bad habits, and losing the precious time that should have been devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. Thus it always happens, that, soon or late, we are made to suffer for our misconduct.

(To be continued.)

Swallows.

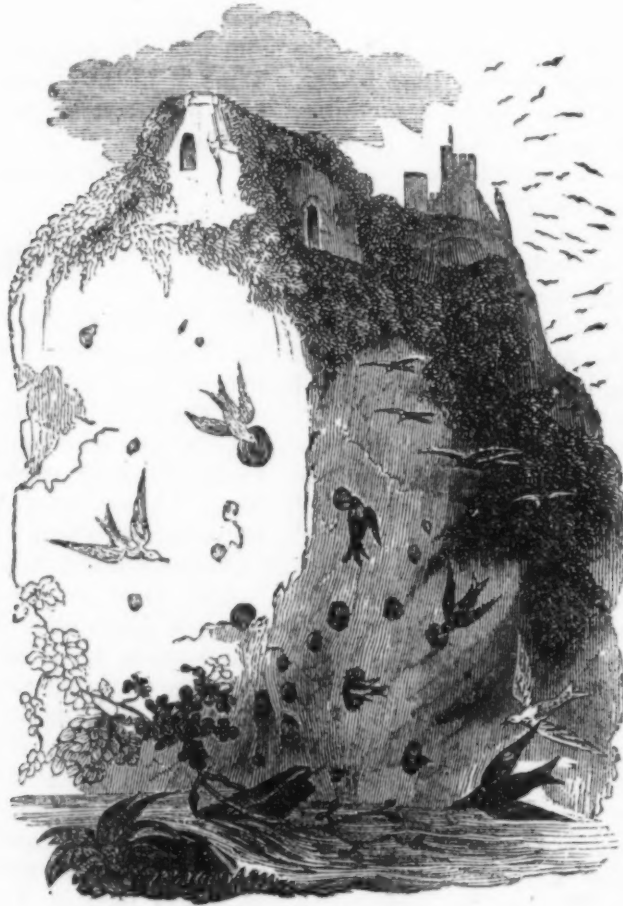
Of these birds there are several kinds, but I am going to speak of only one or two of them now. The common barn swallow is one of the most interesting. It does not come much among us at the north, till the settled warm weather of May. A straggler now and then appears before, which has led to the adage, "One swallow does not make summer."

The flight of the swallow is often low, but distinguished by great rapidity, and sudden turns and evolutions, executed as if by magic. Over fields and meadows, and the surface of pools and sheets of water, all the day may this fleet, unwearied bird be seen, skimming along, and describing, in its oft repeated circuit, the most intricate mazes. The surface of the water is indeed its delight; its insect food is there in great profusion; and it is beautiful to observe how dexterously it skims along, and with what address it dips and emerges, shaking the spray from its burnished plumage, as, hardly interrupted by the plunge, it continues its career. Thus it feeds, and drinks, and bathes upon the wing.

The swallow breeds twice a year, and constructs its nest of mud or clay, mixed

with hair and straw; the clay is tempered with the saliva of the bird, (with which nature has supplied it,) in order to make it tenacious and easily moulded. The shell or crust of the nest, thus composed, is lined with fine grass or feathers,

firmly fixed against the rafters of barns or out-houses. The writer has heard of a pair that yearly built in the rafters of a wheelwright's shop, undisturbed by the din of the hammer or the grating of the saw. The propensity which



Bank Swallows.

these birds, in common with their family, exhibit to return to the same spot, and to build in the same barn year after year, is one of the most curious parts of their history. During their sojourn in foreign climes, they forget not their old home, the spot where they were

bred, the spot where they have reared their offspring; but, as soon as their instinct warns them to retrace their pilgrimage, back they hasten, and, as experiments have repeatedly proved, the identical pair that built last summer in the barn, again take up their old quar

ters, passing in and out by the same opening.

It is delightful to witness the care which the swallow manifests towards her brood. When able to leave the nest, she leads them to the ridge of the barn, where, settled in a row, and as yet unable to fly, she feeds them with great assiduity. In a day or two they become capable of flight, and then they follow their parents in all their evolutions, and are fed by them while on the wing. In a short time they commence an independent career, and set up for themselves.

The notes of the swallow, though hurried and twittering, are very pleasing; and the more so as they are associated in our minds with ideas of spring, and calm serenity, and rural pleasures. The time in which the bird pours forth its melody is chiefly at sunrise, when, in "token of a goodly day," his rays are bright and warm.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built
shed,"

unite alike to call man from his couch of rest, and to praise "the God of seasons as they roll."

After the work of rearing the young, ere autumn sears the leaf, the swallow prepares to depart. Multitudes, from various quarters, now congregate together, and perch at night in clusters on barns or the branches of trees, but especially among the reeds of marshes and fens, round which they may be observed wheeling and sinking and rising again, all the time twittering vociferously, before they finally settle. It was from this circumstance that some of the older naturalists supposed the swallow to become torpid and remain submerged beneath the water during winter, and to issue forth from its liquid tenement on the return of spring; a theory utterly

incompatible with reason and facts, and now universally discarded. The great body of these birds depart about the end of September.

The Holy Scriptures make frequent allusions to this interesting bird. Jeremiah, reproaching the Jews for their turning away from God, alludes to the swallow as obeying His laws, while they who have seen his glory rebelled: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." viii. 7.

The Psalmist notices the partiality of this bird for the temple of worship, the sanctuary of God: "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." Psalm lxxxiv. 3. Hezekiah, king of Judah wrote of himself, "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter." Is. xxxviii. 14. In these casual notices we at least trace out that the habits, migration, and song of the swallow, were known to the inspired writers; a circumstance of no little value, since a false assertion that the facts of natural history are not correctly stated in the Bible, has long been among the weak engines used by the infidel against the validity of that book, "which maketh wise unto salvation."

The Sand Martin, or Bank Swallow, is a most curious bird of this family. It is the least of the tribe, and the first to arrive, appearing a week or two before the swallow, and often while the weather is severe. Its flight is vacillating, but it is equally fond of skimming over the surface of the water. This bird, unlike its race, mines deep holes in sand or chalk cliffs, to the depth of two feet, or even more, at the extremity of which it

constructs a loose nest of fine grass and feathers, artificially put together, in which it rears its brood.

The sand martin is of a social disposition; hence flocks of them unite to colonize a favorite locality, such as a precipitous bank or rock, which they crowd with their burrows. Professor Pallas says, that on the high banks of the Irtysh, their nests are in some places so numerous, that, when disturbed, the inmates come out in vast flocks and fill the air like flies; and, according to Wilson, they swarm in immense multitudes along the banks of the Ohio and Kentucky.

What, it may be asked, are the instruments by which this little creature is able to bore into the solid rock, and excavate such a chamber? Its beak is its only instrument. This is a sharp little awl, peculiarly hard, and tapering suddenly to a point from a broad base; with this tool the bird proceeds to work, picking away from the centre to the circumference of the aperture, which is nearly circular; thus it works round and round as it proceeds, the gallery being more or less curved in its course, and having a narrow funnel-shaped termination. The author of "The Architecture of Birds" informs us that he has watched one of these swallows "cling with its sharp claws to the face of a sandbank, and peg in its bill, as a miner would do his pickaxe, till it had loosened a considerable portion of the sand, and then tumbled it down amongst the rubbish below."

The Human Frame likened to a House.

MAN's body's like a house: his greater bones
Are the main timbers; and the lesser ones

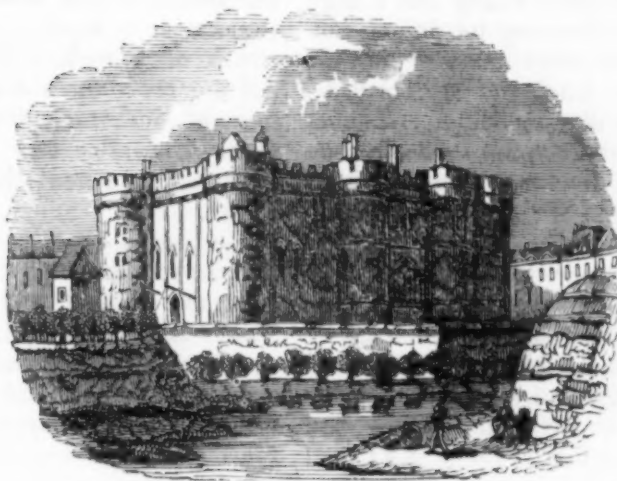
Are smaller joists; his limbs are laths daubed
o'er,
Plastered with flesh and blood; his mouth's the
door;

His throat's the narrow entry; and his heart
Is the great chamber, full of curious art.
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat
Is often put, half sod, for want of heat.
His spleen's a vessel nature does allot
To take the scum that rises from the pot;
His lungs are like the bellows, that respire
In every office, quickening every fire;
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented;
His eyes are crystal windows, clear and bright,
Let in the object, and let out the sight;
And as the timber is, or great or small,
Or strong or weak, 't is apt to stand or fall.



Chinese Spectacles.

MR. DAVIS, in his account of China, tells us that the people there do not make glass that is fine enough for spectacles, and therefore they use pieces of rock crystal for the purpose. The rims of the spectacles are of immense size and width, and give a very wise appearance to the wearer. The spectacles are attached to the head by silken strings slung over the ears, as represented in the picture.



View of the Bastile.

Story of Philip Brusque:

SHOWING THE NATURE AND NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT AND LAWS.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life of Philip Brusque.—He engages in the French Revolution.—Is at length suspected by Robespierre, and obliged to fly.—Enters on board a Ship, and is cast away upon an uninhabited Island in the Indian Ocean.—Description of the place.—Philip fancies that he is now happy, having found perfect Liberty.

PHILIP BRUSQUE was a young Frenchman, who engaged very heartily in the revolution that began to agitate France about the year 1789. He was young, ardent and discontented. Though he had little education, he had still read many of the papers and pamphlets of the day. These had filled his mind with a horror of kings, and the most intoxicating dreams of liberty. Knowing little of political government, except that of France, and which he saw to be corrupt and despotic, he adopted the idea that all government was bad, and to this he attributed nearly all the evils of society. With the ardor of a young but heated

fancy, he looked forward to the destruction of the monarchy as certain to bring a political millennium, when every man should walk forth in freedom and happiness, restrained by no law except the moral sense of man, and the innate perception and love of human rights.

With these views, which were then common among the French people, and which artful disorganizers had disseminated, in order thereby to acquire power, Philip arrived at Paris. He was soon engaged in several of the debating clubs of that great metropolis, and being possessed of natural eloquence, he speedily became a leader. He was present at the destruction of the Bastille, and his own vigorous hand battered down more than one of the iron doors of that horrid prison. Looking upon these gloomy walls, with their dark chambers, and the chains and instruments of torture which were found there, as at once emblems and instruments of that tyranny which had cursed

his country for ages, Philip felt a high inspiration in witnessing its demolition. As one portion after another of the massy wall was hurled to the earth, he seemed to fancy that a whole nation must breathe more freely; and in seeing the pallid wretches delivered from the dungeon, where some of them had been imprisoned for years, he seemed to think that he saw the spirit of his country set at liberty.

The Bastille was soon but a heap of ruins. The whole fabric of the French monarchy, which had existed for twelve centuries, in a few brief years had shared the same fate. Louis XVI. had been beheaded, and his beautiful queen had been brought to the block. In all these scenes Brusque had taken a part. He was present at the execution of Marie Antoinette. He had no respect for majesty, but he was not yet lost to a sense of decency in respect to woman. The shocking and brutal insults offered to the queen, worse than anything ever witnessed among savages, disgusted Philip. He was indeed sick of blood, and he ventured to speak his sentiments aloud. His words were repeated to Robespierre and the rest of the bloody men who then held the sway. Philip became suspected, and he was obliged to fly to save his life. He reached the coast of France with difficulty, and entering on board a merchant ship as a sailor, set out upon a voyage to China.

Nothing remarkable happened for some time; but when the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Indian Ocean, a violent storm arose. The vessel contended bravely with the waves for a time, but at length her masts were swept away, the helm was broken, and the hull of the ship rolled like a log amidst the tumbling waters. She then drifted for a time at

the mercy of the winds, and at length came near a small island. She then struck on a rock, and went to pieces. All the crew were drowned except the hero of our story, who seized upon a plank, and, after two days of toil and suffering, reached the shore of the island.

He landed upon a pebbly beach, but he was so exhausted as only to be able to draw himself up from the waves. There he lay for a long time, almost unconscious of existence. At length, his strength returned, and he began to think over what had happened. When his reason was, at last, fully returned, he fell upon his knees, and thanked Heaven for his preservation. It was the first prayer he had uttered for years, for Philip Brusque had been told by the French revolutionists that there was no God, and that prayer was a mere mockery. But now he prayed, and felt in his heart that there was indeed a God, that claimed gratitude and thanksgiving from the lips of one who had been saved from death, while his companions had all been drowned.

Philip was soon able to look about the island and make observations. It was a lovely spot, about four miles in circuit, and pleasantly varied with hills and valleys. It was almost covered with beautiful trees, on some of which there were delicious fruits. Birds of bright feathers and joyous notes glanced through the forests, and sweet perfumes were wafted on the warm, soft breezes. Philip walked about the island, his delight and wonder increasing at every step. And what seemed to please him most of all was, that the island was without a single human inhabitant except himself.

"Now," said Philip, in the fulness of his heart, "I shall be happy. Here I can

enjo
like
mak
no F
fello
I wo
islan
I ca
or s
to c
In
belo
can

T
who
poo
for
and
who
the
F
and
Th

enjoy perfect liberty. Here is no prison like the Bastille; here is no king to make slaves of his fellow-men; here is no Robespierre to plot the murder of his fellow-citizens. Oh liberty! how have I worshipped thee, and here, in this lone island, I have now found thee. Here, I can labor or rest, eat or drink, wake or sleep, as I please. Here is no one to control my actions or my thoughts. In my native country, all the land belongs to a few persons, but here I can take as much land as I please. I

can freely pick the fruit from the trees according to my choice or my wants. How different is my situation from what it was in France! There, everything belonged to somebody, and I was restrained from taking anything, unless I paid for it. Here, all is free; all is mine. Here I can enjoy perfect liberty. In France, I was under the check and control of a thousand laws; here, there is no law but my own will. Here, I have indeed found perfect liberty."

(To be continued.)



The Sailor's Family.

THERE once lived in Ireland a sailor, who had a wife and one child. He was poor, but still he provided a small house for his family, had it decently furnished, and, as he always brought them money when he came home from his voyages, they were quite comfortable.

He was very fond of his little boy, and he, too, was very fond of his father. The sailor used to go in a ship to the

West Indies, and, when he returned, he always brought back some nice oranges and other good things for his little son.

Well, the Irishman, whose name was Kelly, had once been gone on a voyage to the West Indies for several months, and his family were expecting every day that he would return. Whenever the door was opened, the boy looked up to see if it was not his father who had come.

Four months passed away, and no news came. And now Mrs. Kelly had become very much afraid that something had happened to her husband. She feared that the vessel had been cast away upon some rocky shore, or that it had sunk in the deep sea, or that some other misfortune had occurred, by which her husband had perished.

The boy, too, became very uneasy, and was every day expressing his wonder that his father did not come back. At length, a man, who lived near by, came into the house, and told Mrs. Kelly that he had brought sad news. He then went on to tell her that the vessel in which her husband sailed, had been driven ashore in a gale of wind, and dashed to pieces upon a rocky island, and it was supposed that all on board had perished.

Some persons from another vessel had landed upon the island, and found papers and pieces of the wreck upon the shore, by which they knew it was the vessel in which Kelly had sailed. The island was small, and there was no person upon it.

This was sad intelligence to the poor sailor's wife, and it was long before she could find it in her heart to break the news to her child. When he heard it, he shed many tears, and peace returned no more to the sailor's home.

Being deprived of the assistance of her husband, Mrs. Kelly was obliged to make great exertions to support herself and child with comfort. She was, however, very industrious, and, for a time, she got along pretty well.

At length she was taken sick, and a little girl was added to her family. When she was partially recovered, she found herself poor, and a good deal in debt to her landlord. He was a cruel man; he took away her furniture for

what she owed him, and then turned the widow and her family into the street.

The poor woman was still unwell; and it was with great difficulty that she walked about a mile to the house of a farmer, whom she knew, hoping that he would render her assistance. But he would give her nothing.

She was now in great distress, and did not know where to find even shelter. Sad, sick, and almost broken-hearted, she crept toward a stable, and sat down upon some straw. Here she remained for some time, with her infant in her arms, and her boy's head resting on her lap.

Where could she now look for aid? She had no friends, from whom she could expect assistance. At length her thoughts turned to that good Being, who is ever the friend of the poor and the distressed. To him she prayed fervently, and so deeply was her mind absorbed in this act of devotion, that she did not notice a man who at the moment was passing by, on the public road.

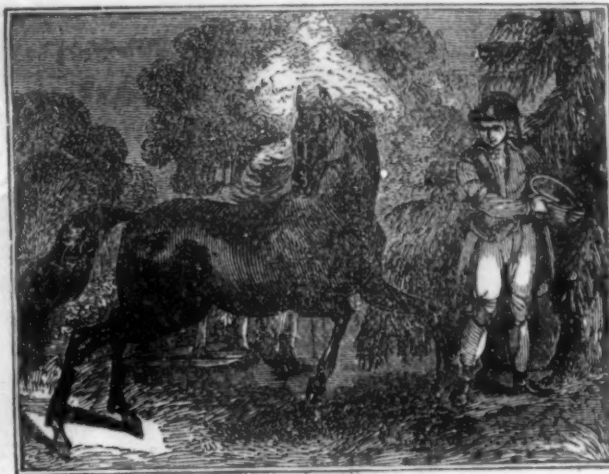
He was on foot, and seeing the woman and her children, stepped toward them, to observe them more carefully. When Mrs. Kelly had finished her petition and opened her eyes, the man was standing before her.

She instantly perceived that he was a sailor, and that his countenance bespoke amazement; and then it struck her that he seemed to bear a wonderful likeness to her lost husband. At length he spoke her name, and the poor woman, betwixt fear and joy, would have fallen through faintness to the ground. Kelly supported her, for it was he!

When she recovered, mutual explanations took place. She told her story, and he related his, which was this. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked upon the island, and all perished save

himself and two others. These were taken off the island, by a vessel going to the East Indies. As soon as he could, he left this ship, and got into a vessel that was going to England; and

thus, after an absence of eight months, returned to his country. I need not attempt to describe the happiness that now filled again the hearts of the sailor's family.



The Groom and the Horse;

A FABLE, TO SHOW THE DISADVANTAGES OF DECEPTION.

A GROOM, whose business it was to take care of a certain horse, let the animal go loose into the field. After a while, he wanted to catch him, but the brute chose to run about at liberty, rather than be shut up in the stable; so he pranced round the field and kept out of the groom's way. The groom now went to the granary, and got the measure with which he was wont to bring the horse his oats. When the horse saw the measure, he thought to be sure that the groom had some oats for him; and so he went up to him, and was instantly caught and taken to the stable.

Another day, the horse was in the field, and refused to be caught. So the groom again got the measure, and held it out, inviting the horse, as before, to

come up to him. But the animal shook his head, saying, "Nay, master groom; you told me a lie the other day, and I am not so silly as to be cheated a second time by you."

"But," said the groom, "I did not *tell* you a lie; I only held out the measure, and you fancied that it was full of oats. I did not *tell* you there were oats in it."

"Your excuse is worse than the cheat itself," said the horse. "You held out the measure, and thereby did as much as to say, '*I have got some oats for you.*'"

Actions speak as well as words. Every deceiver, whether by words or deeds, is a liar; and nobody, that has been once deceived by him, will fail to shun and despise him ever after.



The Druids.

THE DRUIDS were a remarkable race of priests, who first came into Europe with the Celts, the first settlers of that quarter of the globe, and who seem to have exercised almost unlimited sway in civil and religious matters. Of their origin and history very little is known; but the early writers have given such accounts of them as to make it evident that their influence among the Gauls and Britons was very great. At the time they flourished, Christianity had not penetrated into those countries, and the religion of the Druids was exercised there without check or control. The best account of them is given by Julius Cæsar, who conquered Gaul and a part of Britain about fifty years before Christ;

but these countries were so wild and uncultivated, and the manners of the people so barbarous, that all the intelligence he could collect respecting this singular race of men, is far from satisfying our curiosity.

The Druids appear to have exercised the office of civil magistrates, as well as that of ministers of religion. Neither their laws nor precepts of religion were committed to writing, but were preserved in poems, which were learned by heart, and recited on special occasions. They had the power of life and death over the multitude; and such was the superstitious terror with which they inspired the people, that their orders were always implicitly obeyed. The

most characteristic part of their religious worship was their veneration for the oak tree, and the mistletoe, which is a plant that grows on the trunks of the oak. No ceremony was performed by the Druids without some part of this tree being used to consecrate it. They wore garlands of oak leaves upon their heads, for they believed that everything which grew upon this tree came from heaven.

The ceremony of gathering the mistletoe was always performed with much solemnity, and in such a manner as to strike the multitude with awe. This plant is very rare, and when any of it was discovered, the Druids set out with great pomp to procure it. This was always done on the sixth day of the moon, a day which they deemed of particular sanctity. When they arrived at the oak on which the mistletoe grew, a great banquet and sacrifice was prepared under the tree. Two white bulls were tied by the horns to the trunk of the tree. One of the priests, clad in a white garment, then mounted the tree, and with a golden knife cut off the mistletoe, which was received by another priest in a white cloak. They then offered up their prayers and sacrifices. The mistletoe, besides being an object of religious veneration, was considered an antidote to poison, and to possess many other virtues.

The Druids performed their worship in the deepest recesses of the woods, far from human dwellings; a circumstance which added to the superstitious awe with which the common people regarded them. One of these spots is described by the poet Lucan. This wood, according to his account, had never been touched by the axe since the creation. The trees of it grew so thick and were so interwoven, that the rays of the sun could not penetrate through the branches, and a

damp and chilling darkness reigned throughout. Nothing was to be seen in the neighborhood except a multitude of altars, on which human victims had been sacrificed, and the blood of which had stained the trees of a horrid crimson. Ancient traditions affirmed that no bird ever perched upon their branches, no beast ever walked under them, no wind ever blew through them, and no lightning ever struck them.

The idols which these gloomy recesses contained, were a species of rude and shapeless trunks, having some resemblance to the human figure, and covered with a tawny yellow moss. If the superstitious belief of the multitude might be credited, these mystic groves were frequently shaken by some unearthly movement, and dreadful sounds issued from the caverns and hollows which abounded in them. Sometimes, we are told, the woods would be wrapt in a flame of fire without being consumed; and sometimes the oaks would be twined round with monstrous dragons. At the hours of noon and midnight the priests entered these gloomy abodes, to celebrate their mysteries with trembling and terror. Such appalling accounts of these frightful regions, probably originated with the Druids themselves, who wished to deter the multitude, by every sort of dreadful description, from penetrating into the secrets of their superstitious practices.

Plutarch informs us that a Roman commander named Demetrius was sent by one of the emperors to an island of the Druids, for the purpose of making discoveries, but that the Roman adventurers were repulsed by a strange phenomenon. Immediately on their arrival, says the account, the heavens grew black; the winds arose; strange apparitions were seen in the sky; a dreadful tem-

pest sprung up, and the heavens were filled with fiery spouts and whirlwinds. The Romans desisted from their attempt, in the dread of being destroyed for their sacrilegious invasion of a consecrated spot. Probably all this was nothing more than an ordinary thunder-storm, which the fright of the Romans magnified into a supernatural occurrence.

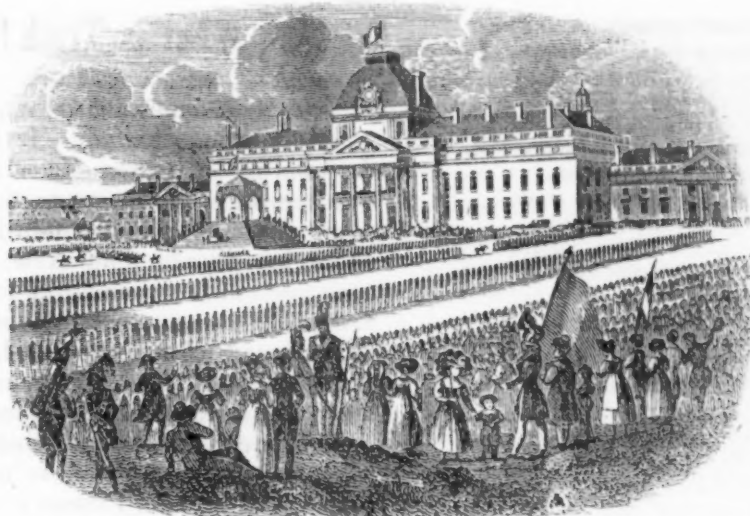
The Druids were also addicted to the horrid practice of sacrificing human victims. These were sometimes criminals who had offended either the laws or the religious prejudices of the Druids. It often happened that, when a man's life was in danger, from sickness or any other cause, the Druids undertook to secure his safety by a human sacrifice to their false deities. When criminals could not be found, innocent persons were taken for victims. Huge hollow piles of osier twigs, bark or hay were erected, and filled with these unhappy wretches; after which the whole was set on fire and consumed. Under the guidance of the Druids, the people at their funerals burnt the bodies of the dead, and threw into the blazing pile all their most valuable property, and even their servants and slaves. Sometimes the near relatives of the deceased burnt themselves with their friends, in the manner practised at the present day by the Hindoo widows.

The Druids extended their worship over the greater part of the modern kingdom of France, which was then named Gaul, the southern part of the island of Great Britain, and the island of Hibernia, now Ireland. Their most celebrated abode was the island of Mona, now called Anglesey, on the coast of Wales. In this island are some remains of the Druidical superstition, consisting of immense blocks of stone, supposed to have been altars. The cel-

ebrated structure in the south of England, known by the name of Stonehenge, is also considered a remnant of Druidical architecture, though we are not positive that the Druids ever performed their worship in temples.

From all the accounts transmitted to us by the ancient writers, it is pretty evident that the Druids were possessed of considerable knowledge for so barbarous an age, and that they made all possible use of this knowledge to perpetuate their authority and keep the rest of the people in ignorance of the true character of their religious mysteries. Their influence, wherever they prevailed, was very great. When the Romans invaded Britain, they found the inhabitants almost entirely subject to their control. The Druids offered an obstinate resistance to the Romans, and incited the Britons, on many occasions, to revolt against them. The Romans perceived at length that the subjugation of the island would never be effected until the Druids were entirely extirpated. They therefore waged a war of extermination against them, put them to death in every quarter, and the last of the race having fled for shelter to Anglesey, the Romans crossed over to that island, destroyed their idols, cut down their groves, and burnt the priests to death, as they had been accustomed to burn their victims. Such was the end of the race and religion of the Druids.

PLAIN DEALING.—An impertinent fellow asked Lord Guilford, who that plain lady was before him. "That lady," said his lordship, "is my wife. It is true, she is a plain woman, I am a plain man, you are a plain dealer, and that is the plain truth."



Hospital of the Invalides, where Napoleon's body is now entombed, Paris.

The Re-entombment of Napoleon.

Of all the great and remarkable men of modern times, Napoleon Bonaparte was the most wonderful. He was a son of a lawyer of Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean sea, belonging to France. From a humble station he rose to be the emperor of France, and the greatest general of modern times. He hurled kings from their thrones, and put others in their places. He dismembered empires, and created new ones. He made the whole earth ring with his mighty deeds. But one thing he could not do—he could not conquer himself. His ambition led him on from one step of injustice to another, till the embattled armies of Europe appeared in the field against him. He was defeated, dethroned, and taken on board a British ship to the rocky and lonely island of St. Helena, where he died in 1821.

After being entombed for almost twenty years, the king, Louis Philippe, sent out a ship to bring back his body to France, to be re-entombed in the capital of the empire of which he once swayed the sceptre. The hearts of many of the French people adore the name of Napoleon; and the ceremony of his re-entombment, which has just taken place at Paris, is the theme of the following lines.

Sound the trumpet, roll the drum!
Come in long procession, come!

Come with sword and come with lance,
Children of heroic France;
Come from castle's frowning wall,
Come from the ancestral hall,
Come, poor peasant, from thy shed,
Cowled monk and crowned head!
From the hamlet's green retreat,
From the city's crowded street,
From the proud Tuilleries' door
Let the royal escort pour;
Duke and baron, king and queen,
Gather to the august scene;
In your purple pomp arrayed,
Haste to swell the grand parade.
Brow of snow and locks of gold,
Matron, maiden, young and old!
Sound the trumpets, roll the drum,
For Napoleon's ashes come!

Sound the trumpet, roll the drum!
Let the cannon be not dumb;
Charge your black guns to the brim,
Invalides! to welcome him!
War-worn veterans, onward march
To Etoiles' towering arch.
Let the column of Vendome,
Let the Pantheon's soaring dome,
Champs de Mars and Elysees,
Hear the clang of arms to-day;
Let the Luxembourg once more

Hear Napoleon's cannon roar.
 Bring the eagles forth that flew
 O'er the field of Waterloo,
 Bring his tattered banners, red
 With the blood at Jena shed,
 Scorched with fire and torn with steel,
 Rent by battle's crushing heel,
 When the fight o'er Moscow pealed,
 And Marengo's sanguine field;
 Sound the clarion's wildest strain,
 For the conqueror comes again!

Sound a sad funeral wail
 For the warrior stark and pale!
 Hussar and dark cuirassier,
 Lancer and fierce grenadier;
 Soldiers of the Seine and Rhone,
 Join the universal moan.
 Conscripts who have never yet
 In the front of battle met,
 Join your sorrows to the grief
 Of these veterans for their chief!
 Veterans, raise your brows the while,
 As of yore by Rhine and Nile;
 Show the frequent ghastly scar
 Won in following him to war;
 Tell the fields where you have bled,
 Left a limb, or heart's-blood shed;
 And remembering each brave year,
 March on proudly by his bier—
 Forth with drooping weapons come
 To the rolling of the drum!

Let the city's busy hum
 Cease when rolls the muffled drum;
 Let no light laugh, no rude sound,
 E'er disturb the hush profound!
 Only let the swinging bell
 Of St. Roche peal out its knell.
 Silence! on his rolling car
 Comes the favored Child of war!
 Not as in the olden days,
 With his forehead bound with bays,
 With the bright sword in his hand,
 Encircled with his ancient band.
 Long the sceptre and the crown
 At the grave hath he laid down.
 Now with coffin and with shroud
 Comes the chieftain once so proud.
 On his pale brow, on his cheek,
 Death hath set his signet bleak,
 And the dead alone doth crave
 Rest and silence in the grave.
 Sound the trumpet, roll the drum,
 Bear his ashes to the tomb!

What is Truth?

TRUTH is conformity to fact, in a statement or representation. If I say that London is the largest city in the world, my statement conforms to fact, and is therefore true. If I say that Boston has more inhabitants than New York, my statement does not conform to fact, and therefore is not true. There is one thing more to be considered, which is, that the statement must conform to fact in the sense in which it is meant to be understood. If I say a thing which is literally true, but which is not true in the sense in which I mean it to be understood, then I am guilty of falsehood, because I intend to deceive. The following story will illustrate this.

Two boys, who had been studying geography, were walking together one evening, when one of them exclaimed, "How bright the sun shines!" The other boy immediately replied that, as it was evening, the sun did not shine. The first boy insisted that it did shine; whereupon a dispute arose, one of the boys insisting that the sun did shine, the other that it did not. At last, they agreed to leave the point to their father, and accordingly they went to him and stated the case. They both agreed that it was nine o'clock at night; that the stars were glittering in the sky; that the sun had been down for nearly two hours; and yet John, the elder of the boys, maintained that, at that moment, the sun was shining as bright as at noon-day.

When his father demanded an explanation, John said that the geography he had just been studying, stated that when it was night here, it was day in China—"and now," said he, "of course the sun is shining there, though it is

night here. I said that the sun shines, and so it does."

To this the father replied as follows: "What you say *now*, John, is true, but still, what you said to James was a falsehood. You knew that he understood you to say that the sun shone *here*—you meant that he should so understand you; you meant to convey a statement to his mind that did not conform to fact, and which was therefore untrue. You had a reservation in your own mind, which you withheld from James. You did not say to him that you restricted your statement to China—that was no part of your assertion. Truth requires us not only to watch over our words, but the ideas we communicate. If we intentionally communicate ideas which are false, then we are guilty of falsehood. Now you said to James that which was untrue, according to the sense in which you knew he would, and in which you intended he should, receive it, and therefore you meant to violate the truth. I must accordingly decide against John, and in favor of James. John was wrong, and James is right. The sun did not shine as John said it did, and as James understood him to say it did."

There are many other cases which illustrate this "truth to the letter and lie to the sense." Some years since, during the laws against travelling on the Sabbath, a man was riding on horseback near Worcester, in Massachusetts. It chanced to be of a Sunday morning, and the traveller was soon stopped by a tythingman, who demanded his reason for riding on the Lord's day, and thus violating the law.

"My father lies dead in Sutton," said the other, "and I hope you will not detain me."

"Certainly not," said the tything-

man, "under these circumstances;" and accordingly he allowed the man to proceed. About two days after, the traveller was returning, and happened to meet the tythingman in the road. The two persons recognised each other, and accordingly the following conversation ensued:

"You passed here on Sunday morning, I think, sir," said the tythingman.

"Yes, sir," said the traveller.

"And you told me you were going to your father's funeral—pray when did he die?"

"I did not say I was going to my father's funeral—I said he lay dead in Sutton, and so he did; but he has been dead for fifteen years."

Thus you perceive that while the words of the traveller were literally true, they conveyed an intentional falsehood to the tythingman, and therefore the traveller was guilty of deception. I know that people sometimes think these tricks very witty, but they are very wicked. Truth would be of no value, if it might be used for the purposes of deception; it is because truth forbids all deception, and requires open dealing, that it is so much prized. It is always a poor bargain to give away truth for the sake of a momentary advantage, or for the purpose of playing off an ingenious trick. To barter truth for fun or mischief is giving away gold for dross. Every time a person tells a lie, or practises a deception, he inflicts an injury upon his mind, not visible to the eye of man, but as plain to the eye of God as a scar upon the flesh. By repeated falsehoods, a person may scar over his whole soul, so as to make it offensive in the sight of that Being, whose love and favor we should seek, for his friendship is the greatest of all blessings.



Varieties.

A CHILD'S AFFECTION FOR A KITTEN.—A short time since, a little girl, daughter of Mr. Alexander Rice, lost her life through her affection for a kitten. She had followed a small boy to the river, weeping bitterly because he was about to drown a kitten for which she had formed a strong attachment; and no sooner was it tossed into the water, than the agonized child took off its shoes, and, raising its clothes, walked into the river with a firm and determined step, towards the object of her affection; but, before reaching it, she suddenly sank into deep water, and her gentle spirit returned to the God who gave it.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.—One evening, as some officers on board a British man-of-war were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plaintive air on a violin. He had scarcely played ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to let it continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment; it shook its head, leaped about

the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed, that in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased. After performing actions, which so diminutive an animal would, at first sight, seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired, without any symptoms of pain.

TRAVELLING CATS.—A lady residing in Glasgow, Scotland, had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburgh. It was conveyed to her in a close basket, and in a carriage. She was carefully watched for two months, but, having produced a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left at her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady at Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh, deploring her loss; and the cat was supposed to have formed some new attachment, with as little reflection as men and women sometimes do.

About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance at Glasgow, her well-known *mew* was heard at the street-door of her old mistress in Edinburgh, and there she was, with both her kittens! they in the best state, but she very thin. It is clear, that she could carry only one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty miles; so that, if she brought one kitten part of the way, and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. Her prudence must likewise have suggested the necessity of journeying in the night, with many other precautions for the safety of her young.

A MUSICAL PIGEON.—Bertoni, a famous instructor in music, while residing in Venice, took a pigeon for his companion, and, being very fond of birds, made a great pet of it. The pigeon, by being constantly in his master's company, obtained so perfect an ear for music, that no one who saw his behavior could doubt for a moment of the pleasure the bird took in hearing him play and sing.

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.—A vulture can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Observations on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Arkwright, that wild geese could travel at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The common crow can fly twenty-five miles, and swallows ninety-two miles, an hour. It is said, that a falcon, belonging to Henry the Fourth, was discovered at Malta, twenty-four hours after its departure from Fontainebleau. If true, this bird must have flown, for twenty-four hours, at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time.

A BRAVE IRISHMAN.—An Irishman, who was a soldier of the Revolution, and of Warren's brigade, was suddenly stopped near Boston by a party, during a dark night; a horseman's pistol was presented to his breast, and he was asked to which side he belonged. The supposition that it might be a British party, rendered his situation extremely critical. He replied, "I think it would be more in the way of civility, just to drop a hint which side you are pleased to favor." "No," testily said the first speaker; "declare your sentiments, or die!" "Then I will not die with a lie in my mouth. American, to extremity!

Do your worst, you *spalpeen*!" The officer replied, "We are your friends, and I rejoice to meet with a man so faithful to the cause of his country."

SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN GOLD.—Kidd was a famous sea robber on the American coast, and many people believe that he buried large pots or chests of gold, somewhere along the shore. A number of laborers, believers of this legend, at work in a field, accidentally discovered, upon the top of a large stone, an inscription in ancient characters, which, on deciphering, read as follows:

"Take me up, and I will tell you more."

Eager for the money, and entertaining no doubt of their being close upon it, they immediately set about raising the stone. After tugging and toiling several hours, they finally succeeded, and with some difficulty read on the bottom,

"Lay me down as I was before."

READY WIT.—A countryman the other day, for information, asked an Hibernian, who was busily engaged in the street driving down stones, "Pat, when will you get this street done?" "How did you know my name was Pat?" inquired the Irishman. "Why, I *guessed* as much." "Then," replied Pat, "since you are good at guessing, you may guess when the street will be finished."

MONUMENT OF AFFECTION.—There is a monument near Copenhagen, erected by Count Schimmelmann, called "The Weeping Eye." That nobleman's grief for the death of his wife was so excessive, that he caused a statue to be erected over a spring, and made the water spout from the eye, as a continual flow of tears.

JACK FROST, A SONG,

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Andante.

1. Who hath killed the pret-ty flow'rs, Born and bred in summer bowers; Who hath ta'en a -

way their bloom, Who hath swept them to the tomb? Jack Frost, Jack Frost.

2

5

Who hath chased the birds so gay,
Lark and linnet, all away?
Who hath hushed their joyous breath,
And made the woodland still as death?
Jack Frost—Jack Frost.

Who doth strike with icy dart,
The way-worn traveller to the heart?
Who doth make the ocean-wave—
The seaman's home—the seaman's grave?
Jack Frost—Jack Frost.

3

6

Who hath chilled the laughing river?
Who doth make the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild winds blow?
Jack Frost—Jack Frost.

Who doth prowl at midnight hour
Like a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creeping
Through the very key-hole peeping?
Jack Frost—Jack Frost.

4

7

Who doth ride on snowy drift
When the night wind's keen and swift—
O'er the land and o'er the sea—
Bent on mischief—who is he?
Jack Frost—Jack Frost.

Who doth pinch the traveller's toes?
Who doth wring the school-boy's nose?
Who doth make your fingers tingle?
Who doth make the sleigh bells jingle?
Jack Frost—Jack Frost.



My own Adventures.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER V.

About Bill Keeler.—The Fox-Trap, and Mistress Sally St. John.—A Hunting Excursion.—Extraordinary large Game!—A remarkable Story to come.

THE little town of Salem was situated at the foot of a mountain, consisting of wild and broken ridges, forming the boundary between the states of New York and Connecticut. Being now almost entirely at liberty, I spent a great part of my time in rambling among the mountains. In these excursions, Bill Keeler was my almost constant attendant. My uncle, disposed to humor me in everything, allowed me to dispose of my time as I chose, and permitted Bill to leave his work or school, whenever I desired his company, and this was almost every day.

This boy was, in general, very good-

natured. He was ingenious in making whistles, and setting snares and traps for quails, partridges, and rabbits; in cutting fish-poles, attaching the hook to the line, digging worms for bait, and putting the bait on the hook. He had also a knack of putting the hook and line into the water in such an insinuating manner, that he always caught more and bigger fish than any one else. He was a dexterous swimmer, expert in strapping skates, formed the best flying kites in the village, made bows and arrows to perfection, and could gather more chestnuts, butternuts, and shag-barks, than any boy in the town.

All these various accomplishments rendered Bill Keeler a delightful companion to me, who, having been brought up in the city, had little acquaintance with those arts, so well understood by boys in the country. He was particu-

larly devoted to me, partly because of his good nature, and partly because my uncle was so indulgent to me, that all around had caught his habit of yielding to my wishes.

But although Bill was thus clever, and thus obliging to me, he was so restless and enterprising, as always to be in some scrape or other. One day, he had seen the burrow of a woodchuck in a field behind the house of Mistress Sally St. John. So he took a large fox-trap, and sunk it to the level of the ground, in the very path where the woodchuck was accustomed to go. He then sprinkled it over with earth, so as to make it appear as if no trap was there. Next morning, pretty early, Bill went to see his trap, expecting of course to find that he had caught the woodchuck. But what was his dismay, on approaching the place, to find Sally St. John herself, standing bolt upright, screaming and piping with all her might, and throwing up her hands in despair! Bill went near enough to see that she had one foot fast in the trap. He then turned about, and left the poor school-mistress to be extricated by her neighbors. For this Bill got a sound flogging from my uncle, but he felt well compensated by being released from school for a month; for, during that period, poor Sally was too lame to resume her duties at the schoolhouse.

My companion's next exploit was equally serious. If there was anything on earth that he loved better than another, it was gunpowder. Why he had such a fancy for it, I cannot tell, unless because it was a noisy, tearing, dangerous thing, like himself. But be this as it may, he spent more than half the little money he could get in buying it. Every day he was touching off some old pistol-barrel, rammed full of powder; or he was trying to split a pepperidge log with it, by filling some knot-hole, and

exploding it. But his greatest delight was to get my uncle's gun, one of the real old "King's arms," taken at the battle of Princeton, and go forth with as big a feeling in him as that which inspired Nimrod, the first hunter that history tells about.

Well, one afternoon he got the gun, and he and I went among the mountains to hunt for something. Pretty soon we saw a squirrel, but Bill was so intent on killing a bear, a raccoon, or some large animal, that he scorned to shoot a squirrel. So we went on, and met with various kinds of small game, but none worthy of the attention of my heroic friend. We proceeded for some time, and finding no large game, Bill determined to shoot a squirrel if he could meet with one. But no squirrel was now to be seen. He gradually lowered his pretensions, until, at length, he was so anxious to shoot something, that he drew up at a wren, and was on the point of discharging his piece at it, when the bird flew away, and we saw no more of it.

It was now evening, and we were at a considerable distance from home. We walked along as fast as we could, and Bill, who was never out of spirits, beguiled the time by telling what he would have done, if something had fallen in his way. "If a wolf had come along in the woods," said Bill, drawing up the old piece, and taking aim at a mullen stalk, "and if he had come near enough, how I would have peppered him!"

Just at that instant we heard a rustling sound in a meadow, that we were passing. It was too dark to see distinctly, but Bill peeped through the rail-fence, and, saying to me with an emphatic whisper, "Be still; I see one!" he cocked the gun and brought the heavy old piece to a level with his eye. After a long, portentous aim, during which I winked so hard as nearly to put

my eye out—whang! it went, and Bill was stretched backward upon the grass in an instant, by the kicking of the gun! He very soon got up, however, and jumped over the fence to pick up his game. He was gone but a minute, and when he came back he only said, "Well, I peppered him!" "Peppered what?" said I. "No matter," said he; and that was all I could get out of him. But the next morning one of Deacon Kellogg's cows was found in a thicket, shot through the head, and dead as a hatchet! Bill was obliged to confess, and my uncle settled the affair by paying thirteen dollars and forty-two cents. It was not till several years after, that Bill would tell me what he took the cow for when he fired at her. He then said, that his fancy was so full of shooting a wolf, and he was so ravenous to shoot something, that he really took the poor old cow to be a wolf, or a creature very like one.

The next event of my life, that seems worth recording, was very interesting to me. But I must reserve this story for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

Origin of Words and Phrases.

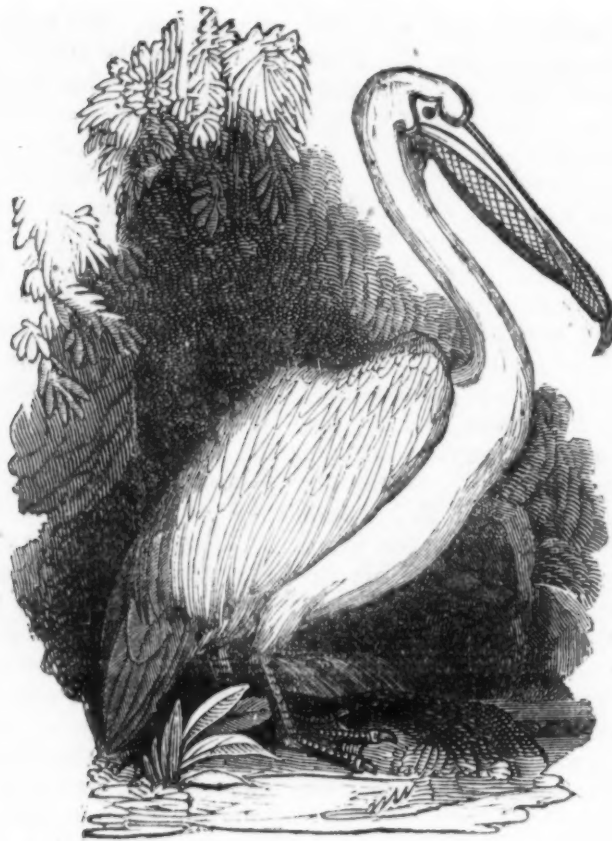
A TAILOR of Samarcand, a city of the East, chanced to live near a gate that led to the public burying-place; and, being a fanciful fellow, he hung up by his shopboard a little earthen pot, into which he dropped a small stone, whenever a corpse was carried by. At the end of every moon, he counted the contents of the pot, and so knew the number of the deceased. At length, the tailor died himself, and, some time after, a person unacquainted with his decease, observing his shop to be deserted, inquired what had become of him. "Oh," said

a neighbor, "the tailor has *gone to pot*, as well as the rest!" And this is the origin of the phrase, "to go to pot."

Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word "*bankrupt*." The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange, in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given him. When the word was first adopted into the English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is; being *bankerout*, instead of *bankrupt*.

Though any man can put his pony to the *canter*, few are able, in general, to explain the word by which they designate the animal's pace. The term *canter* is a corruption, or rather an abbreviation, of a Canterbury gallop, which signifies the hand-gallop of an ambling horse. The origin of the phrase is as old as the days of the Canterbury pilgrims, when votaries came at certain seasons to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in that city, from all parts of the nation. Mail-coaches and railroads being then unknown, the pilgrims travelled on horseback, and from their generally using easy, ambling paces, the pace at which they got over the ground came to be called a *Canterbury gallop*, and afterwards a *canter*.

The word *dun* first came in use, it is said, during the reign of Henry the Seventh of England. It owes its birth to an English bailiff, by the name of *Joe Dun*, who was so indefatigable and skilful at his business of collecting debts, that it became a proverb when a person did not pay his debts, "Why don't you *Dun* him?" that is, "Why don't you send *Dun* after him?" Hence originated the word, which has so long been in universal use.



The Pelican.

THERE is nothing more interesting than to study into the works of nature, and remark their infinite variety. It is also pleasing to discover in all this variety, that each individual thing is adapted to fill a particular place in the scale of creation, and that it is often adapted to its end with wonderful ingenuity. The pelican affords a striking instance of this. It is made to live the life of a fisherman, and, being endowed with a strong appetite, we shall see how well he is fitted to his vocation, and how curiously he is provided with the means of securing and storing his prey.

This bird, of which there are several kinds, all being about the size of the

swan, is found in almost every part of the globe. Its neck somewhat resembles that of the swan, but its bill, and the pouch beneath, render it entirely different from all other birds. This bill is fifteen inches long, and at its lower edges hangs a bag, which, it is said, will hold fifteen quarts of water. When this is not in use, the bird wrinkles it up under his bill. The upper mandible is of a dull yellow in the middle, with a reddish tinge towards the edges, and a blood-red spot at the extremity. From this color of the bill, resembling blood, arose the idea, formerly entertained, that the bird fed its young with its blood. In disgorging the food, the full pouch is

pressed against the chest, and the red spot on the bill comes against the delicate plumage of the breast, giving the bird an appearance of tearing away its feathers and drawing its own blood.

Some years ago, there were a male and female pelican in the menagerie at the Tower of London. The female built herself a nest, in which she laid three eggs. She then commenced sitting with the utmost patience, never leaving her eggs for a moment. When the male was fed, following the plan dictated by nature, even in confinement, he crammed his pouch in the first place with double the portion of the food offered to him, and then emptied half the quantity into the female's pouch. This process over, they disgorged and devoured their food at leisure.

In his natural state, the pelican is very inactive, sitting for hours in the same posture. When he feels the calls of hunger, he raises himself over the surface of the sea, and holding one eye downwards, watches with keenness for the appearance of his finny prey. When a fish approaches near the surface, he darts downwards with great swiftness, and never fails in securing his prize. In this way, he continues his labors, ascending and descending, putting one fish after another into his pouch, until he has laid up enough for a meal. Being a large and clumsy bird, he rises in the air with great difficulty; and we may suppose that the long repose in which he indulges, and which has gained him a sad character for indolence and inactivity, is really rendered necessary by the toilsome nature of his fishing.

Pelicans are said sometimes to assemble in large numbers, and, rising in the air, hover about in a circle, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, thus driving the fish in the water beneath into a narrow space. They then plunge into the water suddenly, pick up their victims

with great rapidity, and store them in their pouches. If this be true, it is certainly a very judicious plan, adopted probably by the oldest and most experienced fishermen among them.

The pelican is capable of domestication, and some degree of instruction. The natives in some parts of South America are said to turn their fishing powers to good account, as the Chinese do those of the cormorant. They train them to go out on the water and fill their pouches with fish; and, on their return, they are made to disgorge their contents for the benefit of their masters, receiving a part only for their share.

There is one instance on record of a pelican which possessed a strong taste for music, evincing great pleasure in singing and in the sound of the trumpet. When thus excited, it stretched out its neck, and turned its ear to the musician remaining perfectly attentive and motionless as long as the music lasted.

We are told of one also which belonged to the ancient Roman emperor, Maximilian, which actually attended the army when on its march, and lived to the age of eighty years.

The voice of the pelican is harsh and discordant, and is said to resemble that of a man in deep complaint. David speaks of it thus: "By reason of my groanings my bones cleave to my skin; I am like a pelican in the wilderness." —Psa. cii. 6.

PEACH SEEDS.—A gentleman having given a quantity of peaches to some foreign laborers on a railroad, in the vicinity of one of our cities, one of them was asked how he liked them. He said the fruit was very good, but the seeds scratched his throat a little when he swallowed them.

John Steady and Peter Sly.

A DIALOGUE.

Peter. Ho, John, don't stumble over that log! I don't think it a good plan to study my lessons as I go to school.

John. Nor I; but I am in such a scrape!

Peter. What's the matter?

John. Why, I believe I have got the wrong lesson.

Peter. I guess not. Let me see; where did you begin?

John. Here, at the top of the page; and I learned over three leaves, down to the end of the chapter.

Peter. Well, that's all right.

John. Are you sure?

Peter. Certain, as can be.

John. Well, now! I am half glad and half sorry. Only think; there is poor George Gracie has been getting the wrong lesson. I came by his window, and there he was, fagging away; and, when we came to talk about it, we found we had been studying in different places. But he was so sure he was right that I thought I must be wrong.

Peter. I know it; I know all about it.

John. Why! did you tell him wrong?

Peter. No, no; I never tell a lie, you know. But yesterday, when the master gave out the lesson, George was helping little Timothy Dummy to do a sum; so he only listened with one ear, and the consequence was, he misunderstood what the master said; and then he began groaning about such a hard lesson, as we were going home; I laughing to myself all the time!

John. What! did you find out his blunder and not set him right?

Peter. Set him right! Not I. I scolded about the hard lesson, too.

John. There, that's the reason he was so positive. He said you had got the same lesson he had.

Peter. But I never told him so; I only let him think so.

John. Ah, Peter, do you think that is right?

Peter. To be sure it is. Don't you know he is at the head of the class, and I am next, and if I get him down to-day, I am sure of the medal? A poor chance I should have had, if he had not made such a blunder.

John. Lucky for you, but very unlucky for him; and I must say, I don't call it fair behavior in you, Peter Sly!

Peter. I don't care what you call it, John. It is none of your affair, as I see; let every fellow look out for himself, and the sharpest one will be the best off.

John. Not in the end, Peter. You are in at the great end of the horn, now; for, by one trick or another, you are almost always above the rest of us. But if you don't come out at the little end, and come out pretty small too, I am mistaken, that is all. Here comes poor George, and I shall spoil your trick, Mr. Peter.

Peter. That you may, now, as soon as you please. If he can get the right lesson decently in half an hour, he is the eighth wonder of the world. I shall have him down, I am sure of that.

(Enter George Gracie.)

John. Here, George, stop a minute; here's bad news for you.

George. What's the matter?—no school to-day?

John. School enough for you, I fancy. You have been getting the wrong lesson, after all.

George. O, John, John! don't tell me so!

John. It's true; and that sneaking fellow that sits whittling a stick, so mighty easy, he knew it yesterday, and would not tell you.

George. Oh, Peter! how could you do so?

Peter. Easily enough. I don't see that I was under any obligation to help

you to keep at the head of the class, when I am the next.

George. But you know you deceived me, Peter. I think it would have been but kind and fair to tell me my mistake, as soon as you found it out; but, instead of that, you said things that made me quite sure I was right about the lesson.

Peter. But I did not tell you so; you can't say I told you so. Nobody ever caught me in a lie.

John. But you *will* lie;—you will come to that yet, if you go on so.

Peter. Take care what you say, sir!

George. Come, come, John; don't quarrel with him. He will get the medal now; and it is a cruel thing too; for I sat up till eleven o'clock, last night, studying; and he knew that my father was coming home from Washington to-night, and how anxious I was to have the medal. But it can't be helped now.

Peter. Poor fellow! don't cry! I declare there are great tears in his eyes. Now it is a pity, really.

John. For shame, Peter Sly, to laugh at him! You are a selfish, mean fellow, and every boy in school thinks so.

George. Come, John; I must go and study my lesson as well as I can. I would rather be at the foot of the class, than take such an advantage of anybody. (*Exit George.*)

Peter. The more fool you! Now, he will be in such a fluster, that he will be sure to miss in the very first sentence.

John. There is the master, coming over the hill; now if I should just step up to him, and tell him the whole story!

Peter. You know better than to do that. You know he never encourages tale-bearers.

John. I know that, very well; and I would almost as soon be a cheat as a tell-tale; but the master will find you out, yet, without anybody's help; and that will be a day of rejoicing to the

whole school. There is not a fellow in it that don't scorn you, Peter Sly.

Peter. And who cares, so long as the master ———

John. Don't be quite so sure about the master, either; he never says much till he is ready. But I have seen him looking pretty sharply at you, over his spectacles, in the midst of some of your clever tricks. He will fetch you up one of these days, when you little think of it. I wish you much joy of your medal, Mr. Peter Sly. You got to the head of the class, last week, unfairly; and if your medal weighed as much as your conscience, I guess it would break your neck. (*Peter sits whittling, and humming a tune.*)

Peter. Let me see. I am quite sure of the medal in this class; but there's the writing! John Steady is the only boy I am afraid of. If I could hire Timothy Dummy to pester him, and joggle his desk till he gets mad, I should be pretty sure of that, too.

(*Enter master, taking out his watch.*)

Master. It wants twenty minutes of nine. Peter Sly, come to me. I want to have some conversation with you, before we go into school.

Peter. Yes, sir.—What now? he looks rather black. (*Aside.*)

Master. For what purpose do you imagine I bestow medals, once a week, on the best of my scholars?

Peter. To make the boys study, I believe, sir.

Master. And why do I wish them to study?

Peter. Why,—to please their parents, I suppose, sir.

Master. I wish them to study for the very same reason that their parents do;—that they may get knowledge. I have suspected, for some time, that you labor under a considerable mistake about these matters. You take great pleasure, I presume, in wearing home that piece of

silver, hanging round your neck; and your mother takes pleasure in seeing it.

Peter. Yes, sir; she does.

Master. And why? What does the medal say to her? Of what is it a sign?

Peter. Why, that I am the best scholar in my class.

Master. Is that what it says? I think it only shows, that you have been at the head of the class oftener, during the week, than any other boy.

Peter. Well, sir; then, of course, she must think me the best scholar.

Master. She would naturally think so, for so it ought to be. But you know, Peter Sly, and I know, that a boy who has no sense of honor, no generous feelings, no strictness of principle, may get to the head of his class, and get medals for a time, *without* being the best scholar. You know how such a thing can be accomplished, do you not? and how the medal may be made to tell a falsehood at home? (*Peter hangs his head in silence.*) Shall I tell you how I have seen it done? By base tricks; by purposely leading others into mistakes; by taking advantage of every slip of the tongue; by trying to confuse a boy, who knows his lesson sufficiently well, but is timid; by equivocations that are little short of lies, and are the forerunners of unblushing lies. Now, sir, a boy who does these things, is so weak-minded that he cannot see the proper use of medals, and thinks he is sent here to get medals, instead of being sent to gain knowledge to prepare him for active life; and, under this mistake, he goes to work for the empty sign, instead of the thing itself. That shows folly. Then he becomes so intent on his object, as to care not by what unjustifiable means he obtains it. That shows wickedness,—want of principle. Have I any boy, in my school, of this description?

Peter. Yes, sir; but, forgive me. I did not think you ever observed it.

Master. The artful are very apt to believe themselves more successful than they really are. So you concluded you had deceived me, as well as wronged your companions! Your tears are unavailing, if, by them, you think I shall be persuaded to drop the subject here. You must be publicly disgraced.

Peter. What, sir! when I have not told a lie!

Master. You have not spent a day in perfect truth for weeks. I have watched you in silence and closely for the last month, and I am satisfied, that you have not merely yielded occasionally to a sudden temptation, but that deception is an habitual thing with you; that, through life, you will endeavor to make your way by low knavery, if I do not root the mean vice out of you, and so save you from the contempt of men, and the anger of God. Rest assured, your Maker looks on your heart as that of a liar. Go into school; and as I am convinced, from reflecting on several circumstances which took place, that you had no just claim to the very medal you now wear, take your place at the foot of your class. The reasons of your degradation shall be explained in presence of all the scholars. I use the principle of emulation in my school, to rouse up talent and encourage industry; but I watch against its abuse. I endeavor to unite with this principle a noble and unwavering love of truth, and generous, honorable feelings; and am happy to say, that, except yourself, I have no cause of doubt of having succeeded. I know not one of your companions, who would not spurn from his heart the base manœuvres which you adopt; and, before this day is over, they shall have fresh motives to value fair dealing. You must be made an example of; I will no longer permit you to treat your schoolmates with injustice, or so as to injure your own soul. Go in!



The Three Friends.

Two sisters, named Amy and Anna, were once sitting together upon a grassy bank, when a large dog came between them, and thrusting his nose familiarly into their hands, snuggled down, as if desirous of making one of the party. The two girls caressed him fondly, and called him "good Dash" and "pretty Dash"—and many other titles of affection they bestowed upon him. At length the younger of the girls said, "Amy, I have heard that Dash once saved my life: will you tell me how it happened?" "With pleasure," said Amy; and accordingly she proceeded as follows:

"About five years ago, Anna, when you were not more than two years old, we were living in Vermont, near one of the streams that empties into Connecticut river. The snow was very deep that winter, and when it came to go away in the spring, it made a great freshet. The melted snow came down the hills and mountains, and filled the rivers, which overflowed their banks, and overspread the valleys and swept everything before them.

"The little river near our house sud-

denly rose above its borders, and came thundering along, tearing away trees and bridges and mills and houses. At last it seemed to threaten our dwelling, and father and mother began to prepare to leave it and fly to the neighboring hills for security. In the preparation for flight, you was put into a large basket with some clothes stuffed round you, and set down upon a little bridge of planks near the house, while our parents and myself were gathering together a few things to take with us. As father put you on the bridge, he noticed that Dash seemed to look on with interest and anxiety, for the waters made a terrible roaring all around us; and he observed also, on looking back, that Dash had taken his seat on the bridge by your side.

"You had not been left more than ten minutes, when we heard a frightful noise, and going to the door, we saw, with terror and amazement, that the water had suddenly risen and surrounded the house. Nothing could save us but instant flight. Father took me in his arms, and with mother clinging to him, he started for the bridge where you had

been placed ; but he soon perceived that the bridge had been carried away by the rush of the waters, and neither you nor Dash was to be seen. It was no time for delay or search, for the waves were rising rapidly, and it was with the utmost difficulty that father was able to take mother and me to the hill. There at length we arrived, and leaving us to take care of ourselves, father went in search of you. He was absent nearly four hours—and I never shall forget the anxiety with which we waited his return. We were without shelter ; the earth was damp and the air chill ; but we were so absorbed in fear for you that we thought not of our own sufferings. At last we saw father coming, at a considerable distance. He had you in his arms, and Dash was leaping and frolicking at his side. I was never so happy ; I shall never, never be so happy again, as I was when I saw father coming, and saw that you was safe !

“ At length father reached us ; though it was a matter of some difficulty, on account of the water, which had choked up the valley. I need not tell how heartily mother and myself kissed you when we got hold of you. We shed a great many tears, but you only laughed, and seemed to think it all a pleasant frolic. When we could compose our feelings, father told us the story of your escape. It seems that the waters rose suddenly while we were in the house, and lifting the planks of the bridge, carried you and Dash and the basket upon them, down the stream. The current was very swift, and you must have sailed along at a terrible rate ; but faithful Dash kept his place at your side. You had gone about two miles, when the dog and basket were seen by some people standing on the shore. Dash saw them at the same moment, and he set up a very piteous howl, but they did not understand him. When he saw that there was no

relief to be had from them, he leaped into the water, and seizing one end of one of the planks in his mouth, began to swim with all his might, and push the planks toward the land. He was so powerful and so skilful, that he very soon gave them a direction toward a little island, which was not distant, and in a few moments they struck against the shore, and were held fast by running between some small trees. The dog again set up a howl, and the people before mentioned, now thinking something was the matter, entered a boat and went to the island, where they found you fast asleep in the basket, and dry as a biscuit !”

When Amy had reached this point of her story, Anna put her arms around the dog's neck, and with her eyes swimming in tears, kissed him over and over again. She said nothing, however, for her heart was too full. Her sister then went on to tell the rest of the story—but as the reader will easily guess it all, I need not repeat it here. If any of my young readers are curious to know all about it, I shall be at their service, whenever they will give me a call.

ATTACHMENT TO OUR COUNTRY.—When Gulliver was in Lilliput, he lay down to sleep. In the morning he found himself fastened down to the earth by a thousand little cords which the Lilliputians had thrown over him. Every man is thus attached to some spot on earth by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually throwing around him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is that which makes us love the place where our fathers are entombed. When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, “ What !” they replied, “ shall we say to the bones of our fathers, ‘ Arise, and go with us into a foreign land ?’ ”



The Fox and the Tortoise;

A FABLE, TO SHOW THE ADVANTAGES OF HONESTY.

A fox that had been robbing some hen-roosts, and had therefore excited the indignation of the people, was one day pursued by a party of hunters, and sorely pressed by their hounds. At last he came to a secluded spot, and having for the time eluded his enemies, he sat down to take breath. Near by there chanced to be a tortoise, and as birds and beasts always talk in fables, it was a matter of course that the two animals on the present occasion should fall into conversation.

"You seem," said the tortoise, "to be very much out of breath: pray let me ask you what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" replied the fox. "I occasionally slip into the farmers' hen-roosts, and take away a few of their fowls, or now and then I carry off a fat goose or a stray lamb; and behold, I am hunted by all people with all their hounds, as if I was the greatest rascal on the face of the earth! Whew! how hot I am. These villanous hounds put me in a terrible tremor. One of them came so close as to snap at my throat with his long ugly teeth, and I really

thought my last hour was come. What a terrible life it is I lead: I cannot stir abroad but some hound is on my track, or some bullet whistles near my heart. Even in my den of rocks I have no peace, for I am ever dreaming of the sound of muskets or the baying of hounds."

As the fox said this, the cry of the hunters and their hounds came near, and to save his life, he was again obliged to take to flight. The humble tortoise, observing all this, remarked very wisely, as follows: "How much better it is to be honest and content with what we can call our own, than to be forever running after forbidden pleasures, thus drawing down upon ourselves the enmity of mankind, and all the inquietude of a guilty conscience."

THE INSINCERITY OF FLATTERY.—
 "What little, ugly-looking, red-headed monster is that, playing among those children?" "That, madam, is my eldest son!" "Indeed! you don't say so; what a beautiful little cherub it is!"



The Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER I.

My Birth and Parentage.—The reasons why I became a Traveller.—My first Travels.—Advantage of having good legs.—My first Voyage to the Mediterranean.—The Orange and Lemon Trade.—The Gulf Stream.—Whales.—Portuguese Man-of-War

EVER since my earliest remembrance I have had a great passion for travelling, seeing foreign countries, and studying foreign manners. I believe this disposition runs in our family, for all the Trotters, I am assured, have been great travellers. My great grandfather, Absalom Trotter, was famous for having the longest legs in the state of Massachusetts, and for making the best use of them. He could beat a horse at a stretch of a month or so; but he died just as the Providence railroad was completed. My great aunt, Peggy Trotter, was also celebrated among her neighbors for an unconquerable propensity to move about. There was not a story circulating in the town, but she was the first to find it out,

and the most industrious in communicating it to all her acquaintance. If she had lived till this day, I verily believe the newspaper editors would have hired her to carry expresses; for when she once got hold of a piece of intelligence, it is inconceivable how rapidly she made it fly through all quarters of the town. When she died, people were afraid that news would be scarce forever afterwards; but steamboats came into fashion about that time, so that we have not been without a supply of intelligence from various parts.

I was born in Fleet street, down at the north end, in Boston. My father was a West-India captain, who used to sail in a little schooner from Boston to Guadeloupe. He commonly carried out a load of lumber, that is, pine boards, plank, timber, and shingles; and brought back a cargo of molasses. Every time he returned from a voyage, he brought us oranges, lemons, and pine-apples, fruits which do not grow hereabouts. These rarities always excited my admiration; and I was delighted to sit in the chimney-corner during the long winter evenings, and listen to his description of the West-India islands, where the summer and the fruits and the green fields last the whole year round; and where no snow or ice chills the air, but fresh verdure and bright flowers enliven the landscape from the beginning of the year to the end of it.

The more of these stories I heard, the more I wanted to hear, for it is notorious that there is no passion so insatiable as curiosity. And when our curiosity is directed towards a useful object, the indulgence of it becomes both proper and beneficial. The world is filled with variety, and this variety is evidently designed by Providence to stimulate our curiosity, so that we may be incited to action and the pursuit of knowledge. In this way I became seized with an

irresistible inclination to travel and see the world. My neighbor Timothy Doolittle, who had nobody to tell him stories when he was a boy, on the contrary, never cared to move about, or know how the rest of the world lived, or what was doing out of his own chimney-corner. I believe he never in his life walked further than Roxbury Neck; and if anybody should ask him how big the world was, he would say it extended from Bunker Hill to Brookline! Such magnificent notions of the universe will a man have who never stirs abroad.

I could give a long account of my early travels—how they began in very infancy when I first ventured out the front door—how I next rambled down the street, and was amazed to see how large the town was—how I then grew more courageous, and journeyed as far as Faneuil Hall Market; what surprising discoveries I made there; what perilous adventures I met with on the way thither and back—how I next made a still bolder excursion as far as Fort Hill, got overtaken by night, and was brought back by the town crier—how, finally, after a great many hair-breadth escapes and daring exploits, I became so experienced in travelling that I ventured into the country to see what sort of people lived there; and how in a single day I penetrated as far as the Blue Hills, and found the inhabitants of Milton and Dorchester an exceedingly civil, pleasant and good sort of people. I might give the particulars of all these peregrinations at full length, if I had room in these pages. But as it is very probable that most of my readers have travelled the same route and seen pretty much the same things, I have concluded to omit them for the present, and pass on to the narrative of my travels and adventures in foreign countries, which will probably offer more novelty and instruction.

My father died when I was ten years old; and as my mother had been dead several years before, I was left to the care of my aunt Katy Walker. I had little chance of gratifying my roving inclination under her care, for she could not afford me any money, and travelling is expensive. The most I could do was to take long walks now and then, with a staff in my hand, and a pack over my back. In this way I have travelled over nearly all the state of Massachusetts; and can assure my readers, that they will learn more by travelling on foot in a single day than they will in a week by being whirled along in a railroad car. The main thing is to have good vigorous limbs; and a man's legs will always grow strong if he walks enough. After trudging up and down for some years, a second cousin of mine, Captain Scudder, who used to visit at our house, came one day to tell me that he was about to make a voyage to the Mediterranean, to bring home a cargo of oranges and lemons for the Boston market. He offered to take me with him, and I gladly accepted the proposal. To visit Europe was the great object of my wishes; and the Mediterranean countries had the greatest of all possible attractions for me. I was never tired of thinking of the interesting territories which were situated upon that famous sea—their romantic shores—their beautiful islands—their bright sky—their charming climate—their magnificent cities—their picturesque inhabitants, and the multitude of glorious and ever-memorable historical events connected with them. All these thoughts threw me into a rapture, and my impatience to set out upon the voyage was such, that I deemed every moment lost, till I was on board, and the vessel was fairly under weigh.

We sailed in the brig *Swift*, bound to Malta. We carried a cargo of logwood, coffee, sugar, beeswax raw hides, to-

bacco, cotton, and staves. These articles generally compose the cargo of vessels bound to the Italian ports. The logwood, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton, are productions not raised in those countries. Hides and staves are much cheaper, and more abundant, in our country than in theirs. They have no great pastures and tracts of wild country filled with droves of cattle, as you will find in many parts of America. Forests of large trees are so scarce with them, that wood of every kind bears a high price. Beeswax is an article which they use to a great extent, as their custom is to burn enormously long wax candles in their churches and religious processions.

It was about the middle of December when we set sail. This is considered the best season for a voyage such as we were bound upon. The oranges are ripe in January and February, so that when the vessel arrives out, the fruit is all freshly gathered and ready for shipping. A great deal of care is necessary in the importation of this sort of fruit; for if the weather be too warm, or the oranges have been too long taken from the trees, they will be spoiled on the passage. It very often happens that a vessel arrives at Boston from Sicily in the summer with a load of oranges and lemons, and having had a long passage, the whole cargo is found to be spoiled, and must be thrown away. This most commonly happens in the Italian vessels, which do not sail so fast as the Americans', and have not crews so expert in navigation.

Well, I was now fairly on board. We hoisted sail; the wind blew fresh from the northwest; we scudded by the castle, we were soon outside of Boston lighthouse. The pilot jumped into his boat and bade us good-by. I looked after him as his little wherry kept bobbing up and down between the waves, till he was too far off to be seen any

longer. The steeples of Boston and the neighboring hills gradually sunk in the horizon; night came on, and I could see no more of my native land. We carried all sail through the night, in order to get well off the coast while the wind was fair, as the weather is very variable near the land, and it is highly dangerous to be near the coast in winter. By-and-by we had furious squalls of wind, which tore our sails, and put us in great danger. In a day or two more we crossed the Gulf Stream, which is a long and wide current of water running through the Atlantic, from the Gulf of Mexico nearly across the ocean. I was astonished to find the water in this current blood-warm, although it was the middle of winter; but Captain Scudder informed me that this is always the case, as the water comes from a warm climate. Dreadful thunder-storms also happen here, and a great many ships have been struck and burnt up by lightning in the Gulf Stream.

We were all very glad when we had crossed this remarkable current, for we had nothing but squalls of wind and showers of rain while we were in it. At length we got fairly out into blue water, the sky grew clear, we had a bright sun and a fair wind, and although the sea continued to roll and dash pretty turbulently, yet it was a pleasure to stand on the deck and look at the glorious broad ocean, with its blue waves, crested with white foam, sparkling in the sun. Two or three ships had kept us company off the coast, and for some days we could discern their white sails on the verge of the horizon; but they presently sunk out of sight, and we found ourselves with nothing but sea around and sky above us.

One day, as I was walking on the deck and looking out for a sail, I was surprised to see a stream of water rise up out of the sea at some distance. I

pointed it out to the man who was steering at the helm, and was told by him that it was a whale, spouting. I had never seen a whale before, and was anxious to get a nearer view of so wonderful a creature. My wish was soon gratified. Presently he directed his course towards our vessel, and passed by us, spouting up streams of water from his nose in a manner that excited my astonishment. When I contemplated the monstrous bulk of this creature, and the amazing swiftness with which he dashed through the water, I could not repress a feeling of terror. Yet it is well known that men are courageous enough to go out to sea in little boats for the purpose of catching such enormous monsters. The description of the whale fishery is one of the most interesting items in the history of human courage and skill, and shows how the ingenuity of man can triumph over the strength of the mightiest of all the brute creation. The whale is attacked, pursued for miles across his own element, and finally killed and taken by six or eight men in a boat, so small that, if he had but the sense to open his mouth, he might swallow the boat and its crew.

I had another amusement at sea in witnessing the gambols of the shoals of porpoises which now and then came tumbling around us. These fish generally move in single file through the water, and when they meet a ship at sea, they shoot right before her bows, so as almost to strike the vessel; but as they dart with great velocity, they always manage to steer clear. At such times it is highly interesting to watch their movements, as they glance through the water just below the surface. When the sun shines, they glisten in the waves with all the hues of the rainbow, and one would almost imagine they were proud of showing their gaudy colors, for they dart along the ship's side,

as if on purpose to be seen. This diversion is often fatal to them, for the sailors contrive to catch them with harpoons. They are very fat, and yield a large quantity of oil. Their flesh is black, and tastes a good deal like pork; it is much relished by crews that have been long deprived of fresh provisions.

In the course of our voyage, as I was looking over the vessel's side one bright, sunshiny day, I saw something sailing along on the top of the waves that looked exactly like one of the chip boats which the boys sail in the Frog Pond. The sailors told me it was a fish called the Portuguese man-of-war. I looked upon it with admiration. It was a most curious sort of shell-fish, with a thin white membrane or wing spread in the air for a sail. By the help of this it steered before the wind just like a ship, and kept company with us for two or three miles. When I was looking at it with a spy-glass, it suddenly struck its sail, dove under water, and was out of sight in an instant.

(To be continued.)

Story of Philip Brusque.

(Continued from page 21.)

CHAPTER II.

Brusque discovers that man wants something beside Liberty; he wants Company—Society.

SUCH were the thoughts of Brusque, as he stood on a little hill in the centre of the island, and looked round upon what now seemed entirely his own. Nor did anything happen to disturb his peace for a long time. There was fruit enough for his support upon the trees, and he found a cave in a rock, which served him for a house and a home. The weather was almost constantly fine, and

so mild was the temperature, that he hardly needed a shelter, even at night.

So the time slid on very pleasantly with Philip for about a year. By this time, he began to be a little tired of his own company; nor could the chattering of the macaws and parrots, of which there were many in the trees, entirely satisfy him. He caught some of the young birds, and reared them, and taught them to speak, but still he felt lonely. At last it came to be his custom every day to go upon the top of the highest hill, and look far off upon the ocean, hoping to see a ship, for he yearned in his heart to have some human being for a companion. Then the tears would fill his eyes, and flow down his rough cheeks; and then he would speak or think to himself as follows:

"Liberty is indeed a dear and beautiful thing, but still I want something beside liberty. I want to hear a human voice. I want to look into a human face. I want some one to speak to. I feel as if my very heart would wither for the want of a friend. I feel a thirst within, and I have no means of satisfying it. I feel within a voice speaking, and there is no answer. This beautiful island is becoming a desert to me, without even an echo. O! dear France! O! dear, dear home! How gladly would I give up this hollow and useless liberty for the pleasures of friendship and society. I would be willing to be restrained by the thousand meshes of the law, if I might once more enjoy the pleasure of living in the midst of my fellow-men."

With these thoughts dwelling in his mind, Philip went to rest one night, and though it was very stormy, he slept soundly. In the morning the feelings of yesterday came back, and with a sad heart he went again to the top of the hill; for the hope of seeing a ship, and of once more being restored to human

society, haunted him perpetually. Long he stood upon the hill and looked out upon the sea, now tossing from the tempest of the night, and throwing up a thousand white-caps in every direction. Having gazed upon this scene for more than an hour, he chanced to turn his eyes towards the extremity of the island, where, at the distance of about a mile, he distinctly saw a human being on the shore. He paused but a moment to assure himself that he was not mistaken, and then set off like a deer toward the stranger.

Brusque did not stop in his way, but ran with all his might. When he came near the object of his attention, he saw that it was a man, and without waiting to examine farther, ran toward him with open arms. The man was alarmed, and stooping down, he picked up a stone, and threatened to hurl it at Brusque. The latter now paused, and the parties soon came to an understanding.

The stranger said that he was a fisherman from Mauritius, an island in the Indian Ocean, belonging to the French nation. It is inhabited chiefly by French people, and negroes, who are their slaves. The whole population is about 20,000.

It seems that the fisherman had been driven out to sea by a storm, and, the weather being cloudy and he having no compass, did not know which way to steer for home. Thus he wandered about several days, till, on the preceding night, in an attempt to land upon the island where he now found himself, his little smack was dashed in pieces, and he only saved himself by swimming.

No sooner had he told his story, than Philip put his arms around him and kissed him over and over again. He was indeed delighted, for now he had a companion, for which he had sighed so long. Now, he had a human face to look upon; now, he could listen to a huma

voice; now, he had some one into whose mind he could pour his own thoughts and feelings. Now, in social intercourse, he could quench that thirst which had parched his soul in solitude.

Full of these thoughts, Philip took the stranger, and led him to his cave. He gathered for him some fresh pine-apples, and some oranges, and placed them before him. When the fisherman began to eat with a hearty appetite, Philip clapped his hands in joy. He then ran to a little spring that was near, and brought some cool water in a gourd shell, and gave it to the fisherman.

Now Philip Brusque was rather a proud man, and it was very strange to see him waiting upon the rough fisherman, as if he were a servant. But Philip was acting according to the dictates of his heart, and so, though a seeming slave, he did not feel that his liberty was violated. He was, in fact, acting according to his own pleasure, and he was seeking happiness in his own way. If Philip had been compelled to serve the fisherman, he would have hated and resisted the task; but now, doing it freely, he found pleasure in it. So true it is that we do things when we are free, with delight, which slavery would turn into bitterness and sources of discontent.

Things went on very well for a few days. The fisherman took up his abode in Philip's cave, and there he lay a great part of the time. Brusque brought him fruit and water, and all he wanted, and he did it cheerfully for a time. But, by-and-by, the fisherman began to command Brusque to wait upon him, to do this and that, and to bring him this thing and that thing. This immediately changed the face of affairs between the parties. Brusque became angry, and told the fisherman to wait upon himself.

The fisherman made a rude reply, and

high words followed. Brusque ordered the fisherman to quit his cave. The fisherman told Brusque to leave it himself. Their faces were full of red wrath. Anger begets anger. The fisherman struck Brusque a blow. Brusque retaliated and being a powerful man, he instantly stretched the fisherman on the ground. He was completely stunned, and lay without motion, seeming actually to be dead.

Brusque's anger was too high for the immediate return of reason. He looked on the pale form with a feeling of delight, and spoke some words of triumph between his firm-set teeth. But this feeling soon passed away, and a better one returned. Believing that the fisherman was dead, he now began to feel regret and remorse. Already was that monitor within, called conscience, telling him that he had violated a universal law, a law enacted by the Maker of man, and whispered into every man's bosom. Already Brusque felt that while a fellow-being was on the island, he was not absolutely free; that this fellow-being had rights as well as himself; that he had a right to his life; and that in taking it away he had done a great wrong to justice, to liberty, and himself.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the fisherman moved, and showed signs of returning life. Brusque was again full of joy, and fetching some water, sprinkled it over the man's face. In a short time he so far recovered as to sit upright, and soon after he was able to walk about. Brusque led him to the cave, where, lying down, the fisherman fell asleep.

Brusque now left him, and walked forth by himself. He was of a reflecting turn, and from his training in the revolution, his reflections often took a political cast. On this occasion, his thoughts ran thus:—

"What a strange creature I am! A few weeks since, I was mad with joy at the arrival of this fisherman; soon he became the tyrant of my life; I then wished him dead; and when I thought I had killed him, my heart smote me, and I was more miserable than if death had stared me in the face. He is now alive again, and I am relieved of a load; and yet, in the midst of this happiness, which seems born of misery, I still feel a strange sadness at my heart.

"When I was alone, I was perfectly free, but I soon found that freedom, without society, was like the waters of the river, near which Tantalus was so chained that he could not drink, thus dying of thirst with a flood before his eyes.

"I therefore yearned for society, and then I had it by the arrival of this fisherman. But he became a torment to me. What then is the difficulty? I believe it is the want of some rules, by which we may regulate our conduct. Though there are but two of us, still we find it necessary to enter into a compact. We must form a government, we must submit to laws, rules, and regulations. We must each submit to the abridgment of some portion of our liberty, some portion of our privileges, in order to secure the rest."

Full of these thoughts, Brusque returned to the cave, and when the fisherman awoke, he spoke to him on the subject of their quarrel, and then set forth the necessity of laying down certain rules by which the essential rights of each should be preserved, and a state of harmony ensured. To this the fisherman agreed, and the following code of laws being drawn up by Brusque, they were passed unanimously:—

Be it ordained by Philip Brusque, late of France, and Jaques Piquet, of Mauritius, to ensure harmony, establish justice, and promote the good of all parties:

1. This island shall be called Fredonia.

2. Liberty, being a great good in itself, and the right of every human being, it shall only be abridged so far as the good of society may require. But as all laws restrain liberty, we, the people of Fredonia, submit to the following:

3. The cave called the Castaway's Home, lately occupied by Philip Brusque, shall be alternately occupied for a day and night by said Philip Brusque and Jaques Piquet; the former beginning this day, and the latter taking it the next day, and so forth.

4. Each person shall have a right to build himself a house, and shall have exclusive possession of the same.

5. If two persons wish the same fruit at the same time, they shall draw lots for the first choice, if they cannot agree otherwise as to the division.

6. If any difference arises between the two parties, Philip Brusque and Jaques Piquet, they shall decide such questions by lot.

7. This code of laws shall be changed, or modified, or added to, only by the consent of the parties, Philip Brusque and Jaques Piquet.

All which is done this 27th day of June, A. D. 18—.

This was neatly cut with a penknife on a board which had come ashore from the wreck of Philip's vessel, and it became the statute law of the island of Fredonia.

(To be continued.)

CONTENTMENT.—A gentleman, it is said, had a board put on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he always said, "Are you contented?" The general reply was, "I am." "Then," rejoined the gentleman, "why do you want my field?"

Napoleon's Last Obsequies.

IN the first number of our Magazine we stated that the remains of the late Emperor Napoleon had been conveyed from St. Helena to France, for interment in the Hospital of the Invalides at Paris. This event having caused the display of much splendid pageantry, and public feeling among the French, we have thought it would be interesting to our readers to see a minute and correct account of the events and ceremonies that took place on this remarkable occasion.

The body of the Emperor was found in the earth at St. Helena, where it had been deposited in a tomb of very strong and compact masonry, so that although the workmen began at noon, it was ten o'clock at night before they were able to reach the body. It was enclosed in three coffins, two of mahogany and one of lead, all of which were found in a perfect state, though nearly twenty years had elapsed since they had been laid in the earth.

It is difficult to describe with what anxiety, with what emotions, those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that death had left of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, they could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable parts of the costume to evidence the identity. But when, by the hand of Dr. Guillard, the satin sheet over the body was raised, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, most of whom burst into tears. The Emperor himself was before their eyes! The features of his face, though changed, were perfectly recognised—the hands perfectly beautiful—his well-known costume had

suffered but little, and the colors were easily distinguished—the epaulets, the decorations, and the hat, seemed to be entirely preserved from decay—the attitude itself was full of ease; and but for the fragments of the satin lining, which covered as with a fine gauze several parts of the uniform, they might have believed that they saw before them Napoleon still extended on a bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin, and in the precise position which they had previously described. It was even remarked that the left hand which General Bertrand had taken to kiss for the last time before the coffin was closed up, still remained slightly raised.

The body was now placed in a new leaden coffin or sarcophagus, sent out from France for the purpose, and conveyed with appropriate ceremonies on board a French man-of-war, which immediately sailed for Cherbourg. Great preparations were made in France for its reception. On the arrival of the ship at Cherbourg, a steamboat was ready to convey it up the Seine to Paris. A great number of steamboats and vessels of all sorts were collected together, forming a numerous fleet, under convoy of which the corpse was transported up the river stopping occasionally at the cities and towns on the way, to allow the inhabitants the opportunity of gratifying their curiosity and displaying their enthusiasm, by paying homage to the remains of the great soldier and chieftain of the French empire. The crowds that assembled all along the banks of the river were immense. The military turned out by hundreds and thousands. All sorts of pageantry, exhibition, and pompous show—consisting of triumphal arches, pyramids, bridges, columns, and

other fanciful and imposing devices—contributed to give effect to the solemnities.

On the fourteenth of December, 1840, the procession reached St. Germain, a place within a few miles of Paris. The crowd of spectators which had thronged to the spot from Paris was so immense, that it was impossible to proceed and land the body till the middle of the next day. Two battalions of troops were stationed on the banks of the river; and the stream was covered with vessels decked with laurels and wreaths of *immortelles*, a bright, unfading, yellow flower, very much in use among the French on funeral occasions.

At the great bridge of Neuilly, three or four miles from Paris, an immense rostral column had been prepared, surmounted by a ball or globe, representing the world, and six feet in diameter. This was crowned by a huge eagle; but owing to the intense cold of the weather, the design was not wholly completed. On the base of this column was the following inscription, containing the last request of Napoleon: "*I wish my ashes to repose on the banks of the Seine.*" A wharf had been built at this place for the express purpose of landing the coffin, and here the body of Napoleon first touched the soil of France. At the extremity of the wharf a Grecian temple, one hundred feet in height, was erected; and at the end of the bridge of Neuilly was a colossal statue of the Empress Josephine.

From Paris to Neuilly there extends a beautiful broad avenue, ornamented with rows of trees and handsome buildings. Along this road the population of the capital began to throng in immense multitudes before daylight the next morning. It was computed that five hundred thousand persons crowded into this avenue on the morning of the landing of the body. The troops of the

National Guard were drawn up on the bank of the river; prayers were said over the corpse, and the coffin was borne to the land by twenty-four sailors. The artillery fired a salute of twenty-one rounds, and the multitudes that thronged the banks of the river rent the air with their shouts. The body was then placed in a magnificent *catafalque* or funeral car, twenty-five feet in length, with gilt wheels, and decorated with golden eagles. On the car was a pedestal eighteen feet long and seven feet high, richly ornamented and hung with gold and purple cloth. On this pedestal stood fourteen *cariatides* or columnar human figures of colossal size, supporting with their heads and hands an immense golden shield. The coffin was laid on this shield. On the coffin was placed a rich cushion, sustaining the sceptre, the hand of justice, and the imperial crown, studded with jewels. The whole formed a structure fifty feet in height, and was drawn by sixteen black horses, richly caparisoned, after the manner of the middle ages.

The procession then took up its march for Paris. In the procession was the war-horse of Napoleon, and five hundred sailors who accompanied the corpse from St. Helena. The whole avenue to Paris was lined with troops. Round the great triumphal arch at the entrance of the city, were lofty masts bearing tricolored pennants surrounded with black crape, and exhibiting each the name of some one of the armies of the Republic or the Empire, as "The Army of the Rhine"—"The Army of Italy," &c. On entering the city, the crowd was so immense that the procession had great difficulty in forcing its way onward. The number of spectators was estimated at 800,000. This is equal to the whole population of Paris; yet when we take into the account the great numbers that resorted to the capital from all parts of

the kingdom to witness so grand and interesting a ceremony, this estimate does not appear very improbable.

The place destined for the reception of Napoleon's body was the Hotel des Invalides, a spacious edifice erected by Louis XIV. as a residence for veteran soldiers, and a view of which is given in our preceding number. It is beautifully situated on the river Seine, with a spacious esplanade in front. In the chapel of this building, preparations had been made for the funeral service over the body. The walls were hung with black draperies bordered with silver, and large lustres were placed between the pillars, contrasting their brilliant lights with the dark draperies around them. The pillars were ornamented with gilded trophies, with the names of Napoleon's victories, Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, &c. The galleries above, thronged with countless multitudes of spectators, were also hung with black, with silver and gold emblems, laurels, and golden letters commemorating the principal acts of the Emperor's life. Above were hung an immense number of standards, taken from the enemy in different battles. In front of the altar was erected a tomb, standing on pillars and surmounted by an eagle. This structure was of gilt wood, and only temporary; it is to be replaced by one of the same shape in marble.

Here were assembled the king, the royal family, and the chief personages of the court, the Archbishop of Paris and other dignitaries of the church; and a great number of generals and veterans of Napoleon's wars. At two o'clock the procession arrived, and the body of Napoleon was brought into the chapel. This was the most impressive part of the whole ceremony. The steps leading to the choir were lined on both sides by the military and the veteran invalids, so many of whom had fought under the

deceased Emperor. The whole of the aisle was filled with troops, and the whole body of the clergy stood in religious silence, waiting to perform the last offices of religion. The drums rolled, the cannons roared, and the muffled drums announced the approach of the body. At the sight of the coffin, surmounted with the imperial crown of Napoleon, the whole body of spectators appeared to be struck by a sudden thrill. Every one rose up and bent forward, but not a word was uttered; a religious silence and awe pervaded the whole multitude!

Mass was then said over the body according to the forms of the Roman Catholic religion, after which Mozart's celebrated requiem was sung by a choir of musicians. The coffin was then sprinkled with holy water by the Archbishop, and the ceremony concluded. The crowd remained long in the chapel to satiate their curiosity by gazing on the splendid decorations of the place and the long vista of funeral pomp. At length the military succeeded in clearing the chapel of the throngs of spectators; the people dispersed; and the body of Napoleon lay once more in the silence of the tomb!

Our Ancestry.

If you were to visit England, you would hardly imagine that the people there were descended from a variety of nations, some of them as savage and wild as our American Indians. The English people have now a pretty uniform appearance, as if they all descended from one father and mother: they are generally stoutly made, with ruddy cheeks, light skin, light hair, and full blue eyes; though black eyes and brown

skins are not uncommon. The people talk one language too—and at first view they seem one great family, descended from one parentage.

But if we visit different parts of the country, we shall begin to remark diversities in the appearance of the people, and especially in their mode of speech. Though they all speak English, yet in one part they use many strange words that are not used in another part, and so singular is the mode of speaking in some places that an American cannot well understand the people. Thus in Lancashire, which includes Liverpool and the vicinity, the people speak very differently from what they do in Yorkshire; and yet in both counties the speech of the common people cannot be understood, till you become accustomed to it.

All this is easily explained when we look into the early history of England; for we then find that the present English people are in fact descended from several different tribes and nations, that settled upon the island in ancient times. This subject is very interesting in itself, and it becomes more so to us from the fact that we too are descended from the English nation, as nearly all our forefathers, who settled America, came from England. Let us therefore give a little attention to this subject.

It appears that the first human beings were created in the valley of the Euphrates, in Asia. Here they increased, and soon spread themselves in various directions over the earth. About two thousand years before Christ, they began to cross the Uralian mountains, which separate Asia from Europe, and to people the latter country. Like our western settlers who are now pushing farther and farther into the wilderness, these Asiatic emigrants continued to spread to the north and west, until the whole northern and middle portions of

Europe were occupied by them. The southern portions of that quarter of the globe, Spain, Italy, and Greece, were during this same period filled up by colonists from Asia and Africa.

Thus the whole of Europe was settled, but by very different classes of nations. Those who dwelt along the border of the Mediterranean sea, were acquainted with the arts of civilization; accordingly they settled down in cities, and carried on commerce. But those who entered Europe across the mountains, and who occupied Germany, France, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Russia, and Britain, were of a very different character. They were somewhat like the present Tartars of Asia, half warriors and half husbandmen. They seldom built permanent towns, but usually wandered from one place to another, taking large flocks of cattle with them, upon which they chiefly subsisted. Different tribes or nations often met each other in their migrations, and, as a matter of course, entered into conflict, the strong robbing and making slaves of the weak.

The number of these rude tribes that came from Asia into Europe appears to have been great, and the individuals must have amounted to many millions. Though of one general cast, still they were divided into separate tribes, and spoke different languages, and in some respects differed in religion, manners, and customs.

Of all these Asiatic emigrants, the Celts appear to have been the most numerous. These were the first settlers of ancient Gaul, now France, Spain, Belgium, and the British isles. When Julius Cæsar, the Roman general, made war upon Gaul, about sixty years before Christ, he found the nation to consist wholly of Celts. In general, they were a barbarous people, rude in their mode of life, superstitious in religion, and

savage in their feelings. They were divided into three classes : the nobles or warriors, who were the despotic masters of the common people ; the Druids or priests, whom we have described in a former number ; and the mass of the nation, who performed the common labor of the community.

Among the nobles, there were many claiming to be princes, and these held the first rank ; the people at large had no acknowledged rights, and were wholly dependent upon their superiors for protection. There appears to have been no other government than that of the chiefs of the several tribes, though in important expeditions they chose a common leader. The Druids, male and female, exercised supreme authority in religion, and governed to some extent in civil matters. They possessed some knowledge of astronomy and other sciences, which they used to secure their power over the minds of the people.

Among the Celts of France at the time of Cæsar, duels and drunkenness were common ; there were many villages and few cities ; the houses were circular in form, and made of beams, being laid upon stone, and covered with thatch ; the household utensils were few and poor. Few of the people tilled the soil, the greater part subsisting upon their flocks. Their beverage was a kind of beer or mead ; the cultivation of the vine was unknown. The rich had gold, obtained from mines and the sands of rivers.

In battle, the rich wore checked or plaid cloaks over their shoulders, but no other garment. The common soldiers were almost naked. They were of high stature and savage features. Their hair was yellow, long, and matted—giving them a terrible aspect. Their blind, headlong courage ; their immense numbers ; the stunning noise which proceeded from their numerous wild horns and

trumpets ; their terrible devastations in passing through a country ; their sacrifice of captives to their deities ; their using the skulls of the slain as trophies and as drinking-cups, all contributed to render them the terror of the western world. On one occasion, 389 B. C., the Celts or Gauls entered Italy, advanced towards Rome, sacrificed in battle the flower of the Roman youth, sacked and burnt the city, and laid siege to the capitol, which was only delivered by a Roman army under Camillus.

At the period of which we speak, Cæsar found these Gauls a most formidable people. For nine campaigns they resisted him ; but their long swords of copper could not withstand the steel swords of the Romans ; and besides, their soldiers wanted discipline, harmony, and unity of action. Cæsar overcame them at last ; and then he turned his armies against the island of Britain.

The people there were Celts, and generally resembled the Gauls. They were, however, in a still more rude and savage state. Along the southern border of the island they were most civilized. Here they wore a dress of their own manufacture, consisting of a square mantle, which covered a vest and trousers, or a plaited shirt or tunic. Their houses, like those of their Gallic neighbors, were of circular beams, reared upon stone foundations, and covered with straw thatch. They manured their lands with marl ; raised abundance of wheat, which they kept in dry pits ; and were skilful in training horses, especially for war-chariots.

Farther north, the Britons were much more wild and savage. They either went naked, or were only clothed in skins ; they had no bread, and lived entirely on the milk or flesh of their flocks. Marriage was not practised, and children knew not their parents.



Agricultural operations of the Ancient Britons.

Such was the state of things in the year 55 B. C., when Cæsar first crossed the British channel from Calais, and made his descent on Britain. As he approached the cliffs of Dover and Deal, he saw them crowded with armed men, and therefore stood northward and entered Pegwell bay. He was obliged, however, to land in the face of the natives, who had watched his motions, and were here ready to receive him. They filled the air with their hostile arrows; they approached the water's edge, and rushing into the waves, met and struggled furiously with the Roman soldiers in the sea. But their courage and strength were vain; Roman discipline prevailed, and Cæsar made good his landing. This first attack was followed by other expeditions, and Rome, having taken possession of the island, held it for nearly five hundred years.

During this long period, the manners of the Britons were greatly changed. The arts of Rome were adopted in the country; towns and cities were built; Christianity was introduced; and civilization, to a certain extent, was spread over the island. Thus the original Celtic Britons became mixed with the Romans, and were partially Romanized.

But the Roman empire at last became weakened, and tottered to its fall. The Roman soldiers were called home for the defence of the capital, and Britain was once more left to herself.

The Romans quitted England about the year 410, and for a time, the Britons continued in a feverish state of independence, divided into small republics. But soon these became subject to ambitious leaders, who involved the people in repeated struggles. Constant inroads were also made by the Scots and

Picts from the north. To aid in defending the people from these, fifteen hundred Saxons, who came accidentally to the coast from Sweden and Norway, were employed by a British chief named Vortigern. In a few years more Saxons arrived, and in about one hundred and fifty years the whole island was subjected to these intruders. The Britons fought bravely for their liberties, but they were divided among themselves, and were sacrificed piece-meal by the hordes of Saxons that came like successive waves to overspread the country.

The Saxons, though a brave and war-

like race, were savage and cruel in the extreme. They drove such of the Britons as resisted, to the mountains of Cornwall and Wales, and the adjacent islands, making slaves of those who submitted. Thus they established their dominion, and became not only the ruling people in the country, but the stock which was to give a distinctive character to the nation ever after. They were a mixture of Angles, Picts, and Saxons, and were, taken together, called Anglo-Saxons. It is from this race, chiefly, that the English people, as well as ourselves, derive existence.



Anglo-Saxons.

The Saxons were robust in their make, tall, at least as compared with the Romans, possessed of fair complexions, blue eyes, and, in almost all instances, light or sandy hair. They were distinguished, from the earliest ages, for in-

domitable courage and great ferocity. In their social state they acknowledged four ranks or classes of men, among whom intermarriages rarely, if ever, occurred; namely, their nobles, their freemen, their freedmen, and their slaves.

They were particularly jealous of the honor of their wives. In ordinary times they acknowledged no single chief, but were governed by an aristocracy; from among the members of which, in the event of war, they chose a king. But the authority of the sovereign lasted only while hostilities continued: at their close, he returned to his original station among the nobles.

The Saxons delighted in the perpetration of cruelties, and were themselves regardless of danger. They carried on their predatory warfare chiefly by sea; launching their vessels most cheerfully

during the prevalence of the wildest storms, because they took it for granted that their intended victims would, at such moments, be least prepared to escape or to resist them. When the first of these bands arrived in England, they came under the guidance of two nobles, Hengist and Horsa, whom they had themselves elected as leaders in a piratical expedition; and whom they continued to obey, only because the war, in which they became engaged, lasted during the lifetime of those who began it.

The religion of the Anglo-Saxons, as they imported it into Britain, was a wild



Danes.

and hideous polytheism, which demanded from its votaries, among other rites, the occasional offering up of human victims. Of some of their gods we retain a remembrance in the names which

still attach to the days of the week. They worshipped the Sun, thence our Sunday; the Moon, thence our Monday; Tiw, thence Tuesday; Woden, thence Wednesday; Thurse, thence Thursday;

Friga, thence Friday; and Saterne, whence Saturday.

About the year 800, the Danes, a nation of sea rovers and robbers, began to infest England. This country had been divided into seven kingdoms, called the Saxon Heptarchy; but these had been condensed into three, and at last the whole Saxon portion of the nation became subject to one king, for the first time. This king was Egbert. He died in 836, and the sceptre passing into feeble hands, the country was exposed to the incursions of the people whom we have mentioned above.

The Danes came from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and in many respects resembled the Saxons. They were pirates by profession, who took to themselves the appellation of Sea-kings; and Europe has never produced a race of men more stained with the crimes of treachery and cruelty. Not content, like the generality of savage warriors, to slay, without remorse, all by whom they were opposed in battle, the Sea-kings appeared to delight in the infliction of unnecessary torture; razing to the ground every town of which they obtained possession, and slaughtering men,



Normans.

women, and children indiscriminately upon its ruins.

It would lead us beyond our present limits to detail all the struggles with these invaders of Britain. It is sufficient to say that they continued for many

years, and spread desolation over the country. The wars occasioned by the Danes were replete with suffering, cruelty, and crime. They were finally checked, and many who had settled in the country were driven away; but

others became mingled with the inhabitants, and made another ingredient in the compound of British blood and bone.

The last introduction of foreign people into Britain took place in 1066, when William, Duke of Normandy in France, came with an army, and triumphed over King Harold in the battle of Hastings, and established himself and his family on the throne. Many French people came over with William and settled in the country. The French language became the language of the court and the laws, and French customs were largely introduced among the people.

From this brief sketch, we can see that the English people derive their origin from five races: the Celts, Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, and Normans; and we, descendants of the English, must look back for our first grand-

fathers and grandmothers to these various nations and tribes. It is from them we derive our blood, our language, and our customs.

It is true that the Anglo-Saxons form the basis of our ancestry: the mixture of the other races with them is not considerable. Our language may afford a pretty fair index to the proportion which the Saxon stock bears to the others. The foundation of our language is Saxon, and consisting chiefly of the short expressive words called monosyllables. To this original stock, we have added words from the Celtic Britons, the Romans, the Danes, and the Norman French. Our language may be compared to a patched garment, the main cloth of which is a Saxon texture; but the patches are furnished by the other nations that have worn it. It is, however, a pretty good language, after all.



The Month of March.

'Of all the months, March is the least of a favorite. It has neither the brilliant snows of winter, with its keen and bracing breezes, nor has it the flowers

and fruits of the warmer seasons. It is a capricious mixture of cold and warm, wet and dry, sometimes visiting us with storms of sleet and snow, and suddenly

changing its temper, it presents us with soft southern breezes, seeming to remind us of spring.

As far south as Virginia, March seems to bring spring with it, and many of the flowers venture to peep forth during this month; but even there, the weather is uncertain. In New England, nothing can exceed its versatility. Often the sun will rise bright and clear, and the hills will seem to breathe the atmosphere of spring. But before noon the scene is entirely changed; dark and heavy clouds come heaving from the west, the cold wind rises to a gale, and the whole air is filled with a whirling storm of snow. And thus the sun that rose on the hills, where spring had apparently begun its reign, as it sets, sees these hills re-conquered by winter, and wearing its white livery in token of vassalage. So sudden are these changes, that the birds, weather-wise as they generally are, are often taken by surprise. The blue-birds, sparrows, and robins are always in haste to get back to their birth-places, and accordingly, following the retreat of winter, come northward as fast as the season will permit. But spring and winter are, in March, like two armies, constantly contending—one prevailing one day, and the next day giving way before the other. In these skirmishes of the seasons the birds we mention are often involved, and it is not seldom that they are glad to escape to the south, till the conflict of the elements is over, and the triumphant reign of spring is established.

Nor are the birds alone in suffering from the capricious tricks of the month of March. It sometimes happens that a Vermont farmer, tempted by the solid snow-path, and the appearance of steady cold weather, sets out with his one-horse sleigh upon a journey of a hundred miles, to Boston. Though it is perhaps the middle of March, still the traveller's

sleigh glides along as if upon a railroad, and in two days he reaches Boston. Here he spends a day or two, and then sets out to return. But what a change has come over the scene! The wind has veered from north-west to south-west; the snow is melting and running in rills down the hill-sides, and every time the horse steps, he is up to his knees in *sposh*. The traveller with his sleigh plods on, but, after a severe day's work, he advances in his journey but twenty miles. The next day the snow is entirely gone, and he is obliged to proceed on foot, as you see him in the preceding picture, his weary horse dragging the sleigh over the grating mud and stones. After five days of toil he reaches his home, and has the comfort to be met by his wife and all his neighbors, exclaiming, with a jeer, "I told you so!"

But although March has thus acquired a character that is not the best in the world, there are some pleasant things to be said about it. William Howitt, who takes a cheerful view of almost everything in nature, admits that "March is a rude and sometimes boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter;"—"yet," he adds, "it awakens sensations, perhaps, more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring."

Bryant too—our own poet, and one of the sweetest that ever sung—finds something pleasant to say of March; a pretty good proof that nothing is wanting but good humor to render a person always able to find something agreeable to talk about. See how truly and yet how pleasantly Bryant describes this capricious month:—

The stormy MARCH has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of spring.
And in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the bloom of May.

The fourth day of this month will be distinguished this year by the inauguration of William Henry Harrison as President of the United States. The people of this country chose him to that office last autumn, and on the fourth day of March he enters upon its duties. He goes to the capitol at Washington, and in the presence of the Senate, and a great concourse of people, he takes an oath, administered by the chief justice of the nation, by which he pledges himself to use his best efforts to govern the people according to the laws, and with a view to promote their best happiness.

The Child and the Violets.

"Oh, mother, mother!" said the child,
"I saw the violets blue;
Thousands were there, all growing wild;
Mother, I tell you true!
They sat so close upon the ground,
Here and there, and all around,
It seemed as if they had no stems,
And all the grass was strown with gems.
"Whence came ye, flowers?" I asked them all;
They would not say a word;
Yet something seemed to hear my call,
And near me was a bird.
I turned mine eye,—he flew away,—
Up he went with joyous lay;
And seemed to sing, as high he flew,
'From yonder sky come violets blue.'
The mother answered thus the child:
"The bird did tell you true;
These pretty violets, low and wild,
Of heaven's own azure hue,
Though here they have their bloom and birth,
And draw their sustenance from earth,
Still One, who fills immensity,
Made these sweet flowers for you and me."



Varieties.

HOW TO SLEEP IN SNOW.—The manner in which Captain Ross' crew preserved themselves, near the north pole, after the shipwreck of their vessel, was by digging a trench in the snow when night came on. This trench was covered with canvass and then with snow. The trench was made large enough to contain seven people; and there were three trenches, with one officer and six men in each. At evening, the shipwrecked mariners got into bags, made of double blanketing, which they tied round their necks, and thus prevented their feet from slipping into the snow while asleep; they then crept into the trenches and lay close together. The cold was generally sixty-four degrees below the freezing-point of Fahrenheit; but in January, 1831, the mercury was ninety-two degrees and a half below the freezing-point.

THE FIGHTING BUSINESS.—"What are you thinking of, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier, who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; for it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the British. The soldier started, and, after saluting his general, answered, "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans

I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired six hundred bullets that day, and his pay was a shilling a day.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—While Franklin was ambassador to the English court, a lady, who was about being presented to the king, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and inquired who he was. "That, madam," answered the gentleman upon whose arm she was leaning, "is Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the ambassador from North America." "The North American ambassador so meanly dressed!" exclaimed the lady. "Hush, madam, for Heaven's sake!" whispered the gentleman; "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning!" I suppose my readers all know that Dr. Franklin was the inventor of lightning-rods, by which the lightning is drawn off from buildings, and thus rendered harmless. It was this that gave rise to the humorous reply of the aforesaid gentleman.

INGENIOUS EXCUSE OF A SCHOOLBOY.—A country schoolmaster once having the misfortune to have his schoolhouse burnt down, was obliged to remove to a new one, where he reprimanded one of his boys, who mis-spelled a number of words, by telling him that he did not spell as well as when he was in the old schoolhouse. "Well, thome how or other," said the urchin with a scowl, "I can't ethackly get the *hang* of thith ere thkoolhouth."

KEEN SATIRE.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" replied the officer; "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man, "but I served under you in the battle of —, and when you ran away, I followed, and thus my life was preserved."

TALKING TO ONE'S SELF.—Earl Dudley possessed in a remarkable degree the unpleasant habit of talking to himself. On one occasion he was driving his cabriolet across Grosvenor Square, in London, in his way to Park Lane, when he overtook an acquaintance of the name of Luttrell. It was raining quite fast, and his lordship good-naturedly invited the pedestrian to ride. They drove on till they had nearly arrived at Lord Dudley's mansion, where, Mr. Luttrell giving no hint of wishing to alight, the Earl unconsciously exclaimed aloud, what many would have thought under similar circumstances, "Plague on this fellow; I suppose I must ask him to dine with me!" How often, instead of flattering speeches and soothing compliments, should we hear unpleasant and reproachful remarks, if people were in the habit of thinking aloud, like Lord Dudley.

BEING BEHINDHAND.—An idle fellow complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said, that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behindhand. He believed it would have been a hundred dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all!

APHORISMS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
One drunkard doth love another of the name.

Do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

All offences come from the heart.

Every cloud engendereth not a storm.

Ignorance is the curse of God—knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

He is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man.

There's small choice in rotten apples.

SPRING IS COMING! A SONG.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

p. Allegro.

1. Tell me, snow wreath, tell me why Thou dost steal a-way so sly,— Why up - on the

hill to - day, But to - mor-row gone a-way? "Spring is coming, spring is coming!"

2

Tell me, blue-bird, tell me why
Art thou seen in yonder sky,
Pouring music from above,
In a lay that's all of love?
"Spring is coming—spring is coming!"

3

Tell me, foaming, romping rill,
Dashing headlong down the hill,
Why, like boy from school let out,
Dost thou leap, and laugh, and shout?
"Spring is coming—spring is coming!"

4

Tell me, little daisy, tell
Why in yonder wooded dell
Forth you venture from the ground,
Mid the sere leaves all around?
"Spring is coming—spring is coming!"



My own Life and Adventures

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER VI.

My new Gun.—Obstinacy.—Setting out on a Hunting Expedition.—A Strange Character.—Mountain Sport.—A Snow-Storm.—Getting lost.—Serious Adventures.

I HAVE said enough as to the indulgent manner in which I was treated at my uncle's, not only by him, but by others, to show that no very great restraints were laid upon my wishes, or even my caprices. At the time, I thought it very pleasant to be permitted to have my own way; but I have since been led to believe that most of the serious evils of my life have flowed from this defect in my early education. We all of us need to be brought up to follow duty rather than pleasure, or, to speak more properly, to find our pleasure in doing our duty. If parents send their children to school, it is the duty of their children not only to go, but to improve all the

advantages offered them. It is their duty to learn their lessons well and thoroughly, and to obey the rules of the school; and children that are properly educated, and who have right feelings, will do this with cheerfulness and satisfaction. Thus they will find pleasure in following the path of duty.

This is very important for the happiness of children, while they are children,—for there is no pleasure so sweet as that which is found in doing something useful and right; but it is still more important in another point of view. In early life, we form habits, and they are likely to guide us ever after. It is easy for us to act according to habit, and it is difficult for us to act otherwise. A child who is brought up in the habit of finding pleasure in doing his duty, is likely to go on so through life; and thus he will secure happiness in this

world and that which is to come: while a child who is brought up without a sense of duty, and at the same time is permitted to follow his fancy, is apt always to be guided rather by his whims, his caprices, and his passions, than by any right feeling or right principle. Such a person is almost sure to meet with much trouble in life, and there is great danger that he will turn out an unhappy and unfortunate man.

Now I was brought up in this manner, and though my uncle intended me the greatest kindness by his system of indulgence, it was, in point of fact, the most mischievous that could have been devised. I grew up headstrong and passionate, and though my temper was naturally good, it seemed rather to be injured than benefited by the manner in which I was treated. I could not bear anything that thwarted my wishes. I was very easily offended, and became selfish, unreasonable, and unjust, in proportion as I was petted and flattered. Thus it happened in my case, as it always happens, that having my own way made me what is called a spoiled child; and accordingly, I became disagreeable to myself and almost everybody else.

I am particular in telling all this for two reasons:—first, to show to parents, that if they do not wish their children to be miserable and disagreeable—if they do not wish to lay the foundation of selfishness, caprice, and injustice in the hearts of their offspring—let them govern their children, make them mind, make them do right. If parents do not wish to have their children ruined, let them avoid a system of indulgence. My other reason for giving these details is, that I hope to persuade children to do their duty cheerfully, because this is really the best, the happiest way. It is not only the best for the future, but the present; not only best in view of manhood, but for childhood itself.

I am now going to relate some circumstances, which will illustrate some things I have been saying. It will show not only how much my temper had been injured, but into what evils a thoughtless and headstrong youth will rush, if given up to his own guidance.

On a certain day in January, it had been agreed between Bill Keeler and myself, that we would proceed to the mountain for the purpose of hunting. My uncle had bought me a new fowling-piece, and on this occasion I was to take it with me. I looked forward to the day with great impatience, and when at last it arrived, Bill and myself were up by day-break, ready to depart. The winter had thus far been remarkably mild and open. There was as yet no snow on the ground. But when we were about to leave the house on our expedition, my uncle, who had been out of doors, told us that it was going to snow, and we had better not venture among the mountains. I was immediately angry at this advice, and told my uncle that I would go, whether he thought it best or not. With more than ordinary spirit, he replied that I should not go! This resistance set me in a blaze. I seized my gun, uttered some words of defiance, and rushed out of the house. Finding me thus determined and incorrigible, my yielding uncle told Bill, who stood still all the time, seeming to know how it would turn out, to go with me, and take good care of me. Accordingly he soon joined me, and we went on together, laughing heartily at the scene which had just passed.

We soon reached the forests that lay at the foot of the mountain, and while it was yet somewhat dark, we began to climb up the ledges. As we were passing through a small copse of tall trees without underwood, I heard the step of something near by, and immediately discovered a dark object passing slowly

on before me. I drew up my piece, and was on the point of firing, when Bill struck down the barrel of my gun, and exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, don't fire!—it's Old Sarah!" This was said and done in season to prevent my shooting the object at which I aimed, but not to stop the discharge of my firelock. The shot struck the ground at the very feet of my companion, thus coming very near taking his life.

The noise of my gun aroused the attention of the singular old woman, whom, with the ardor of a youthful hunter, I had taken for a wild-cat or a wolf. She turned round, and began to speak in a warning voice. "Go back!" said she, at the pitch of her lungs, "go back! for the snow is already falling, and you will both get lost in the woods. In one hour the paths will be covered, and then you cannot find your way among the mountains!"

Bill and I both laughed at all this, and I am sorry to say that we returned the kind anxiety of the old woman for our safety, with jeers and gibes. "Take care of yourself! and we will take care of ourselves," said I. "Keep your breath to cool your porridge," said Bill. With this and similar impertinence, we passed up the acclivity, leaving the decrepit old woman to climb the mountain as she might.

I had seen this personage before, and had heard something of her story; but I was now curious to know more. Accordingly, I asked Bill about her, and he proceeded to tell me all that was known of her character and history. She was a native of Long Island, and during the war of the Revolution had become attached to a British officer, who was stationed there. He wronged her cruelly, and then deserted her. With a mind somewhat bewildered, she wandered into the country, and took up her abode in a cave of the very mountain we were

now ascending. Here she had lived for years, visiting the villages in the vicinity in the open seasons, but retiring to her den and subsisting on nuts and roots during the winter. Many wild stories were told of her. It was said that she had lived so long in the mountain, that the foxes had become familiar with her, and would come and lick her hands. It was said the crows would sit on her head, and the rattlesnakes coil in her lap. Beside all these tales, it was said that "Old Sarah," as she was called, was a witch, and many persons declared that they had seen her just at dark, or before a thunder-storm, flying through the air on a broomstick.

Bill's narrative was cut short by the sudden whizzing of a partridge from a bush just before me. Another and another soon followed. These creatures are very cunning. They are always on the watch, and when they hear or see any one coming, they get on the opposite side of some rock, or thicket, or tree, and remain concealed till the person comes near. Then they burst away with a startling, rushing sound, taking good care to keep the rock, or tree, or thicket between them and their enemy, until they are at a distance.

At least a dozen of these fine birds broke away from their cover, but neither Bill nor myself had a chance for a shot. So we went on, greatly excited, however, by the game we had seen. It was not long before we met with another covey of partridges, and firing at random, I killed one of them. Great was my exultation, for I had never killed a partridge before; and beside, I had shot it with my new gun; and, more than all, Bill, who was expert at every kind of sport, had as yet met with no success. As I picked up the large and beautiful bird, still fluttering and whirling round in my hand, and held it forth to my companion, I imagine that I felt of as much

consequence as Bonaparte did when he had conquered the Austrians in the famous field of Austerlitz.

Excited by this triumph of skill and my new gun, we continued to push forward, though it was now snowing fast; and the ground was already covered to the depth of two or three inches. Frequently meeting with some kind of game, though we got little of it, we traversed one ridge after another, until we were involved in a sea of small and thickly wooded ridges and ravines, that crowned the top of the mountain. Scarcely heeding the course we took, or thinking of return, we proceeded for several hours. At last we came to a small hill, and it was agreed between Bill and myself that he should take the valley on one side, and I on the other, and we would meet beyond it.

I had not gone far before a rabbit rushed by me with prodigious bounds, and entered a thicket at a little distance. I followed it, but as I approached, it plunged farther into the bushes. Intent upon the pursuit, and guided by its foot-steps in the snow, I pursued it from place to place, from thicket to thicket, but without being able to get a shot at it. At last it disappeared amid a heap of stones. As these were loose and not large, I began to pull them away, expecting every moment to reach the object of my pursuit. But after working here for some time, I was obliged to give up the effort in despair, and leaving the place, I set out to join my companion. So intent had I been upon my object, that I had not marked my route or noticed the lapse of time. As soon as I began to think of joining him, however, I became conscious that I had gone a considerable distance out of my way, and had spent a long time in the chase of the rabbit. I therefore proceeded with as much rapidity as the rugged nature of the ground and the dense

forest would allow, and in the direction as I supposed, toward the extremity of the ridge, where Bill and I were to meet.

It was not long, however, before I became assured that I had lost my way—and that, instead of approaching the point designated, I had wandered a great way from it. I now began to retrace my steps, and for a time was guided by my tracks in the snow. But the storm had set in in earnest. The large flakes fell thick and fast, filling the air with a dense cloud, and seeming to pour down upon the earth as if shovelled from some reservoir in the skies. In a few minutes after I had passed along, my tracks were completely covered up, and no trace of them could be seen.

My situation was now serious, and I began to consider what was to be done. The advice of my uncle came to my mind, and the warning of the grizzly old woman crept over me with a sort of shudder. I fired my gun, hoping to make Bill hear it, and waited in breathless anxiety for a reply. But the wind was roaring in the tops of the tall trees, and neither the mountain nor the tempest seemed to heed my distress, any more than if I had been an insect. I was never in my life so struck with my utter helplessness. I was not accustomed to take care of myself. In any difficulty heretofore, I had hitherto always found some one to extricate me. But I was now alone. No one was here to aid me. At first I gave way to despair. I threw my gun to the ground in a pet, and lay down myself, and with bitter lamentations bewailed my fate. But the gray, gnarled old trees and sturdy rocks around took not the slightest notice of my distress. I fancied that I could almost see them smile at my vain wailings. They did not, at any rate, rush to my relief, and soothe my agony. For once, I was

obliged to rely upon myself; and it was a stern lesson, which I have never forgotten.

After a few moments, I rose from the ground, brushed off the snow from my clothes, and began seriously to devise some plan of action. But here, again, my habit of dependence came in my way. Little accustomed to think or act for myself in any emergency, I was a poor hand for contrivance. My convenient friend, Bill Keeler, had been accustomed always to save me the trouble of making any mental or bodily exertion. O how ardently did I now wish that he was with me! How did I fill the mountain with cries of his name! But there was no return. Even the throat of the mountain, that had ever before been so ready with its echoes, was now choked up with the thickening shower of snow. Nothing could be heard but one deafening roar of the gale, chafing the uneasy tops of the trees.

I concluded to set out in what seemed to me the direction of my home, and to push straight forward till I was extricated from the wilds of the mountain. I began to put this scheme in execution, and for more than an hour I plodded on through the woods. I proceeded with considerable rapidity for a time, but the snow was now a foot in depth, and as it impeded my progress, so it diminished my strength. I was, at length, obliged to slacken my pace, and finally, being completely wearied out, I sat down beneath the branches of a large hemlock tree, to rest myself. This spot was so sheltered by the thickly woven branches as to be free from snow, and here I continued for some time. When I got up to proceed, I found my limbs so stiffened that it was difficult for me to move. At the same time a dizziness came over me, and I fell to the ground.

It was not till the next day that I had any consciousness of existence. When

I awoke, I was in a dark, rocky cavern, with a grizzly old woman by my side. At first, I fancied it all to be some strange dream, and expected to awake and find myself in my comfortable bed at my uncle's. But pretty soon, remembrances of the preceding day came back, and guessing at the truth, I asked—"Is that you, Sarah?" "It is me," said the old woman; "and you are in my cave." "And you have saved my life, then?" said I, half rising from my recumbent position. "Yes—yes," said she; "I found you beneath the hemlock, and I brought you here. But you must be quiet, for you have suffered, and need care and rest."

I need not attempt to tell how gratefully I thanked the poor old hermitess, and how I begged pardon for my impertinence on the preceding morning. I then began to inquire about other things—the depth of the snow; whether anything was known of my companion; and how and when I could return to my uncle. In reply, I was told that there was at least four feet of snow on the ground; that it was therefore impossible to attempt to leave the cave; that Bill Keeler, being an expert woodsman, had no doubt found his way home; and that in all probability I was given up by my friends as lost.

I was obliged to be content with this recital, though it left me much cause of anxiety, especially on account of my companion, for whom I entertained a sincere affection. Being, however, in some degree pacified, I began to consider my condition. Here I was, in a cave formed by nature in a rock, and my only companion was a gray old dame, her long hair almost as white as the snow-drift, her form bent, her eyes bleared and colorless, her face brown and wrinkled. Beside all this, she was esteemed a witch, and while feared and shunned by mankind, she was regarded

as the familiar companion of the wild fox and the rattlesnake.

Nor was this all that rendered my situation singular. There was no fire in the place I inhabited, yet, strange to say, I did not suffer from the cold. Nor were there any articles of furniture. The only food that was given to me consisted of butternuts and walnuts, with a little dried beef and bread which Old Sarah had brought from the village.

For two days and two nights I remained at this place, the greater part of the time lying upon the bottom of the cave on my back, with only a ray of light admitted through the cleft of the rock, which served as a door, and which was partially closed by two large pieces of bark. On the third day I was looking from the mouth of the cave upon the scene around, when I saw a figure at a considerable distance, attempting to make its way through the snow, in the direction of the cave. At first sight I knew it to be Bill Keeler! I clambered upon the top of a rock, and shouted with all my might. I was soon discovered, and my shout was answered by Bill's well-known voice. It was a happy moment for us both. I threw up my arms in ecstasy, and Bill did the same, jumping up and down in the deep snow, as if he were light as a feather. He continued to work his way toward us, and in half an hour we were in each other's arms. For a short time I thought the fellow was stark mad. He rolled in the snow as you sometimes see an overjoyed and frisky dog—then he exclaimed, "I told 'em so! I told 'em so! I knew we should find you here!" Then the poor fellow got up, and looking me in the face, burst into an uncontrollable fit of tears.

I was myself deeply affected, and Old Sarah's eyes, that had seemed dry with the scorching of sorrow and time, were now overflowing. When I noticed her

sympathy, however, she shrunk from notice, and retired to her cave. Bill then related all that had happened; how he hunted for me on the mountain till midnight, and then, with a broken heart, went home for help; how he had since toiled for my discovery and deliverance, and how, against the expectations of everybody, he had a sort of presentiment that I should be found in the shelter of Old Sarah's cave. He farther told me that my uncle and four men were coming, and would soon be with us.

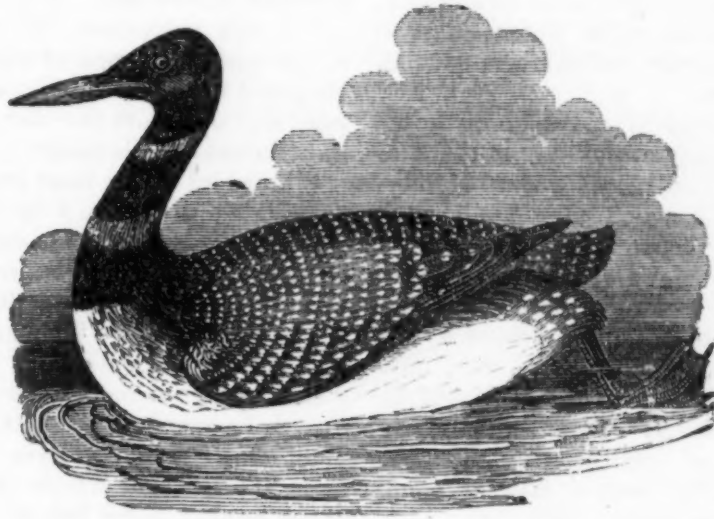
I need not give the details of what followed. It is enough to say, that my uncle soon arrived, with sufficient assistance to take me home, though the depth of the snow rendered it exceedingly difficult to proceed. I left Old Sarah with abundant thanks, and an offer of money, which, however, she steadily refused. At last I reached home. Not a word was said to remind me of my obstinacy and folly, in going upon a sporting expedition, against counsel and advice; nothing but rejoicing at my return was heard or seen. My uncle invited in the neighbors at evening; there was hot flip in abundance, and ginger and cider for those who liked it. Tom Crotchet, the fiddler, was called, young and old went to dancing, and the merriest night that ever was known, was that in which young Bob Merry who was lost in the mountain, came to life, having been two days and two nights in the cave of "Old Sarah the hermitess."

I am not sure that I did not appear to share in this mirth; but in truth I felt too sober and solemn for hilarity. The whole adventure had sunk deep into my mind, and though I did not immediately understand its full effect upon my character, I had at least determined never again to scorn the advice of those more experienced than myself. I had also been made in some degree aware of that

weakness which springs from being always dependent upon others; and a wholesome lesson had been taught me, in finding my life saved by an old woman, whom a few hours before I had treated with rudeness, impertinence, and scorn. I could not but feel humbled, by discovering that this miserable old

creature had more generous motives of action, a loftier and more noble soul than a smart young fellow from New York, who was worth ten thousand dollars, and who was an object of envy and flattery to more than half the village of Salem.

(To be continued.)



The Great Northern Diver, or Loon.

THE genus to which this bird belongs are all of a large size, and entirely aquatic; they are seldom on land, and, although they have great power, they seldom fly. The construction of their feet at once points out their facility of diving and their ability to pass rapidly through the water; the legs are placed far back, and the muscles possess great power; and the whole plumage of the bird is close and rigid, presenting a smooth and almost solid resistance to the waves in swimming or diving.

The Great Northern Diver measures two feet and ten inches in length, and four feet six inches in the expanse of the wings; the bill is strong, of a glossy black, and nearly five inches long. It

is met with in the north of Europe, and is common at Hudson's Bay, as well as along the Atlantic border of the United States. It is commonly found in pairs, and procures its food, which consists wholly of fish, in the deepest water, diving for a length of time with astonishing ease and rapidity. It is restless before a storm, and its cry, which foretells a tempest, is like the shrill barking of a dog and may be heard at the distance of a mile. It is a migratory bird, always departing for warmer regions when its fishing grounds are obstructed with ice. It is difficult to kill these birds, as they easily elude their pursuers by their astonishing faculty of diving.

The people of some parts of Russia

tan the breasts of this bird, and prepare them in such a manner as to preserve the down upon them; they then sew them together, and sell them for pelisses, caps, &c. The articles made of them are very warm, and perfectly impervious to rain or moisture, which renders them very desirable in the severe climates where they are used. The Greenlanders also make use of these skins for clothing, and at the mouth of the Columbia river, Lewis and Clarke saw numbers of robes made of them.

The Laplanders cover their heads with a cap made of the skin of this bird—which they call *loom*, a word signifying *lame*, and which they apply to it because it is awkward in walking.

The loon is not gregarious, but, as before said, is generally found in pairs. Its aversion to society is proved by the fact, mentioned by travellers, that only one pair and their young are found on one sheet of water. The nest is usually on the edges of small islands, or on the margin of a fresh-water lake or pond. It contains two large brown eggs.

In building its nest, the loon usually seeks a situation at once secluded and difficult of access. She also defends her nest, and especially her young, with great courage and vigor. She strikes with her wings, and thrusts with her sharp bill as a soldier does with his bayonet. It is, therefore, by no means easy to capture the nests or the young of this bird.

Mr. Nuttall gives the following account of a young bird of this kind which he obtained in the salt marsh at Chelsea, and transferred to a fish-pond. "He made a good deal of plaint, and would sometimes wander out of his more natural element, and hide and bask in the grass. On these occasions, he lay very still until nearly approached, and then slid into the pond and uttered his usual plaint. When out at any distance,

he made the same cautious efforts to hide, and would commonly defend himself, in great anger, by darting at the intruder, and striking powerfully with his dagger-like bill. This bird, with a pink-colored iris like the albinos, appeared to suffer from the glare of broad daylight, and was inclined to hide from its effects, but became very active towards the dusk of evening. The pupil of the eye in this individual, like that of nocturnal animals, appeared indeed dilatable; and this one often put down his head and eyes into the water to observe the situation of his prey.

"This bird was a most expert and indefatigable diver, and would remain down sometimes for several minutes, often swimming under water, and as it were flying with the velocity of an arrow in the air. Though at length inclined to be docile, and showing no alarm when visited, it constantly betrayed its wandering habit, and every night was found to have waddled to some hiding-place, where it seemed to prefer hunger to the loss of liberty, and never could be restrained from exercising its instinct to move onwards to some secure or more suitable asylum."

Mr. Nuttall makes the following remarks in respect to the voice of the loon: "Far out at sea in winter, and in the great western lakes, particularly Huron and Michigan, in summer, I have often heard, on a fine, calm morning, the sad and wolfish call of the solitary loon, which, like a dismal echo, seems slowly to invade the ear, and, rising as it proceeds, dies away in the air. This boding sound to mariners, supposed to be indicative of a storm, may be heard sometimes for two or three miles, when the bird itself is invisible, or reduced almost to a speck in the distance. The aborigines, nearly as superstitious as sailors, dislike to hear the cry of the loon, considering the bird,

from its shy and extraordinary habits, as a sort of supernatural being. By the Norwegians, its long-drawn howl is, with more appearance of reason, supposed to portend rain."

Story of Philip Brusque.

(Continued from page 50.)

CHAPTER III.

More particulars of Philip's early life.

OUR story, thus far, has shown us that absolute liberty cannot be enjoyed except by an individual in solitude, where he has no intercourse with his fellow-men. It shows us that as soon as individuals, even supposing that there are only two of them, come to live together, some rules, by which they may regulate their conduct, become absolutely necessary. In other words, people cannot live together in society without government; even two persons on an island find that, to prevent quarrelling, they must define their mutual rights and privileges; or, in other words, they must enact laws; and these laws, we perceive, are restraints upon natural or absolute liberty. The farther progress of our story will show how an increasing community, with more varied interests, requires a more extended and minute code of laws.

But before I proceed further, let me tell you something more of Philip Brusque's early history. He was the son of a brickmaker of St. Adresse, a small village in France, near the flourishing seaport of Havre, which you know is situated at the mouth of the Seine. Philip was early taught to read and write, but he paid little attention to these things in his boyhood. He was

more fond of action than study. He spent a great part of his time in wandering through the deep dells that surrounded his native village, or in walking along the high chalky bluff that formed the neighboring sea-shore. Here he particularly loved to spend his time, looking out over the sea for many leagues, and tracing the progress of the ships, bearing the flags of many nations, that ploughed their way upon the bosom of the Atlantic.

In this way, he formed habits of reflection; and though he loved stirring excitements, still Philip was a thinking youth. At the same time he was of a sanguine temper, ardent in his feelings, loving and hating strongly, and readily believing what his wishes and his hopes prompted. Thus he grew up to the age of twenty, without a settled profession, sometimes working at his father's trade, and sometimes serving as mate of a small vessel that plied between Havre and Bordeaux.

About this period, the public mind in France had begun to be agitated by the coming tempest of the revolution. In every city, village, and hamlet, the people were talking about government, liberty, and the rights of man. The people of France had long been subject to kings, who had claimed a right to reign over them, even without their consent, and they had reigned in such a manner as to make the people miserable. The people were now examining into this claim of their kings, and they had already discovered that it was founded in injustice. Unhappily, they fell under the guidance of bloody and selfish men, and for many years the sufferings of France in her struggle for liberty and human rights, were greater than they had been under the despotism of her worst kings.

Philip Brusque engaged very ardently in the political discussions that resulted

in the revolution, and when Paris became the great theatre of action, he resolved to quit St. Adresse, and proceed to the metropolis, to take his share in the great drama that he felt was about to be acted. He took leave of his parents, and went to bid adieu to Emilie Bonfils, whom he had long loved, and to whom he was affianced. The parting was tender, for Emilie was well worthy of the affection of the gallant youth, and her fears were now excited for the fate of her lover. He was not only to leave her, but he was to be exposed to the convulsions, which already, like the heavings and swellings which portend the earthquake, began to be realized throughout France. But Philip's mind was too much influenced with the spirit of the time, which, like the hot sirocco of the desert, seemed to sweep over the land, to be delayed or dissuaded. He gave his Emilie a long and ardent salute, and on foot wended his way to Paris.

I have told enough of what followed, for the purposes of my story. Philip's active mind and devoted spirit raised him to a certain degree of power and distinction in the revolution; he rode for a time on the storm, and shared in the scenes of blood and horror. He was indeed accessory to many of the atrocious executions, which, in a spirit of madness and fury, were decreed and sanctioned by the leaders. But in all this, Philip was rather insane than selfish. Indeed, he was intoxicated by the whirl of events, and he yielded to the current. At length, he became sensible of his error, but before he had the opportunity of atoning for it, he was obliged to fly for his life. He wished to see his aged parents, and his mind turned more than once to his gentle, confiding Emilie, at the village of St. Adresse. But there were many reasons for his not going to see them before his departure. The first was, that it was

not safe, either for himself or them; and the next was, that he now began to consider his hands sullied with the blood of his fellow-men, in such a manner as to make him unfit for the pure affections either of his parents or his affianced Emilie. Indeed, such was the idea he had formed of the latter, and such was the true affection and reverence that he entertained towards her, and such, at the same time, was his feeling of repentance and remorse, that he shrank from the idea of attaching her to one like himself, and dragging her down from the dignity of truth and purity, to the lot of one who was sullied with crime. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to his parents and Emilie, explaining his feelings and designs, and bade farewell to his country, as we have seen. The letter he wrote did not reach its destination, but, falling into the hands of Robespierre and his associates, became the source of bitter persecution to those for whom it was intended.

CHAPTER IV.

A Ship appears in view.—Pirates ashore.—A scene at night.—Recognition of an old Friend.—Alarming Discoveries.—A fearful Plot.—An Explosion.—Arrival of about seventy persons, at Fredonia.

WE return to Brusque on the island of Fredonia. A few weeks after the adoption of the constitution as before related, a fine vessel, in full sail, appeared near the island. Brusque and Piquet saw it with a mixture of emotions. She seemed to be crowding all her sails, and sweeping before a brisk breeze. When first seen, masts and sails only were visible, but now her full hull was in view. At length, she came so near that both Brusque and his companion could distinctly see the people on board.

The scene recalled the mind of

Brusque to his home and his country. The ship bore aloft the flag of France, and stirred within him feelings that he could not well define. There are few that can forget the land of their birth, particularly if parents, and one loved more warmly than kindred, be there. Brusque's mind touched on all these points, and tears filled his eyes. "I am an outcast," said he, "and France rejects me. I am unworthy of my parents, and, more than all, unworthy of Emilie. I must teach my heart to forget; and yet I fear it will not forget, till it ceases to feel." With these words he sat down upon the hill, folded his arms, and with a melancholy countenance gazed at the ship as she now seemed flying past the island.

At this moment, a new object attracted his attention; this was another vessel, of small bulk, but with a prodigious spread of canvass, pursuing the first-mentioned ship. She seemed, like the sea-eagle, to have a vast expanse of wing in proportion to her body. On she flew, and was soon near the object of her pursuit. Brusque and his companion watched the scene with interest. Both saw that the pursuing vessel was a pirate ship, and that in a few minutes a desperate conflict must follow.

The pirate had now come abreast of the island, being at the distance of not more than three miles. Brusque saw a white roll of smoke uncoil itself at her side, and in a few seconds the booming voice of the cannon broke over the island. At the same time, the ball was seen to strike the water beyond the ship, and dipping at short distances, made the spray shoot high into the air. Another and another shot followed from the pirate in quick succession. These were at length returned by the ship. The two now approached. Peal after peal rung on the air. They were both completely wrapt in smoke. Yet still the firing con-

tinued. At length there was a dreadful volley as of a broadside, a thickening of the smoke, and then a fearful silence. Slowly the coiling vapor was lifted up, and the two ships were in view. All eyes seemed directed to the larger ship. Her masts and the cloud of canvass swayed heavily from side to side. Finally, they sank lower and lower, and with a heavy crash fell into the waves.

The deck was now a scene of confusion. The pirate approached, and was soon grappled to the ship. Swiftly a few of her men leaped upon the deck. There was a short struggle, and all was still. "They have yielded like a pack of cowardly hounds!" said Brusque to his companion. "Nay," said the fisherman, "they fought bravely. That piratical craft has five hands to her one, for she has more than a hundred men on board. The other is but a merchant vessel, and had not twenty seamen. The greater part of the men who fought are passengers, and they fought bravely. Beside, there were women among them!"

"How do you know that?" said Brusque, quickly.

"I saw them," said Piquet, "as the vessel passed."

"What is to be done?" said Brusque; jumping up.

"What *can* you do?" said the other.

"What can I do?" said Brusque; "good God, I can do nothing: and women on board! women to fall into the hands of these pirates! It is too dreadful to think of. I will go down to the shore."

"Stay," said the fisherman; "if you show yourself we are both lost. The ship cannot be taken away, but must remain. It is likely the pirates will come ashore before they leave. It is now near sunset. Let us wait for events."

"You are right, you are right!" said Brusque. "We will watch till evening.

Perhaps something may turn up, by which we may aid the captives. And yet I know not what we can do. We have no weapons, no boat. Still, what we can do, we will do."

With these resolutions, Brusque and his companion went to their cave, and laid their plans. Considering it extremely probable that the pirates would come ashore, they concluded to watch and wait for circumstances. Agreeing to take separate stations, and meet again at midnight, they parted, it being now dark.

Brusque had not waited long before he heard the regular dipping of oars in the direction of the pirate ship, and soon saw a boat with about twenty men approaching the shore. Getting into the cover of some bushes, he waited till they reached the shore. They were soon followed by another party of an equal number. Drawing their boats upon the beach, and leaving a single sailor as a guard, the whole party moved up to a little grassy hill. Here some sat down, and others stood around. The leader of the party gave directions to six of his men to go in search of water; taking two officers with him, he stepped aside, leaving the rest to themselves. While they were talking and laughing, the captain and his two friends sat down close to the bushes where Brusque lay concealed, and began to talk over the events of the battle.

The question was soon started as to the disposal of the ship and her inmates. It was agreed by all that the vessel must be scuttled. "Shall the people go down with her?" asked one of the officers. "What think you, Jaques?" said the captain. "As to the sailors, and those rascally passengers that entered into the fight, let them die," said Jaques. "It's the fortune of war, and I shall care as little for their death as for the bursting of so many bubbles. But the women——"

"Well, what of the women?" said the captain.

"Why," said Jaques, "one of them is very pretty, and one of them is very old, and I do not like to be concerned in drowning either a pretty woman or an old one. They are very likely to haunt a man after death. Beside, there are thirty women in all; it will be too bad to tip them all into the sea."

"Well," said the captain, "what is your plan?"

"Well," said Jaques, "I propose that we pick out the prettiest for ourselves, and send the rest ashore here to take care of themselves. They can set up a petticoat republic, or any other government they please."

This plan occasioned a hearty laugh, but still it seemed to be approved. The party soon broke up and joined the rest. Brusque had heard the whole of their conversation, and, after a short time, crept from his hiding-place, and set out to join the fisherman at the cave. On his way he fell in with one of the pirates who was in search of water. He had no chance to conceal himself, but as it was dark, he spoke to the man, as if he were one of his comrades. "Have you found any water?" said he. "Not a drop," said the other. "Well, go with me," said Brusque, "and I will take you to a spring. I have been on this island before. A long time ago, on a voyage we stopped here, and I remember that between these two hills there was a fine spring."

"Indeed," said the other, "is it you Tom? Really, I did not know you; your voice is strangely changed." "I've got a cold," said Brusque, coughing. "But we are near the place, I think. It's so dark we may not be able to find it. However, we can but try. Yes, here is the spot—I remember it by this tall palm-tree. I can see the shape of it against the sky, and know it is the

same. The spring is within ten feet of this place. Aye, here it is! How delightful it will be to get a drink of fresh water, just from the ground. It's as good to drink direct from mother earth, as in infancy to draw milk from a mother's breast."

"Get out, you sentimental dog!" said the other. "It's treason to remind a pirate of his mother. Good God, I never dare to think of mine."

"Is she living?" said Brusque.

"Is she living? How dare you speak to me of my mother? Is she living? Good God, I know too well that she is living. Tell me, Tom, and tell me truly!—suppose your mother was in that ship, what would you do? Nay, more,—suppose your sister were there, pure as an angel from heaven, and as beautiful too? Yes, and suppose your aged father, bowed with toil and care and sorrow, and gray with years, were also in that ship? And suppose you were the pirate that had aided in their capture? What would you do?"

"Tell me, in the name of Heaven, tell me your name!" said Brusque, in great agitation.

"You know my name is François ——" The man hesitated.

"Yes, indeed, I do know your name; you are François Bonfils. You are the brother of Emilie—and here before you is Philip Brusque!"

The pirate started at this, and drawing a pistol from his belt, stood in an attitude of defiance. At the same time he said, "Am I betrayed? What means this? Are you not Tom Garson, of our ship?" Brusque hastened to explain, and in few words told his story to François. It was a scene of mutual agitation and explanation. Each had many questions to ask, but these were deferred that they might consider what was to be done. For the sake of convers-

ing freely, they retired to Brusque's cave, where they both agreed to attempt the rescue of the people on board the ship. Piquet soon arrived, and he joined heartily in the enterprise. Several plans were discussed, but none seemed feasible. At length, François spoke as follows:

"I am afraid that we are too sanguine. There are two hundred men belonging to the pirate. They are desperate freebooters, and armed to the teeth. Like all rogues, they are suspicious and watchful. We cannot hope to surprise or deceive them. The captured vessel is a trading ship, from St. Domingo. She is filled with people that have fled from an insurrection of the negroes there. There are about thirty females, several children, and thirty or forty men. They are guarded by ten of our marines, and are kept under the hatches. We must convey instructions to them to be on the lookout for relief, that they may exert themselves if any opportunity should offer. We must blow up the pirate ship, and I will do it, and share the fate of the rest, if need be."

"Nay," said Brusque, "this is a mad and desperate scheme. Let us think of something more feasible."

"It is time," said François, "for me to return to the captain. I shall be missed and suspected. I will take care to be in the watch of the merchant ship to-morrow night. You, Brusque, are a good swimmer. The vessel is not more than two miles out. You must come at twelve o'clock, and I will see that a rope is over the stern. You must climb up, and enter the dead-lights, which shall be prepared. You must then wait till Heaven send you some opportunity for exertion. Mention me not to my parents or Emilie, if I perish. It will be better for them to mourn over an uncertainty, than the memory of a pirate son

or brother. Farewell!" Saying this, and wringing Brusque's hand convulsively, the pirate departed.

I shall pass over the scene of riot which took place among the pirates on the island, next day, as well as the anxiety of Brusque and his friend Piquet. Night at length came, and at the appointed hour Brusque repaired to the shore, and began to swim toward the vessel, as directed by François. It was dark, and the water was ruffled, but he could see the vessel floating like a dusky shade upon the water, and being steady of limb and stout of heart, and withal an excellent swimmer, he soon neared the vessel. Cautiously and slowly approaching the stern, he at length descried a tall sentinel standing on the deck, and thought he could make out the figure of François. He then drew close, and at length was able to find the promised rope. Climbing up by this, he swung himself to the window, which was cautiously opened from within. It was too dark to see any one, but he entered the cabin and sat down. Pretty soon a boat started from the side of the ship, and looking through the window, Brusque saw it set off toward the pirate vessel. He thought he could trace in the athletic form of the man who guided the helm of the boat the form of François, and he began to think seriously that he intended to put his plan into execution. He was the more fearful of this from having observed that all the pirates had left the island, and he suspected that the opportunity of thus blowing the whole into air was too powerful a temptation for the almost maddened mind of François. Pondering upon the awful chances of such an event, and of the action that must follow on the part of the ship's crew and passengers for liberation, should it take place, he sat for some time in silence. At length, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he was told to

follow. Being led across the cabin, he was taken into a small state-room, where there was a light. His guide left him here alone. Soon a man entered, who announced himself as the captain. He said he had received an intimation that an effort would be made for their relief, but he knew nothing more. Brusque now entered into a detail of the circumstances which we have related, and expressed his conviction that the pirate vessel would be blown up. He advised the captain quietly to apprise all the men on board of the prospect before them, and to see that they were ready to second any effort that should be made. This plan was adopted, and accordingly, about twenty-five men got together in the cabin, each having provided himself with some club, or spar, or other weapon. The captain alone had a sword and pistol, which he had found concealed in a drawer, and which had escaped the search of the pirates.

Brusque now took his place on the transom of the vessel, where he could have a full view of the pirate ship. He sat long, earnestly watching the object of his attention. He hardly knew whether to fear or hope for the awful explosion that he anticipated. The sudden transition of two hundred breathing men from life to death, from the full flush of riotous passion and crime into the presence of their God, was a thought too horrible to be dwelt upon. Yet, here were other men, and helpless women and children, whose only chance for life or escape from a fate worse than death, seemed to depend upon that fearful catastrophe. Dwelling upon these agitating topics, Brusque sat in the darkness, gazing upon the pirate ship. In his anxiety, seconds seemed to lengthen into minutes, and minutes into hours. His impatience almost mastered him. His heart beat audibly, and his brain seemed swelled to bursting. He was on the

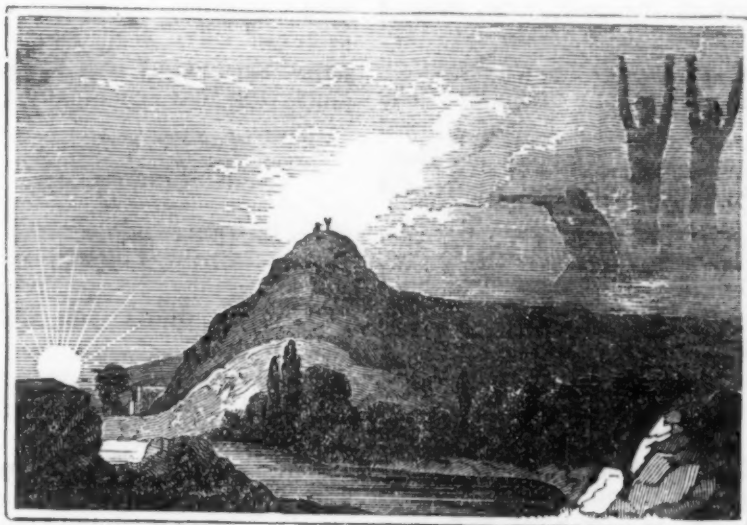
point of starting up to relieve his feelings, when he saw a stream of light like a rocket shoot out from the side of the pirate vessel. In an instant, another and another followed, and then one wide flash enveloped the whole firmament. In the midst of the sea of fire that seemed thrown into the sky, were the fragments of the ship, the wheels of cannon, and the mangled forms of men, seeming like demons, lit up in the red and ghastly glare.

This mighty blaze was almost instantly followed by total darkness, by a heavy sound, and by a rocking of the ship, as if struck by a gale. In an instant, the men within, rushed against the hatches,

and with one united effort threw them open. Starting to the deck, they soon levelled four of the sentinels with their weapons, and the rest, in the sudden panic, leaped into the sea.

The inmates of the ship now found themselves restored to liberty, as if by the hand of enchantment. Passing from the deepest despondency, they indulged in the most violent transports of joy. Brusque made himself known to his parents, and he and Emilie found out each other in the darkness. I need not tell the rest, till we get into another chapter; and that must be deferred our next number.

(To be continued.)



The Spectre of the Brocken.

I WILL now tell you of certain strange appearances, which are sometimes produced by clouds, operating like mirrors, and reflecting upon the sky the images of things on the earth.

In Germany, there is a range of elevations, called the Hartz Mountains.

The Brocken is the loftiest peak, and is said to be about three fourths of a mile high. The view from the top of it is so extensive as to embrace a tract of land inhabited by more than five millions of people.

Now these reflecting clouds of which

I have spoken, sometimes collect around this mountain, and bear a very distinct though shadowy image of whatever may be on the summit of the Brocken, when the sun is rising. It is remarkable that this image is greatly magnified, so that if a man is on the mountain, his figure upon the cloud is as tall as a steeple. The best account of this wonderful spectacle is given by a very learned Frenchman, called Haüy. He visited the place in 1797. I give his own account of what he saw, which is as follows:

"After having come here for the thirteenth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing the spectre. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere was quite serene. I was looking round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect of the southwest, when I observed at a very great distance, toward one of the other mountains, what seemed like a human figure, of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried off my hat, I clapped my hand to my head, and the colossal figure did the same.

"The pleasure which I felt at this discovery can hardly be described; for I had already walked many a weary step, in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and, in a few minutes, it again made its appearance on the mountain.

"I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Brocken, and, having both taken the same position, we looked towards the mountain, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood

long, when two colossal figures were formed in the same situation, which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did, after which they vanished.

"We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and, in a little while, the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third, which was most likely the double reflection of one of us. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies these figures imitated, but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, and sometimes strong and well defined."

There are many other interesting stories relating to these reflecting clouds, but I have not room to tell them here. You will find them in one of Parley's books, entitled, "Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky," from which I have been permitted to copy this account and the engraving that accompanies it.

Trifles.

"Father, didn't you say the world was round?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, how can it come to an end if it's round?"

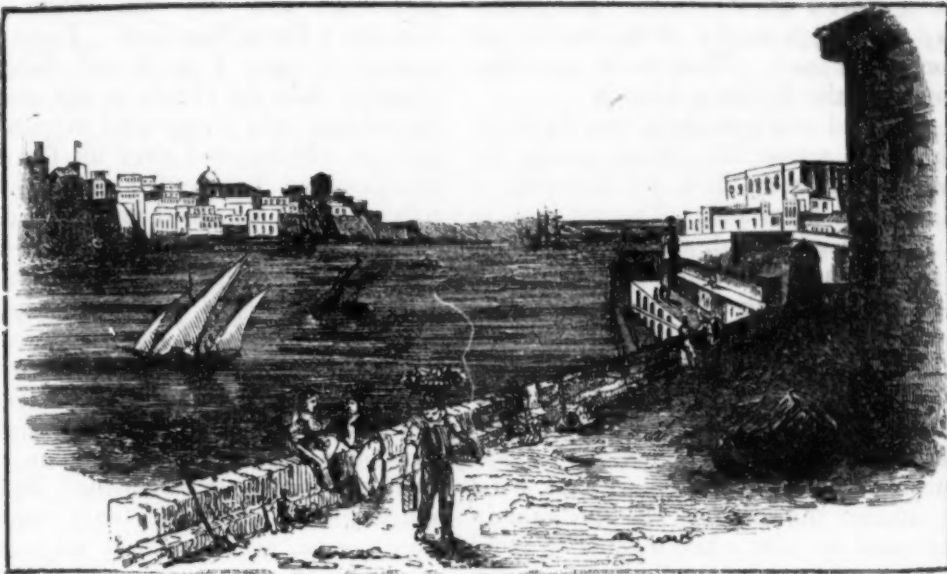
"William, I wish you wouldn't talk with your mouth so full of victuals."

"John, I wish you wouldn't go to balls and parties—it is very bad indeed."

"Father, didn't you and mother go to balls and parties, when you were young?"

"Yes, my son—but we have seen the folly of it."

"Well, I want to see the folly of it too, father!"



View of Malta.

The Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

(Continued from page 47.)

CHAPTER II.

A Wreck at Sea.—Mother Carey's Chickens.—A Gale of Wind.—Singular Phenomenon of the Corpo Santo.—Arrival at the Straits of Gibraltar.—Wonderful Fortifications of that place.

WHEN we had sailed about half way across the Atlantic, we fell in with the wreck of a vessel. All her masts were gone, and the sea was breaking over her in every part. We could not discover her name, nor to what nation she belonged. When a ship meets with a wreck at sea, it is customary to set the wrecked vessel on fire, or blow her up with gunpowder, lest any other vessel should run foul of her in the night; a casualty which has caused the destruction of many ships, that have never been heard of afterwards. The wreck we met with lay so low in the water that we found it impossible to get at her for

this purpose. So the most we could do was to steer clear of her. She was surrounded by a great shoal of black-fish.

Now and then the solitude of the ocean was enlivened by the sight of a little dark-colored bird, about the size of a swallow, called the Stormy Petrel, but among sailors known by the name of Mother Carey's Chicken. These birds are met with in every part of the ocean, thousands of miles from the land. They fly very swiftly, and come fluttering about the ship, but seldom light on the rigging or deck. The sailors have many superstitious notions concerning them, and always look out for a storm after their appearance; but I never found there was any dependence to be placed on such prognostications. They believe also that these birds never set foot on land, that they lay their eggs at sea, and hatch them under their wings. But

these stories are all fables. The petrels lay their eggs on the shore, among the rocks and sand. Their nests are often found in the Bahama Islands.

We had now got about two thirds of the way across the ocean, when the wind died away, and we lay two or three days becalmed. The sea was as quiet as a mill-pond, and as smooth as glass. The captain did nothing but fret and fidget, for the master of a ship cannot endure any delay on his voyage. About the third day there rose a heavy swell of the sea, which caused the vessel to roll from side to side in a manner most uncomfortable to us all. I was surprised at this, as there was no wind to agitate the water; but the captain informed me that when a gale of wind is approaching, the swell always comes before the wind. He now told us to look out for a heavy blow. The mercury in the barometer had fallen suddenly, which is a pretty sure indication of a storm at hand. By-and-by, a mass of thick, heavy clouds began to rise in the west, and soon the heavens were completely overspread. The surface of the water quickly became agitated by ripples, and the swell increased. The wind now began to snuffle, then to blow in heavy gusts and sing through the cordage in a most alarming style. We close-reefed the topsails and scudded before it. The gale came on harder and harder, and the seas rolled around us in a most terrific manner. Now and then the crest of a mountainous wave would dash over the stern and sweep the deck fore and aft. At such times the sailors were obliged to cling fast to the spars and rigging, to save themselves from being washed overboard.

In the midst of the gale I was astonished at the sight of a wonderful flame of fire that came hovering round the ship. It was a bright, thin, quivering mass of light, as big as a man's head,

somewhat like the sun when seen through a fog or thin haze. From what quarter it came I could not discern—whether from the clouds or the sea, but the captain said it appeared to gather in the air. It hovered over us for some minutes, and then settled on one of the *lifts* or ropes which sustain the upper yards. There it remained two or three minutes, after which it glided down the stay to the bowsprit, and then disappeared. I must confess I was greatly amazed at this strange phenomenon, which, happening in the midst of a terrible storm, was certainly enough to frighten any common person. The captain, however, told me not to be alarmed, for such appearances, though not very common, were yet too well known at sea to cause any fear to an experienced mariner. This strange luminous body is called by the sailors a *corposant*, a corruption of the Portuguese words *corpo santo*, "holy body." It is a sort of meteor, engendered probably from electrical matter in the air, and never appears but in heavy gales of wind. Sometimes two of them appear together. After their disappearance, the sailors believe the strength of the gale to be broken. In fact, within an hour after the appearance of this, which I saw, the wind began to lull, and ere long subsided to a moderate breeze, so that we considered ourselves out of danger, and stood on our course.

About a week after this, just as I had waked in the morning, I was aroused by the cry of "Land!" I ran upon deck, and saw what no man can see for the first time without feelings of indescribable enthusiasm—the shores of the old world! We were directly abreast of the straits of Gibraltar. Europe and Africa lay before me, and the sun was rising behind the lofty ridge of the Atlas mountains. Were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget this moment, nor the overpowering emotions that

took possession of me at the sight. Few prospects in the world can be more imposing. The stern and craggy cliffs of the Spanish coast; the towering wood-crowned peaks of the African mountains; the noble strait that separates these two famous quarters of the globe; and the grand and interesting historical recollections connected with the spot—all combine to fill the mind of the spectator with the most thrilling emotions. Long did I gaze on the noble scene without the power to utter a word, as the sun broke from the mass of rich blue clouds that hung round the head of Mount Atlas, and poured his golden light on the shaggy masses of forest in Africa and the rugged and frowning cliffs of Spain. To see such a prospect once is an epoch in a man's life; the vivid and overpowering feelings of the moment are never to be experienced a second time.

As we sailed up the strait, I had leisure to view the shore on both sides by the help of a telescope. The Spanish coast is rocky, and generally barren, but in many spots I was able to discern little patches of green cultivation, scattered about in the valleys between the dark rock. The African shore is almost entirely covered with woods up to the mountain-tops. Here and there I could see a wreath of white smoke slowly curling upward from the thick woods. These were made by the Moors, who were stripping the cork trees of their bark. Farther up the strait, we came in sight of the famous fortress of Gibraltar. It is an enormous rock, connected with the Spanish shore by a low, flat beach. The rock is cut and tunnelled into immensely long caverns and galleries, with embrasures for cannon, and is fortified in every part so strongly as to be considered impregnable. It was taken from the Spaniards by the English, more than a century ago, but at that time it was

very poorly fortified. The English, finding it so well situated for guarding the entrance of the strait, expended vast sums of money in strengthening it, and would never give it up to the Spaniards. It has sustained many hard sieges since that period, but has hitherto resisted every attack. There is always a strong garrison of troops kept here, and the harbor is a regular station for ships of war. A considerable town has grown up near the rock, and a good deal of trade is carried on by the merchants of Gibraltar. Vessels from all the Mediterranean ports bring their goods to this place, and American vessels carry the productions of our continent to exchange for them; so that an establishment designed at first only for a military fortress, has become a flourishing commercial mart.

Boston vessels commonly carry to Gibraltar cargoes of flour, tobacco, coffee, tar, pipe-staves, &c., and take the Spanish wines and fruits in return. Sometimes, after disposing of their cargoes at Gibraltar, they take in ballast and sail for the Cape Verd Islands, where they load with salt and return home.

CHAPTER III.

Voyage along the coast of Spain.—Prospect of Sicily.—Account of an Island thrown up from the bottom of the sea by a Volcano.—Arrival at Malta.—Quarantine Regulations.

THOUGH we had been quite alone on the Atlantic, yet as soon as we entered the Mediterranean we found ourselves in company with a large fleet of vessels. We had a fair wind up the strait, and kept along with our companions for two or three days; but as the strait grew wider, and at length expanded into the broad Mediterranean sea, these vessels dispersed towards their several ports of

destination. We sailed along the Spanish coast for nearly a week, and found the landscape everywhere picturesque and striking. The shore is high and abrupt at first; farther onward it rises into lofty mountains. Here the scenery became truly grand and sublime. It was mid-winter, and the mountains of Granada were covered with snow. A lofty ridge, called the Sierra Nevada, runs parallel to the shore, and rises to the height of 11,000 feet. At this time it presented a most noble sight—an immense wall of snow, glistening in the bright sunshine and towering up to the clouds.

Winds are commonly regulated by the direction of the shores, especially where the coasts are mountainous. At Cape de Gatt, where the coast makes a sudden bend to the north, a change of wind is always expected by vessels sailing up the Mediterranean; and so it happened with us. The fair breeze from the west, which had hitherto driven us on our course, now shifted to a strong easterly breeze, directly in our teeth. We had also a short chopping sea, peculiar to the Mediterranean, which brings on sea-sickness to one coming from the Atlantic, although the waves of the Mediterranean never rise so high as the Atlantic billows. We beat against the wind some days, till at length it sprung up astern again, when we ran before it till we came in sight of the island of Sicily.

We found the mountains of Sicily, like those of Spain, covered with snow; and considering the bleak wintry prospect which the country offered at the distance from which we viewed it, we never should have guessed that the gardens were full of green trees, bending under the weight of ripe oranges. This however was the fact, as we afterwards discovered. In steering from this quarter towards Malta, we sailed over the

spot where a volcanic island suddenly rose up from the bottom of the sea a few years ago; a surprising phenomenon, of which the reader may like to hear a short account.

This part of the Mediterranean is known to abound in subterranean fires. *Ætna* is always burning; the Lipari islands contain volcanoes, and *Vesuvius*, with its terrible eruptions, has long been familiar to every reader. This whole region, both land and sea, probably rests on an immense bed of fire. Wherever this fire can get vent, it breaks out; the Lipari islands all present the appearance of having been formed in this manner. On the south coast of Sicily, the inhabitants were surprised one day to behold tremendous flames of fire breaking out of the sea in a spot where the water was known to be very deep. This alarming eruption continued for several days, with dreadful explosions, like the discharges of artillery, and showers of ashes and thick columns of smoke that obscured the light of the sun. When the eruption had partially subsided, a considerably large island was found to have emerged from the bottom of the sea. It continued smoking for many days, and at length several persons had the courage to venture off in small vessels, and land upon it. They found it to consist of black scoriæ, cinders and ashes, the substances which are commonly ejected from volcanoes. Pools of hot water stood here and there in the cavities of the surface; great heaps of dead fishes were scattered about, and the smoke of sulphur was steaming up from the hollows and crevices that abounded in the island. Such was the singular appearance of a spot that rose up from the sea, as it were out of the bowels of the earth. It would have been hazardous for a man to take up his permanent abode on this newly-formed territory, and we do not find that



A Volcanic Island thrown up from the Sea.

any one had the inclination to make any long stay on the spot. After standing a few months, the new island sunk as suddenly as it rose, and the sea over it appears to be as deep as ever.

The little island of Gozo now came in sight ahead, warning us that we were approaching our port. At day-break we saw the island of Malta, and ran for the western extremity, after which we stood along the northern coast for the harbor of Valette. The island appeared of a moderate height, but I could hardly discern a tree or any marks of cultivation. Watch-towers at regular intervals along the shore, and some rude structures in the interior, were all that appeared to diversify the landscape. As we approached the harbor, we discovered a fleet of small boats putting off to meet us, and we were soon surrounded by them. The men were a wild-looking

set, tawny and stout, wearing brown woollen caps that hung down over their shoulders. They rowed standing, instead of sitting, as our boatmen do. The boats were very neatly built, of olive-wood, with high and ornamented prows. They were painted of a bright vermilion in the bows, and it is remarkable that Homer describes the ancient Grecian ships as painted in the same manner. A loud clamor and hubbub of voices now rose around us. All the boatmen had some service to offer. One offered a pilot, another offered to tow us into the harbor, which is highly necessary here, on account of the narrowness of the entrance. Others were ready to supply us with fresh provisions, fruit, &c., and others wanted our clothes to wash. Every vessel that arrives is beset in the same manner, and the number of persons who depend for a living upon

what they get for these services must be quite large.

As we approached the entrance of the harbor, we came suddenly in sight of the city of Valette, with its castle and fortifications. They stand close to the sea, and burst upon the spectator before he is aware. We were much struck with their noble and commanding appearance—and the bells of the city chiming merrily at the time, the agreeable sensations they inspired were still further heightened. It was a great mortification to us, however, to find that we were to be subjected to a quarantine of more than a week. For this purpose our vessel was taken into that part of the harbor adjoining the lazaretto, where we were brought to anchor, and treated with a prospect of the shore close at hand without the privilege of setting foot upon it for a week to come.

The quarantine regulations are very troublesome in almost all parts of the Mediterranean. The people in this quarter are always afraid of contagious diseases, particularly the plague, which in former days committed terrible ravages. The quarantine on vessels from the Levant, or the eastern part of the Mediterranean, sometimes lasts for forty days. This restriction, when applied to ships from the United States, is very useless and absurd; yet it is rigidly enforced, for these people have heard that a contagious disease, called the yellow fever, sometimes prevails in America, and as they have little knowledge of geography, they make hardly any distinction between one portion of the western continent and another. The quarantine therefore is laid upon all vessels from America.

We found ourselves in company with fifteen or twenty other vessels performing quarantine, English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Austrian and Greek. There was an Austrian brig, loaded with

beans from Alexandria in Egypt. She had forty days quarantine, and as the weather was rainy and the vessel's deck leaked, the captain was afraid his cargo would sprout and shoot up into a forest of bean-stalks before he could get it on shore.

It was now the first of February, a season when, by our recollection, the country at home must be covered with snow; yet here we found the fields green, the air soft, and the trees in full foliage. The oranges were just ripening, and the Maltese boatman brought them to us on board for four cents a dozen. The Malta oranges are famed for being the finest in the world, and I must admit that they are worthy of their reputation. The oranges we get in Boston are gathered before they are quite ripe, that they may keep the better; but an orange in full ripeness, fresh plucked from the tree, as far surpasses the imported fruit, as a ripe apple does a green one. We had, besides, dried figs strung upon reeds, somewhat in the manner in which we prepare dried apples. Here I saw for the first time the pomegranate, a fruit larger than an orange, full of little sweet kernels. So we contented ourselves with eating fresh fruit and wishing the quarantine at an end.

(To be continued.)

The New Custom-House, Boston

BETWEEN Long and Central wharves, in Boston, a large edifice is now in progress, called the New Custom-House. A picture of it as it will be when finished, engraved by Mr. Devereux, whose office you will find at No. 47 Court street, is given on the opposite page. The building is of granite, and already it may be seen that it is to be one of the finest structures in the city. The lofty



LADY WASHINGTON.

fluted columns have already an imposing effect. They are thirty-two feet in length, and weighed forty-three tons each—they were obtained in one of the quarries at Quincy. It required forty or fifty yoke of oxen to bring one of these enormous pillars to the city.

This Custom-House is constructed by the government of the United States. I suppose most of my readers know the use of a custom-house; but for the benefit of those who do not, I will explain its object. It is a place where the customs, or duties, laid on goods brought into port by ships from foreign countries, are paid and received.

The course of the business is this. When a vessel from England, or France, or any other place, comes into port, a person from the custom-house, called a boarding officer, goes into her, and receives from the captain the ship's papers. These consist of—1. The *Manifest*, which is a paper setting forth the cargo, and signed by the master of the vessel. 2. The *Register*, which is a paper signed by an officer of the treasury at Washington, and countersigned by the collector of the port where she belongs—giving a description of the vessel, with her name, her size, who her owners are, and where she was built. 3. The *Roll of Equipage*, which contains the names of the ship's company, that is, the captain, mate, and hands; and, 4. *A list of the passengers*.

These papers are taken by the boarding officer to the collector of the port, and the captain is required to enter his ship at the custom-house within twenty-four hours after his arrival. Then, if all the papers are right, the goods brought in the vessel may be entered at the custom-house by the several persons to whom they belong. These persons must make oath that the invoices are correct, pay the duty or tax on the goods, and then take them away.

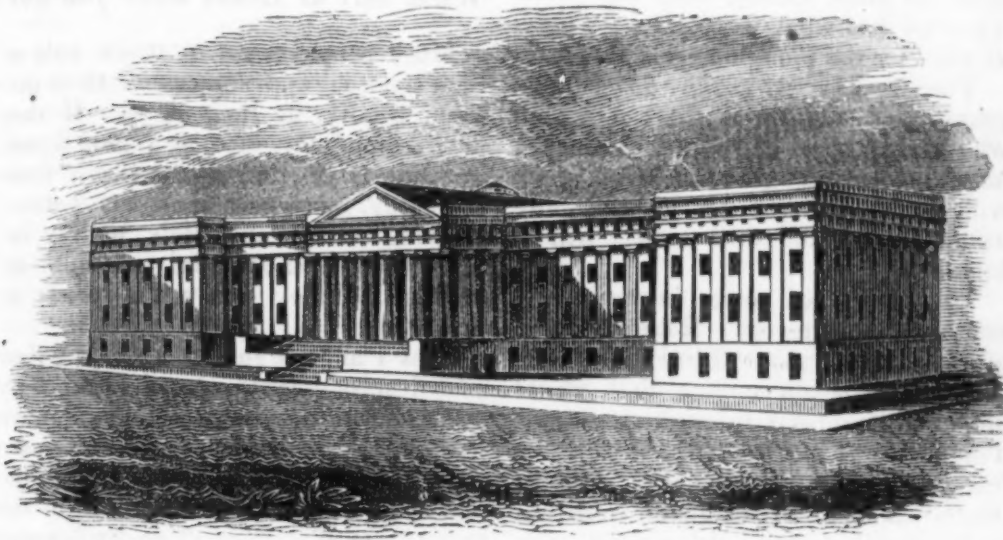
There are public stores attached to the custom-house, to which goods may be sent, if the master applies for the privilege, or if they are not called for in five days. During the unloading of a vessel, an officer of the custom-house, called a tidewaiter, remains on board, and takes an account of the cargo, so as to see that it corresponds with the manifest and the entries made by the owners.

The great object of all this is to get money to support the government with. The tax on some goods is twenty-five per cent., and on some it is thirty per cent., and on some there is no tax. The amount of goods received at the Boston custom-house is immense. You may judge of this by considering that several millions of dollars are taken there every year. About eighty persons are employed at the custom-house in Boston. The superintendent of the whole business is called the Collector. The old custom-house of Boston, now used, is inconvenient; the new one will be much larger and better.

There is a new custom-house at New York, which is a very different edifice from this at Boston; it is also much larger, for the business done there is more than four times as great as that done at the Boston custom-house. There are many other custom-houses in this country, as at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places where ships come. From all these, the government of the United States receives about twenty millions of dollars every year. With this money, and what they get from the sale of public lands and other sources, they pay the expenses of the government, which are very great. The army costs a great deal of money, and so does the navy. I suppose one ship of war will cost half a million of dollars a year while in active service! Then the President receives 25,000 dollars a year, and each of the foreign ministers has

9,000 a year, and the officers of the custom-houses, members of Congress, and ten thousand postmasters, and a great many other persons, in the service of the government, must all be paid. So you will see that if the government receives

a great deal of money, it has need of a great deal. The average expense of our government is 25,000,000 of dollars, which is about six hundred and fifty tons of silver, and would be as much as four hundred horses could draw!



The New Patent Office, Washington

THE building of which we here give a representation, is a depository for the models of such inventions as are patented in the United States. The old patent office was burnt down a few years ago, and this has just been erected. It is a handsome and extensive edifice, and well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed.

The contents of this building display in an eminent degree the inventive and ingenious character of our countrymen, and especially of the New England people, for a large proportion of the models here collected are furnished by New England men. There are machines here for almost every purpose under the sun. There are ploughs, and har-

rows, and coffee-mills, and saws, and water-wheels, and rakes, and corn-shellers, and stump-removers, and a multitude of other things, all arranged according to their kinds. In one part are agricultural implements; in another, are machines for the manufacture of cotton; in another, those for the manufacture of wool, &c. The number of these inventions amounts to many hundreds, and some of them display admirable skill and contrivance on the part of the inventors.

* Perhaps some of my readers hardly know why these things are collected in a great building at Washington. I will endeavor to make them understand it. If a man contrives a plough, which is

on a new principle, he may send a model of it to the superintendent of the patent office, and he will grant him **LETTERS PATENT**, which set forth that such a model has been so deposited, according to an act of Congress. This being done, the inventor has the sole right to make and sell said ploughs, and have the profit arising from the same. Thus he has what is called a "*Patent Right*" for the plough he has invented.

The reason why the government grants such patents is this: if a man who invents good and useful things can have the advantage of their sale, he will be encouraged to invent more useful things, and thus society will be benefited.

The utility of some inventions to mankind, is immense. Robert Fulton, of New York, about thirty years ago, invented a steam engine that would propel a steamboat through the water. This led to steam navigation, which is the greatest improvement of modern times. A man in England contrived an engine that would drive a car upon a rail-road track, and thus rail-roads came into use. Eli Whitney, of Connecticut, about forty years ago, contrived a cotton gin, for separating the seed from the cotton, which saved a vast deal of labor, and reduced the price of cotton one half. Thus it is that ingenious inventions improve the condition of mankind. But many of these inventions cost vast labor and expense to perfect them. Fulton spent several years and thousands of dollars before he completed his steamboat. Therefore it is that, in most cases, men could not and would not produce these useful contrivances, if the result of their toil and expense could not be secured to them. Therefore we see that there is good reason for giving them encouragement by granting patents. By means of these patents, good clothes, good food, good

houses, good roads, good means of travelling, become cheaper and easier to be got, and, therefore, it benefits everybody to have government promote useful inventions by granting patents.

What sort of Heart have you got?

Most people seem to think only of their external appearance—of their personal beauty, or their dress. If they have a handsome face, or a good figure, or a fine attire, they are perfectly satisfied; nay, more—we often see persons showing vanity and pride merely because they have beautiful garments on or because they are called pretty or handsome.

Now I am not such a sour old fellow as to despise these things—it is certainly desirable to appear well; but I have remarked that those persons who are vain of outside show, forget that the real character of a person is within the breast, and that it is of vastly greater importance to have a good heart than a handsome person.

The heart within the body is of flesh, but it is the seat of life. Upon its beatings our life depends. Let the heart stop, and death immediately follows. Beside this, the heart is influenced by our feelings. If one is suddenly frightened, it beats more rapidly. Any strong emotion, or passion, or sensation, quickens the action of the heart. It is for these reasons,—because the heart is the seat of life, and because it seems to be the centre or source of our passions and feelings,—that we often call the soul itself, the heart. Thus the heart of flesh is a sort of emblem or image of the soul. When I ask, therefore, what sort of heart you have got? I mean to ask what sort of soul you have got? We often hear it said that such a

person has a hard heart, and such a one has a kind or tender heart. In these cases we do not speak of the heart of flesh within, but of the soul. A hard heart, in this sense, is a soul that is severe, harsh, and cruel; a kind and tender heart, is a soul that is regardful of the feelings of others, and desirous of promoting the peace and happiness of others.

You will see, therefore, that it is very important for every individual to assure himself that he has a good heart. The reasons why it is important, I will endeavor to place before you.

In the first place, "God looketh on the heart." He does not regard our dress, or our complexion, or our features. These do not form our character; they have nothing to do with making us good or bad. If God looks into the breast and finds a good heart there, a tender, kind soul, full of love toward Him and all mankind—a heart that is constantly exercised by feelings of piety and benevolence, he approves of it, and he loves it. God does not care what sort of garment covers such a heart, or what complexion or features a person with such a heart has got. He looketh on the heart, and finding that good, he bestows his blessing, which is worth more than all the wealth of this wide world. Personal appearance is of no value in the sight of God. It is only because *men* value it, that it is to be regarded. But upon the character of the heart, the favor or displeasure of God depends. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, for each person to see what kind of heart he has got. If he loves to do mischief; if he loves to say or do harsh and unkind things; if he loves to wound the feelings of others; if he loves to see another suffer; if he wishes, in any way, to injure another in his mind, body, or estate, then he has a bad heart; and God looks on that bad heart as we look

upon a malignant and wicked countenance. Before God, every heart has a character. We cannot see into the bosom, but God can. All things are transparent to Him, and he looketh on the heart as we do upon one another's faces. And to Him, every heart is as distinctly marked as men's countenances are to us. A wolf has a severe, harsh, and cruel expression in his countenance. A bad heart has as distinct an expression in the sight of God, as the wolf's face to human eyes. God cannot love, and he will not bless such a heart. He only bestows his love and his blessing on a good heart.

The second reason for having a good heart is, that it not only wins the favor of God, but of men. However we may fancy that mankind think only of outside appearance, they do in fact think more of internal goodness. Mankind, in all ages and countries, love, respect, and revere the person who has a good heart: the person whose soul is habitually exercised by piety toward God and love toward mankind, is always esteemed and loved in return. Such a person is almost sure to be happy; even if he is destitute of money, he has that which in this world is of more value—the good will, the sympathy, the kind wishes and kind offers of his fellow-men. If a person wishes success in life, therefore, there is no turnpike road to it like a good heart. A man who seeks to *extort*, to *require*, to *command* the good will of the world, will miss his object. A proud person, who would force men to admire him, is resisted; he is looked upon as a kind of robber, who demands what is not his own, and he is usually as much hated as the person who meets you on a by-road at night, and, holding a pistol in your face, demands your purse. The proud person—the person who demands your respect, and tries to force you into good will toward him—turns your

feelings against him; but the gentle, the humble, and the kind-hearted, appeal to the breast with a power we cannot resist. The person, therefore, of real power, is the person with a good heart. He wields a sceptre which men would not resist if they could, and could not if they would.

The third reason for having a good heart is, that while the exercise of a bad heart is painful, the exercise of a good heart is blissful. A heart that indulges in envy, malice, anger, revenge, jealousy, covetousness, becomes unhappy and miserable; a heart that exercises piety, love, charity, candor, peace, kindness, gentleness, becomes happy. The exercise of piety and good feelings brings pleasure and enjoyment to the soul, as cool, fresh water does to a thirsty lip; bad feelings bring pain and misery to the soul, as bitter and poisoned water does to the palate and the stomach. A person, therefore, who indulges in bad feelings, is as unwise as one who refuses pure water and drinks poison.

The fourth reason for having a good heart is, that it is the surest way to be handsome! A person with a good heart is almost always good-looking; and for this reason, that the soul shines through the countenance. If the heart is angry, the face is a tell-tale, and shows it. If the heart is exercised with piety, the countenance declares it. Thus the habits of the soul become written on the countenance; what we call the expression of the face is only the story which the face tells about the feelings of the heart. If the heart is habitually exercised by malice, then a malicious expression becomes habitually stamped upon the face. The expression of the countenance is a record which sets forth to the world, the habits, the character of the heart.

I know very well that some persons learn to put a false expression upon their faces: Shakspeare speaks of one

who can smile and smile and be a villain still. This false veil, designed to hide a bad heart, is, however, generally too thin to answer its purpose. Mankind usually detect the veil of hypocrisy, and as flies see and shun a spider's web, so mankind generally remark and avoid the hypocrite's veil. They know that the spider—the dastardly betrayer—is behind it, ready to make dupes and victims of those whom he can deceive. The only true way, therefore, to have a good face, a truly and permanently handsome face, is to have a good heart, and thus have a good expression. There can be no genuine and abiding beauty without it. Complexion and features are of little consequence. Those whom the world call handsome, have frequently neither regularity of features nor fineness of complexion. It is that indescribable thing called expression—the pleasant story which the countenance tells of the good heart within, that wins favor.

There are many other good reasons for having a good heart; but I have not room to tell them here. I must say a word, however, as to the means of curing a bad heart and getting a good one.

The first thing is, to find out what a good heart is, and what a bad heart is; and the best way to do this, is carefully to read the account given of Jesus Christ in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. There are no pages like these, so full of instruction, and that so readily impart their meaning to the soul of the reader. They give us a portrait of our Savior,—and what a portrait! How humble, yet how majestic! how mild, yet how dignified! how simple yet how beautiful! He is represented as full of love toward God, and toward mankind; as going about doing good; as having a tender and kind feeling for every human being; as healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and pouring

the music of sound upon the deaf ear. Love to God, which teaches us to love all mankind, evidently fills the heart of Jesus Christ; and his great desire seems to be, that all mankind shall have hearts filled with the same feeling that governs his. A good heart, then, is one like Christ's; a bad heart is one that is unlike Christ's. A good heart is one that is habitually exercised by love to God and charity to man; a bad heart is one that is exercised by selfishness, covetousness, anger, revenge, greediness, envy, suspicion, or malice.

Having learned what is meant by a good and bad heart, the next thing is to look into our own breasts and see what kind of a heart we have got. This is of first-rate importance, and therefore it is that I ask the question at the head of this article—“*What sort of heart have you got, Reader?*”

Having, by careful examination, found out what sort of a heart you have got, then you are prepared to act with good effect. If you find that you have a good heart, a heart like Christ's, filled with love of God and feelings of obedience to God, and with love and charity to all mankind, evinced by a desire to promote the peace and happiness of all; then be thankful for this best of gifts, and pray Heaven that it may continue to be yours. An immortal spirit, with the principle of goodness in it, is yours—and how great a benediction is that!

But if you discover that you have a bad heart, pray set about curing it as soon as possible. An immortal spirit with a principle of badness in it, is surely a thing to be dreaded; and yet this is your condition, if you have a bad heart. In such a case, repentance is the first step for you to take. Sorrow—sincere sorrow, is the easy condition upon which past errors are forgiven by God; yet this condition must be complied with. There is no forgiveness without repent-

ance, because there is no amendment without it. Repentance implies aversion to sin, and it is because the penitent hates sin, that the record of his wrongs is blotted out. While he loves sin, all his crimes, all his transgressions must stand written down and remembered against him, because he says that he likes them; he vindicates, he approves of them. Oh take good care, kind and gentle reader—take good care to blot out the long account of your errors, before God, speedily! Do not, by still loving sin, say to God that you are willing to have those that you have committed, and those you may commit, brought up in judgment against you! Draw black lines around the record of your transgressions, by repentance!

And having thus begun right, continue to go on right. At first, the task may be difficult. To break in a bad heart to habits of goodness, is like breaking a wild colt to the saddle or harness: it resists; it rears up; it kicks; it spurns the bit; it seeks to run free and loose, as nature and impulse dictate, and as it has been wont to do before. But master it once, and teach it to go in the path, and it will soon be its habit, its pleasure, its easy and chosen way to continue in the path.

To aid you in this process of making a good heart out of a bad one, study the Bible, and especially that which records the life and paints the portrait of Christ. Imitate, humbly, but reverently and devoutly, his example. Drink at the fountain at which he drank, the overflowing river of love to God.

This is the way to keep the spark of goodness in the heart; and to cherish this, to keep it bright, exercise yourself as much as possible in good deeds, in good thoughts, in good feelings. If a bad thought comes into your heart, turn him out—he has now no business there! Turn him out as you would a rat from

the larder. Keep your hearts pure before God, for God looketh on the heart!

It is my purpose to follow up this subject hereafter, and to tell you some tales which will show you more clearly how to make a good heart out of a bad one.

Professions and Trades.

PEOPLE live by working for money in order to get food, clothes, houses, and all the other things which they need or would like to have. If they should not work, all the food that has already been produced would soon be eaten up, all the clothes would be worn out, and everything else would decay; so that the inhabitants of towns, and also those of the country, would be starved, and die very miserably.

The necessity for each person's working at some kind of honest labor, is an obligation laid on us by the Creator; and it is a sin to live in idleness, without a desire to work. We are also far more happy when we are working than when we are idle; and this in itself ought to cause us to follow a course of active industry.

As children are not able to work, they are supported for a number of years by their parents; but when they grow up, they are expected to go and work for themselves. Some young persons are so ignorant, or have such bad dispositions, that they think it would be pleasant for them to live always by their parents' or others' working for them, and so remain idle all their days. They do not seem to care how much they take from their fathers or their mothers, who are sometimes so greatly distressed with the conduct of their children, that they die of grief. This is very cruel and sinful conduct on the part of these young persons, which no boy or girl should imitate. It is the duty of all who have health and strength to labor for their own support.

In this large world there is room for all persons to work at some kind of useful employment. Some are strong in body, and are fitted for working in toilsome professions; others are less strong in body, but have active minds, and they are suited for professions in which little bodily labor is required. Thus, every young person chooses the profession for which he is fitted, or which he can conveniently follow. Young persons cannot, in all cases, follow the business they would like; both boys and girls must often do just as their friends advise them, and then trust to their own industry.

As some choose to be of one profession, and some of another, every profession, no matter what it be, has some persons following it as a means of living, and all assisting each other. The tailor makes clothes, the shoemaker makes shoes, the mason builds houses, the cabinet-maker makes furniture, the printer prints books, the butcher kills animals for food, the farmer raises grain from the fields, the miller grinds the grain into flour, and the baker bakes the flour into bread. Although all these persons follow different trades, they still assist each other. The tailor makes clothes for all the others, and gets some of their things in return. The shoemaker makes shoes for all the others, and gets some of their things in return; and, in the same manner, all the rest exchange their articles with each other. The exchange is not made in the articles themselves, for that would not be convenient; it is made by means of money, which is to the same purpose.

Many persons in society are usefully employed in instructing, amusing, or taking care of others. Schoolmasters instruct youth in schools, and tutors and governesses give instruction in private families. Clergymen instruct the people in their religious duties, and en-

deavor to persuade them to lead a good life. Authors of books, editors of newspapers, musicians, painters of pictures, and others, delight and amuse their fellow-creatures, and keep them from wearying in their hours of leisure.

Unfortunately, some people, both old and young, are lazy or idle, and will not work at regular employments, and others spend improperly the most of the money which they earn. All these fall into a state of wretchedness and poverty. They become poor, and are a burden on society. Other persons are unfortunate in their business, and lose all that they have made, so that they become poor also. Persons who suffer hardships of this kind should be pitied, and treated with kindness by those who are able to help them. Many persons, besides, become poor by old age and infirmity, and it is proper that they should be taken care of and supported. A beggar is a poor person, who does not feel ashamed to seek alms. Any one who is able to labor for a subsistence, should feel ashamed either to beg or to be classed among the poor.

God has taken care that the wants of all persons who labor, and lead a regular life, shall be satisfied. These wants are few in number, and consist chiefly of air, food, water, warmth, and clothing. Some of these we receive freely, but others we receive only by working for them. Some persons are contented if they can work for the bare necessities of life. If they can get only as much plain food and coarse clothing as will keep them alive, they are contented. If a person cannot, by all his industry, earn more than the bare necessities of life, it is right to be contented; but if he can easily earn money to buy comfortable food, comfortable clothing, and other means of comfort and rational enjoyment, it is wrong to be contented with the bare necessities of life.

It is the duty of every one to try to better his condition by skill and industry in any kind of lawful employment. Let him only take care to abstain from indulgence in vicious luxuries. One of the most vicious of luxuries is *spirits*, or liquors, which some people drink to make themselves intoxicated, or drunk. When a person is in this debased condition, his senses and intellect are gone and he does not know what he is doing. He cannot walk, but staggers or rolls on the ground, and is a horrid spectacle to all who see him. Drunkenness is an odious vice, which leads to great misery and poverty; and the best way to avoid falling into it, is to abstain from tasting or using any spirits or intoxicating liquors.

What is Poetry?

THAT is not a very easy question to answer, but I will tell you, reader, where you can find some poetry. There is a little book just published by Little & Brown, Boston, and written by J. R. Lowell, which is full of pure and pleasing poetry—full of beautiful thoughts, expressed in musical words, and so artfully managed as to excite deep emotions in the heart. Here is a brief passage which describes one that died in early childhood.

As the airy gossamere,
Floating in the sunlight clear,
Where'er it toucheth, clinging tightly,
Round glossy leaf or stump unsightly,
So from his spirit wandered out
Tendrils spreading all about,
Knitting all things to its thrall
With a perfect love of all.

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the rippler play,
Or listening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;

He did but float a little way
 And, putting to the shore
 While yet 't was early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more!
 No jarring did he feel,
 No grating on his vessel's keel;
 A strip of silver sand
 Mingled the waters with the land
 Where he was seen no more

Full short his journey was; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals clave;
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not to the grave.
 He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
 And wandered hither, so his stay
 With us was short, and 't was most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
 To stand before his God.

THE RIVER, A SONG.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Allegro.

Oh tell me pret-ty ri-ver, Whence do thy wa-ters flow? And whither art thou

roam-ing, So pen-sive and so slow?

2
 "My birthplace was the mountain,
 My nurse the April showers;
 My cradle was the fountain
 O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

3
 "One morn I ran away,
 A madcap hoyden rill—
 And many a prank that day
 I played adown the hill

4
 "And then mid meadowy banks
 I flirted with the flowers,
 That stooped with glowing lips,
 To woo me to their bowers.

5
 "But these bright scenes are o'er,
 And darkly flows my wave—
 I hear the ocean's roar,
 And there must be my grave."



Story of Philip Brusque.

(Continued from page 79.)

CHAPTER V.

*Progress of events.—Necessity of Government.—
A Constitution is drawn up and rejected.—
Murder.—Anarchy.—Emilie and her lover.*

WHEN the morning came, it showed upon the bosom of the sea a few blackened fragments of the pirate ship, but beside these not a trace of it was seen. Her whole crew had apparently perished in the awful explosion.

The people on board the merchant ship were soon called from rejoicing to the consideration of their situation and the course to be pursued. Brusque endeavored to persuade them to quit the ship, and take up their abode on the island. Most of them were refugees from France in the first place, and recently from St. Domingo; in both cases flying from the perils which attended

the convulsions of civilized society. Brusque urged them to seek an asylum from their cares and anxieties in the quiet retreat of Fredonia. Whether he would have succeeded in persuading them to adopt this course or not, we cannot tell, had not his arguments been enforced by the condition of the ship: she was found to be in a leaky condition, and the necessity of abandoning her became apparent; no time was indeed to be lost. Preparations therefore were immediately made for landing the people, and for taking to the shore all the articles that could be saved from the vessel.

In a few days this task was over. All the inmates of the vessel had been transferred to the island, as well as a great variety of articles, either of furniture, food, or merchandise. The vessel

gradually sank in the water, and finally disappeared. Thus, about seventy persons were landed upon the island, without the means of leaving it. So soft was the climate, so beautiful the little hills and valleys, so delicious the fruits—that all seemed to forget their various plans and disappointments in the prospect of spending the remainder of their lives there.

Nothing could exceed the efforts of Brusque and Piquet to make their new friends comfortable and happy. Men, women, and children, all seemed* for a time to emulate each other in helping forward the preparations for mutual comfort. Tents were erected, sleeping apartments with beds or mats were provided, and in less than a week all the necessities of life were distributed to every member of their little colony.

The reflective mind of Brusque had already suggested the necessity of adopting some system of government, for even this small colony he knew could not get along without it. Under the pressure of calamity or emergency, a spirit of mutual accommodation might exist, and for a time might enable the little society to proceed without disturbance. But he foresaw that a state of quiet and comfort would bring occasions of discontent and disorder, which must result in violence, if all could not be subjected to the sway of some just system of laws. These views he suggested to the captain of the vessel, to Emilie's father, and to several others. It was at length agreed by some of the principal men that the people should be assembled, and the adoption of a form of government be proposed. This was done, and Brusque, the captain, and Emilie's father were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution. They attended to this duty, and in a few days the people were called together to hear the report of the committee.

Brusque proceeded to read the document, and then he made some remarks in explanation of it. He said that the plan of a constitution which had just been read was partly copied from that of the United States of America—a nation which had recently arisen among mankind, and promised soon to be the most flourishing and happy people upon the face of the earth. He then went on to say that the constitution just read contained the following principles:

1. All mankind are born with equal rights and privileges; all are entitled to the same degree of liberty; all are equally entitled to the protection and benefit of the laws.

2. All government should spring from the people, and have the good of the people for its object.

3. That all government implies the abridgment of natural liberty, and that the people ought to submit to such abridgments, so far as the good of society required.

The constitution then proceeded to prescribe a form of government, consisting of three branches: 1st, of a President, who should see to the general affairs of the colony, and to the execution of the laws, who should be called the *Executive*; 2d, of three judges, who should decide all disputes, to be called the *Judiciary*; and 3d, of an assembly, chosen by the people every year to make laws, called the *Legislature*. It also established the following principles:

1. Every man of the age of twenty-one years should be a citizen, and be permitted to vote for members of the legislature and other officers.

2. A majority of votes shall be necessary for a choice.

3. The land of the island shall be divided between the families, in proportion to their numbers, by the judges, and then each person shall be protected in his possessions, and the property he acquires.

4. Any citizen shall be competent to fill any office to which he is chosen.

Such were the outlines of the constitution, as set forth by Brusque in presence of all the men of the colony. A profound silence followed the remarks of the orator. But, at length, a man named Rogere rose, and said that he did not like the proposed constitution. For his part, he did not see the necessity of any government. He had, in France only seen iniquity, and folly, and crime, following the footsteps of government, whether admitted by kings or citizens, and he believed that the best way was to get along without it. "For my part," said he, "I believe that liberty is the greatest political good, and the moment you begin to make laws, you put fetters upon it. As soon as you establish a government, you prepare to smother or strangle it. Of what use is liberty to the eagle when you have broken his wing, or to the mountain deer when you have cut the sinews of his limbs, or to man when it is doled out by magistrates, who may say how much we shall have, and how we may exercise it? Take from man his liberty, and you sink him as far as you can to the standard of the brute! Give him liberty, and he is but little lower than the angels! Then why restrain liberty? Why take it for granted that the first step in society is to fetter human freedom and trench upon human rights? Let us be wiser than to be guided by a prejudice; let us venture to depart from the beaten path, and strike out something new. I close by moving that we dispense with government altogether; that we rely upon the moral sense of mankind, which rests upon an innate perception of justice. This is sufficient for our safety and our happiness."

Brusque was not a little disappointed to observe, as Rogere sat down, that there was a pervading feeling of approbation

of what he had said. In vain did he oppose the views of Rogere; in vain did he show that it was impossible for society to have order without laws, to maintain justice, peace and security without government. In vain did he appeal to history and the past experience of mankind. The idea of perfect freedom was too fascinating to the majority; and the assembly finally decided, by an overwhelming vote, to reject the proposed constitution, and to make the experiment of living without laws or government.

The subject, however, became a matter of discussion among the people, and they were soon divided into two parties, called the Brusqueites and the Rogereites; the former being in favor of a government, and the latter in favor of unlimited freedom. Things went on quietly for a time, for the people were all French, and their good breeding seemed to render the restraints and obligations of enacted statutes, less important. Beside, the island abounded in fruit, and there seemed such a supply of food, as to afford little ground for dispute as to the possession of property. As for shelter, the climate was so mild as to render the covering of a tent sufficient for comfort.

But occasions of collision soon arose. Some articles brought from the ship had been claimed and taken into use by one of the sailors as his own; but now another sailor insisted that they were his. An altercation of words followed between the two, and at last they came to blows. In the struggle, one of them was killed. This event cast a cloud over the little colony, but it was transient. It was forgotten in a few days. Other quarrels, however, soon followed; and finally the whole society was in a state of anarchy and confusion. It was now obvious that reason had lost its power, and that the weak were exposed to violence and injustice from the strong.

Among the people of the colony were several rude men, who, finding that there was no punishment to be feared, began to be very insolent; and it was not a little remarkable that Rogere usually associated with these persons, and seemed even to countenance their injustice and their tyranny. At last, he was evidently considered their leader, and being much more intelligent than his followers, he was soon able to govern them as he pleased. In order to secure his ascendancy over their minds, he flattered them by holding forth the prospect of unbounded liberty. He encouraged them in their acts of licentiousness, and pretended that this was freedom. He sought to prejudice their minds against Brusque and the other members of the community who were in favor of a government of equal laws, by insisting that they were aristocrats or monarchists, who wished to enslave the people. Thus, by playing upon the passions of his party, Rogere soon made them subservient to his will. While he pretended to be a friend of freedom he was now actually a despot; and while his followers were made to believe that they were enjoying liberty, they were in fact the slaves of a cunning tyrant. Nor was this all. While claiming to be the liberal party, the party that favored human rights and human freedom, they were daily guilty of acts of injustice, violence and wrong, toward some of the people of the island.

It was in this state of things that, one pleasant evening, Emilie walked to the sea-shore, which was at no great distance from the tent in which she lived. The moon occasionally shone out from the clouds that were drifting across the sky, and threw its silver light upon the waves that came with a gentle swell and broke upon the pebbly beach. The scene was tranquil, but it could not soothe the heart of Emilie, who had now

many causes of anxiety. The disturbed state of the little community upon the island, the brawls and riots that were occurring almost every day, and a general feeling of fear and insecurity which she shared with her friends, had cast a deep gloom over her mind. The conduct of Rogere had been offensive to her on several occasions, but that which caused her most vexation and sorrow was the strange demeanor of Brusque, her former lover. On the night of their deliverance from the pirates on board the ship, he had made himself known to her, and their meeting was marked with all the fondness and confidence of former times. But from that period, he had treated her only with common civility. He had indeed been most careful to provide for her comfort and that of her parents. Though he had been very industrious in promoting the general welfare of the colony, it was apparent that he felt a special interest in contributing to the peace and happiness of Emilie and her aged parents. By his care their tent was so contrived as to afford a perfect shelter, and it was supplied with everything which circumstances permitted, that could minister to the pleasure of its inmates. It was daily provided with the finest oranges, the freshest figs, and the choicest pineapples. And it was evident that this was all done either by Brusque himself, or by some one at his bidding. But still, he seldom came to the tent; he never sought any private conversation with Emilie; and sometimes, when he looked upon her, she could perceive that his countenance bespoke a deep but melancholy interest; and no sooner was his feeling noticed, than he hastened to disguise it.

While Emilie was walking upon the beach, she thought of all these things; of the unsettled state of the colony, the uncertainty of their fate, and of the rude

manner in which she had been addressed by Rogere. But her mind dwelt longest and with the deepest interest upon the mysterious demeanor of Brusque. It was while she was pursuing this train of thought that she was startled at perceiving the figure of a man partly hidden in the shadow of a high rock which stood close to the water's edge, and which she was now approaching. But we must reserve the scene which followed for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

The Sun.

THE sun is rising! Did you ever think of the many benefits produced by the sun? Let us go upon the top of a hill, and see the sun rise, and consider, for a moment, the effects that are produced.

Do you see that the darkness, which had fallen over the whole face of nature, is gone? Do you see that even the valley is filled with light? Does not all this remind you of God, who said, at the beginning of the world, "Let there be light, and there was light?"

Light, then, spread over the land, is one of the first effects of the sun's rising. And do you see that the birds are all abroad now, singing their songs, and seeking their food? How happy they appear to be! And do you not feel happy too? Does not everything seem happy to see the light, and feel that day has come once more?

Do you observe that vast sheet of white vapor that is rising from yonder valley? It is rising in consequence of the warmer air that is produced by the rising of the sun. Do you not feel that the shining of the sun upon you makes you warmer?

Warmth, then, diffused over the earth, is another effect produced by the rising of the sun. And how pleasant is this warmth! But do you know, that, if it were not for the warmth of the sun, the trees and plants and flowers would not grow? Do you know, that, without this warmth, all the earth would be covered with ice, and that all men and animals would die?

You see, then, how important the sun is, and how great are the benefits of the light and heat which it sends abroad over the world. Let us be thankful to God every morning for the light and heat of the sun. These are the sources of life to everything that grows or feels.

Night.

THE sun is setting in the west! It seems to go down behind the hills. Darkness is creeping over the valleys. The birds have ceased their song, and are gathering into the forest or the thick branches of the trees.

The hen has gone to her shelter, and gathered her chickens under her wing. The flies and gnats and butterflies are gone to their rest. The cows and sheep have lain down to their repose.

Stillness seems to have come over the world. The sun has set. It is dark. It is getting chill and damp. It is night.

Do you see those little shining points in the sky? What are they? We call them stars, but they are worlds far away, and probably they are covered with trees, and hills, and rivers, and cities, and people.

We cannot go to them, nor can any one come from them to tell us about them. They are God's worlds, and they are no doubt as useful as they are beautiful.

How wonderful is night! How fearful would it be if it were to last forever! But we know that the sun will come tomorrow, to give us its cheerful light and heat. Let us go to rest, then, for night is made for sleep.

But let us first think of that great and good Being, who has made all these wonders of nature. Let us put our trust in Him. In his care we are safe. But we must ask his protection, and seek his forgiveness for all our faults.

Oh, how fearful would it be if there were no God! How sad would it be, if God were not our friend! How sad would it be, if we were to be unkind to others, and to feel that He might not be kind to us! How sad would it be, if we were so wicked as to feel afraid of Him, the best and kindest of all beings!

This would indeed be dreadful. But we may all be good if we try to be so. Even if we have done wrong, we may go to Him, and ask his forgiveness; and if we ask sincerely, He will not refuse it.

Did you never disobey your father or mother, and, having done so, have you not begged their pardon? And, having done this, have you not been forgiven? And is not this forgiveness pleasant to the heart? Let me tell you, that God is as ready to be kind and forgiving to his children, as parents are to be so to theirs.

Let no fear of God, then, prevent your loving Him, praying to Him, or asking his forgiveness. The more you have sinned, the more careful you should be to look up to Him, and pray to Him, and ask his counsel and pardon. Those who have been most wicked, have most reason to love God; for his kindness is great enough to pardon even them.

HOGG'S FATHER.—The father of the poet Hogg, the famous Ettrick Shepherd

of Scotland, was a man of peculiar character in one respect—he never would confess or allow that he could be beaten or defeated in anything. One wintry day, he and his son were out on a hill during a snow-storm, looking after the safety of the sheep, when, the old man having inadvertently gone too near the brow, the snow gave way, and he was precipitated to the bottom. The Shepherd, alarmed for the safety of his father, looked down the side of the hill, and not only saw him standing on his feet seemingly unhurt, but he heard him crying, at the top of his voice, "Jamie, my man, ye were aye fond of a slide a' ye're days; let me see you do that!" The above expression displayed his self-esteem; he wished to pass the accident off upon his son for a feat. On another occasion, having slipped his foot on going up a hill, and fallen prostrate on his nose, he said to an individual accompanying him, "Eh, I think I had *like* to have fallen!" Once an unruly mare having run away with him, a group of men observed him rush past with a face of great concern and fear; but when the beast had exhausted its strength, and allowed itself to be once more guided by the rein, Mr. Hogg came back, making a great show of mastery over it, and muttering, so as to be heard by the bystanders, "I think I hae sobered her!"

A CERTAIN physician at sea made great use of sea-water among his patients. Whatever disease came on, a dose of the nauseating liquid was first administered. In process of time the Doctor fell overboard. A great bustle consequently ensued on board, in the midst of which the captain came up and inquired the cause. "O, nothing, sir," answered a tar, "only the Doctor has fallen into his medicine-chest."



Queen Elizabeth on Horseback.

Queen Elizabeth, of England.

THERE are very few persons who are famous in history, about whom more has been said and written than Queen Eliz-

abeth of England. She was the daughter of Henry VIII., a severe and haughty king, who died in 1547, leaving h^{is} son

Edward VI., to reign in his stead. He died in a short time, and his elder sister, Mary, succeeded to the throne.

The reformation, as it is called, had begun in the time of Henry VIII., and he, with a violent hand, put down the Roman Catholic religion in his dominions; but Mary was a Catholic, and she revived it, imitating, and perhaps exceeding the bigotry and intolerance of her father in repressing it. In speaking of this period, an English historian says,—"The cruelties, indeed, which were perpetrated for several years, under the pretext of advancing true religion, would almost surpass belief, did not their record depend upon authority which there is no gainsaying. Men, women, and even children, died a death of which the bare contemplation causes the blood to curdle."

Among the persons who suffered martyrdom at this period, were three celebrated bishops, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer. The characters of Ridley and Latimer, both as scholars and divines, presented at least as many points of contrariety as of agreement. The first was moderate, learned, and reflective; the last, bold, simple, frank, and thoroughly uncompromising. Having been tried and convicted of heresy, they were ordered to suffer death by burning, and Oxford was named as the city in which the execution should take place. They were accordingly led out into a wide street, and tied to the stake; the executioners, probably with the humane desire of lessening their sufferings, having fastened round the middle of each a bag of gunpowder. During the interval when the fagots were in the act of being lighted, Ridley addressed some words of pious consolation to his companion. The undaunted Latimer scarcely heard him out: "Fear not, good brother," replied he, "but be of good cheer. We shall this day kindle such a torch in

England, as I trust in God shall never be extinguished." Soon after he had spoken, the flames reached the gunpowder, and he was blown to atoms. Ridley suffered longer and more intensely; but after his frame had been consumed to ashes, it is said that his heart was found entire,—an emblem, as his contemporaries declare, of the firmness with which he gave his body to be burned for the truth's sake.

The fate of Cranmer was, in many respects, more melancholy, perhaps more instructive, than that of his brothers in suffering. He was first convicted of high-treason, but obtained, on his earnest supplication for mercy, the queen's pardon. Hating the man, both on public and on private grounds, she desired to destroy his character as well as his life; and it must be confessed that she had well-nigh succeeded. Being transferred from the Tower to Oxford, he was arraigned on a charge of heresy, before a court constituted with a marked attention to form, and by a commission obtained direct from Rome. He defended himself with great modesty as well as talent; but from such a court only one verdict was to be anticipated;—he was found guilty. The fear of death seems to have operated with extraordinary force upon Cranmer. Again he implored the queen's mercy, in terms partaking too much of the abject; and being beset by many temptations,—by the terrors of the stake on one hand, by promises of favor and protection on the other,—in an evil hour, his constancy gave way, and he signed a recantation. The triumph of his enemy was now complete. Notwithstanding this humiliating act, the sentence of death was confirmed; and he was carried, as custom required, into the church of St. Mary, where an appropriate sermon was preached.

During the whole time of divine ser-

vice, Cranmer kept his eyes rivetted on the ground, while the tears chased one another, in rapid course, over his cheeks. The audience attributed his emotion to remorse; and it was expected, when he indicated a desire to address the populace, that he would before them acknowledge the enormity of his transgressions, and ask their prayers. But the persons who harbored this idea had deluded themselves. After running over a sort of history of his past career, he came at length to the period of his trial, which he summed up the narrative in the following words:—"Now I am come to the great thing which troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that I ever said or did in my life, and that is, the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth; which here now I renounce and refuse as things written with my hand, contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and writ for fear of death, and to save my life if might be, and that is all such papers as I have written or signed since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand, when I come to the fire, shall be first burned." The penitent was as good as his word. As soon as the flames began to arise, he thrust his right hand into them, and held it there till it was consumed. His end resembled, in other respects, those of his fellows in affliction.

During more than three years, these dreadful scenes continued to be acted, till there had perished at the stake not fewer than two hundred and ninety individuals, among whom were five bishops, twenty-one clergymen, eight lay gentlemen, fifty-five women, and four children. Elizabeth herself narrowly escaped the same fate, inasmuch as Gardiner, though weary of the slaughter of minor offenders, ventured, more than

once, to hint to Mary that "to cut down the leaves, while the root was permitted to flourish, was at once discreditable and impolitic."

After an uneasy reign of five years, and weighed down with a broken heart—with a husband who loved her not, and a people who hated her—Queen Mary died, in 1558, and was succeeded by Elizabeth. Being a Protestant, Elizabeth had been looked upon with hatred and suspicion by her gloomy sister, and was for a long period kept in prison. Trained in the school of adversity, she had learned to exercise great command over herself, and at the very outset of her public career showed that skill and discretion in government for which she was so much distinguished.

It is not my purpose now to detail the events of her reign, but only to draw a portrait of her character. She understood the interests of England, and pursued them with courage, energy and skill. She belonged to a period when anything and everything was deemed fair by politicians and statesmen. Elizabeth did not hesitate, therefore, to employ deception, falsehood, and bad-faith, to accomplish her ends. She, however, did more to lay the foundation of English greatness than any other sovereign that has swayed the British sceptre.

As a woman, Elizabeth's character was detestable. Being herself handsome, she was still inordinately fond of admiration, and jealous of those who might be rivals of her beauty. She caused Mary, queen of Scotland, who had come to England and claimed her protection, to be tried, unjustly condemned, and at last executed—a feeling of hatred toward her, on account of her great personal beauty, being one of the motives for this official murder.

Among those upon whom Elizabeth bestowed her smiles, was the handsome Earl of Essex. He was very popular,

and was led by his vanity to engage in some treasonable schemes. He was tried, and condemned to be executed. He had a ring which the queen had given him in some moment of good humor, saying that if he was ever in trouble, he might send that ring to her, and she would protect him. Essex, when in prison, the day of execution drawing nigh, remembered his ring, and giving it to lady Nottingham, requested her to bear it to the queen. This

lady Nottingham promised to do, but she deceived Essex, and kept the ring. He was therefore executed, and Elizabeth, who expected her favorite to appeal to her mercy, imagined, till after his death, that he was too proud to solicit it. At last the countess of Nottingham was seized with a violent distemper. She believed that it would prove fatal, and sending for the queen, unburdened her oppressed conscience by confessing the artifice of which she had been guilty.



Style of Dress in the reign of Elizabeth.

"I have not many hours to live," continued she, "and I pray your majesty to smooth my pillow, by giving me your pardon!" The queen gazed at her for a few moments in silent horror. She then seized her by the shoulder, shook her violently, and cried, "God may pardon you, but I never can!" Elizabeth then burst from the chamber; but the shock

proved too much for a declining constitution. She refused all food, lay on the floor day and night, and spoke only in groans and sighs and inarticulate words. She was then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts wholly upon God, and made answer that she did so. It was the last sentence which she uttered; for falling soon afterwards

into a lethargic slumber, she expired without a groan, on the 24th of March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

If Elizabeth governed her people well, she still exerted a bad influence in many respects. Great extravagance in dress was the prevailing foible of the day,—a foible in which the queen herself set the example; for she is stated to have left, at her decease, upwards of three thousand different robes, all of them fit for use, and all occasionally worn. This is the more remarkable, as during the preceding reign frugality seems to have been a characteristic of the age. In those days, the yearly rent of a mansion in London, fit for the occupation of a great officer of state, amounted to thirty shillings sterling money: the halls of the nobility, as well as the floors of the peasantry, were strewed with rushes; and even in considerable towns there were few houses to which a chimney was attached, the fires being kindled by the side of the wall, and the smoke permitted to escape as it best could, through the windows. In general, the people slept on straw pallets, and they used round logs of timber for pillows, and had almost all their utensils and furniture made of wood.

Peter Pilgrim's Account of his Schoolmates. No. 1.

I sit at my desk to record my recollections of my school-fellows. Many years have now rolled away since those happy days of childhood, when we gathered daily at the old faded school-door to receive, each one, his little share of early instruction. Swiftly the years have passed away since that golden period of time, and as I now gaze with my dimmed

vision through the dusty and cloudy glass of time upon those departed scenes, I find that many of them are blurred and indistinct in my memory—that many of them are well-nigh blotted out forever from my remembrance. Yet will I try to revive them from the dust and forgetfulness that time has cast over them, even as one carefully removes the dust that has gathered over an ancient picture, first bringing out to light one bright feature and then another, till at length the whole sweet face, in all its bloom and loveliness, is revealed to sight. The mind is much like an old lumber garret in some ancient country house. Dust, and cobwebs, and oblivion gather deeply upon its miscellaneous contents, and year after year continues to add to the mixed assemblage. Old books and old pictures, time-wrecked furniture, dismantled articles of husbandry, and crippled instruments of housewifery, cumber the place in admired confusion. Nothing is in its place, nothing can be found when sought for and most wanted. Everything lies hidden and forgotten, like the body of the sweet bride in the ballad, whose lost figure rested undiscovered in the old baronial garret, through so many long years after their living entombment. So the thoughts of youth are laid away in the chambers of the mind and the hidden nooks of the memory, there to rest, till haply some accidental association of after years brings them forth to light and life.

Sweet youth, happy childhood! the greenest spot of life, the only verdant oasis on the desert of life! We never enough prize thy happy-heartedness, thy warm affections, thy warm-springing feelings, until their freshness and bloom have departed. Truly it is an oasis in the desert—a spot all bright, and green, and blooming! As the oasis springs up with its verdurous bloom, and its spicy grove and palm-trees, lift-

ing up their tufted branches to the heavens, and the clear-flowing fountain pouring its limpid tide with light laugh and merry song amid the sands of the waste, so does this happy period of life rise up and contrast itself with the whole period of this work-day existence. What are all the cankered cares that eat into the very heart in after life, to that season of sunshine? What the cares of riches and the toils of gain to the sauntering schoolboy? What the dark revolutions that convulse the world and overthrow empires, to him? What the rumors of lost navies and routed armies falling on his ear? They tell to his heart no sad tale; they leave on his mind no gloomy impression. He does not measure their magnitude or feel their reality. The loss of a toy, the fading of a favorite flower, would cause him more unhappiness; and even these regrets last but for a moment, and the smile chases the tear from his eyelid ere it can fall. What to him are ambition, and remorse, and avarice, and crime?—those demons that will start up around him in later life, and beguile his step, and strive to fill his mind with darkness. His ambition runs not beyond the present hour, and he is satisfied and happy if he can but lead in the boyish race, or bear away the prize in the youthful task. If he fails, he does not lay up the defeat in his heart, and brood and lament over it in useless sorrow. What is remorse to him who has done nought to darken his mind by day, or scare away slumber from his pillow at night? What is avarice to him who has never sighed for the "yellow gold," or longed after untold wealth? He has a bright summer holiday for his own—and is he not wealthy? He can roam among the green pastures, lose himself in the deep, untravelled woods, ford the cool river, swim the clear lake, gather the brightest flowers that grow

on hill and valley, and pluck the sweetest fruits and berries of the wild, with none to interrupt or question. Is he not more happy in the free enjoyment of these, his daily rambles and pleasures, than the anxious lord of all these acres? Does he not enjoy with all his soul the sweet airs, and green woods, and gay flowers of the spring, the shaded wood-paths of summer, the ripened fruits and fading glories of autumn, and the merry sports of winter, with all its sleighing-parties, skating frolics beneath the winter moon, and the building and battles of the snow-heaped fortress? All these are unalloyed delights, pouring into the youthful heart more true joy than any hard-sought and expensive pleasure of after life can ever afford.

Who can ever forget the joy that comes with the bright Saturday afternoon in the country? The whole school is freed from the thralldom of the bench and task, and each has to choose, among many delights, how to employ the golden hours. One little party decides for a game at ball: so the neat new bats are produced; the well-knit and high-bounding balls are got ready; the slender wickets are set up; the "sides" are carefully chosen, and each rival party labors as zealously for the victory as ever the invincible "old guard" and the gallant "Scotch Greys" toiled for the bloody prize on the deadly plain of Waterloo. Some decide for "a race;" and soon the ruddy cheeks glow with a ruddier bloom, as each panting combatant flings himself, exhausted, on the high-growing grass by the goal. Others content themselves with the more quiet allurements of the top, the kite, the hoop, and the marble. High soars the painted kite, far above the wood-tops and the village steeple, and round flies the giddy hoop till the child that guides it has not breath or strength to propel it

further. And some get ready their fishing-gear, and sally forth to the neighboring brook or pond, properly accoutred with rod and basket. For many an hour do they continue to wade through the shallow streamlet; they flounder through the black swamp; they struggle through the tangled thicket, interlaced with all its twisted roots and running vines; they drop in their hooks at each well-known pool and eddy; and return home, when the twilight begins to gather dimly over the landscape, and the shadows of the old trees lengthen in the slanting sun, each one laden with his string of speckled or silvery prizes.

Our own inclination usually led us away with the angling party. It was then our chief and unalloyed pleasure, and served to sweeten many a tedious task, and many an hour of scholastic drudgery. If at any time we were degraded to the foot of the class, and our head disgraced with that vile badge, "the foolscap," we could console ourselves with the delightful reminiscences of the rod and line. If at any time the dominie's rod visited upon our poor back the deficiencies of the head, that same head would be at work in pleasant thoughts of the long rod and the angle, and thereby console the afflicted body for the anguish it had caused it. If a neglected lesson occasioned a temporary imprisonment in a dark room, our fancy would beguile the dreary hours with the anticipated joy of the Saturday afternoon, and the brimming basket of glittering fish. But our reminiscences of those holidays are overcast by a gloomy cloud, which will throw a shadow over many years to come, as it has done on many an hour that is past and gone. The thought of the painful accident we now record, will often obtrude itself upon the mind when its presence is least welcome.

Charley, our earliest friend, was a

noble, light-spirited little fellow, with a thousand good qualities, and few bad ones. He seemed to master the most difficult task as if by intuition, and while we were slowly bungling over its first paragraph, he would run it nimbly through to the end, and then lend a helping hand to extricate his friend from the quagmires of learning. He was a sort of admirable Chrichton, and gained and maintained the lead in all things. He was not only the best scholar, but also the staunchest champion, the fleetest runner, and the most adroit angler in the school. Somehow or other, he seemed to exert a charmed influence over the prey, for they would at times leap at his hook with avidity, while they turned up their honorable noses at our own, as if they scorned to perish by any other hand than his.

One bright, Saturday afternoon in summer, we were together, as usual, employed at the "angler's quiet trade," at the border of a broad and deep river in the neighborhood, regardless of all things but the glorious nibbles which were constantly twitching the buoys of our lines beneath the surface. The prey was uncommonly plenty, and we prolonged our sport hour after hour, till at length the evening shadows, that crept over the waves, admonished us to depart homeward. We were on the point of leaving, when, to my unutterable agony, I heard a heart-rending cry, a plunge into the water, and poor Charley was lost to me forever! The water was deep and rough, there was no help at hand, and neither of us could swim. The agony of terror condensed into that little moment cannot be conceived. It seemed as if, were the sum of a whole life of wretchedness united in one instant, it could not have occasioned more intense torment than I then felt. I gazed on the darkened and turbulent waters as they rolled along, and saw

the supplicating agony of his upcast look, and the convulsive motion of his limbs as he struggled with the treacherous element, and, without considering the consequences of the act, I plunged in, in the vain attempt to seize the arm that was slowly sinking away from my sight; but it eluded my eager hand, and his cry for help was choked by the angry waters forever. I had retained my grasp on the low timbers on which we had stood, and to this alone owed my own preservation. I immediately raised the alarm, and search was speedily made with the light of lanterns, but the lost body of poor Charley continued to slumber that night in the waters. On the morrow it was discovered and conveyed away to its last habitation, followed by a train of sorrowing schoolmates, but none walked by the little coffin with so heavy a heart as myself.

But before I attempt any further description of the scholars and their adventures, our good old teacher merits a brief notice. Methinks I can still see his kind, affectionate face, and hear his mild voice again, though the narrow house has long ago shut its iron door upon his mortal remains. He was the perfection of human kindness and gentleness, with a nature far too lenient and forbearing to rule the wild spirits of a village school. He was a deep and thoroughly read scholar, but, unfortunately, did not possess the tact to impart his learning to his pupils. But the fault, after all, rather lay with them, for if one desired to profit by his instructions, few persons had a more extensive storehouse of lore from which to communicate to others. He was an able classical scholar, and was well versed in many modern languages. But most of his pupils cared more for their amusements than for the sweet waters of learning, and were too full of mischief to attend to his teachings. He was

much too gentle to apply the rod liberally, and we stood but little in awe of his presence. During school hours, he would often become completely lost in his abstruse studies, to the utter forgetfulness of the madcaps who were contriving all manner of mischief around him. Many carried little bows and arrows to the schoolroom, and the little shafts of mimic warfare would sometimes fly in volleys over his very head, without even disturbing his cogitations. Marbles would be rolled across the floor, and papers of gunpowder would be cast into the fireplace, whose explosion would scatter ashes, and fire, and smoke around. The authors of these transgressions he seldom discovered, so that they continued to carry on their idle pranks with impunity. It was no uncommon matter for us to obtain leave from him for a short absence, and then to hurry off with our fishing-gear for a day's sport, and no notice would he take of the absent delinquents.

I remember that there was a fine orchard of rare pears near the schoolhouse, and against it we made many a foray, sacking the best trees with unsparing hands. On one occasion, my friend Bill accompanied me thither, eager to load his pockets with the ripe, yellow fruit that swung so temptingly on the high branches. He commenced the assault with a big stone, which he hurled with all his strength against the thickest of the enemy; but, alas! its return to earth proved nearly fatal to his scull, upon which it descended with great effect, and left a scar upon it that has not disappeared even to this day.

But I cannot better describe our master's good temper, and the estimation in which he was held even by the very rudest of our number, than by recording his virtues in verse.

That good old man hath slept
In his grave this many a year

And many a storm hath wept
 O'er his dust the wintry tear;
 And many a spring-time flower,
 And many an autumn leaf,
 Have bloomed and faded o'er him,
 In their existence brief.
 And though the teacher's name
 His grave-stone scarcely shows,
 Yet freshly all his virtue
 On memory's tablet glows.
 Nor will the winning sweetness,
 And the softness of his heart,
 In the sacred land of memory
 For evermore depart!
 No after life can darken
 The light of early days,
 For it leaves upon the plastic mind
 A print that ne'er decays.
 When the cracked and jangling school-bell,
 In its little belfry swung
 By the pale-faced gentle usher,
 At early morning rung;
 Then fast along the woodland,
 From many a rural home,
 Each sauntering, idle troop
 Unto its call would come.
 And glad were they to meet the smile
 Of their old teacher's face,
 As up the well-worn aisle he walked
 With grave and reverend pace.
 No harsh and bitter voice had he,
 Nor stern and scowling frown;
 And seldom was the tingling rod
 From its dusty shelf brought down.
 But kind were all his chiding words,
 Affectionate and mild—
 He loved his rude and wayward charge
 As parent loves its child.
 The gloom that weighs the heart,
 Life's mourning and its pain;
 The cankered thirst of gold,
 And all the cares of gain—
 Ambition, pomp, and pride,
 That soil the minds of men,
 And fill their paths with stinging thorns,
 Were strangers to us then.
 We mourned not o'er the past,
 Nor feared the coming morrow,
 And for the golden present
 Had little cause of sorrow;
 But each-one was as merry
 As is the roving bee,
 Or the sweetest bird that carols
 Its songs upon the tree.
 The memory of the old school-group
 And the teacher, fills the heart,
 And still survives when all things else
 To oblivion depart.

I. M.

Hunting Wild Animals in Africa.

It is remarkable that, while there is a general resemblance between the animals throughout the globe, each of its grand divisions has some species peculiar to itself. Thus, North America has the bison, the musk ox, and the grizzly bear, and these are found nowhere else. The lama, jaguar, tapir, and the ant-eater are peculiar to South America. Africa has its hippopotamus, giraffe, gnou, and zebra. Asia has the chetah, royal tiger, nyl-ghau, yak, and dromedary. New Holland has its kangaroos, platybus, black swan, and cereopsis. Europe has a few peculiar species, but most of those which are found there, are also met with in the northern portions of Asia.

But while each division of the earth seems to afford something of the animal kind that is at once peculiar and remarkable, it must be admitted that Africa presents the most wonderful species. It furnishes us with the giraffe, which is by far the tallest of animals; it produces the larger species of elephant, which is the largest of animals; and the African lion, being superior in strength and fierceness to the Asiatic lion, is the most savage and formidable of wild beasts.

But it is not on account of their remarkable qualities only that the animals of Africa are a subject of interest. In that portion of the globe there are vast plains which are almost uninhabited by man. These afford abundant sustenance for numberless herds of antelopes, of which there are many kinds; for droves of quaggas, zebras, wild asses, ostriches, and other creatures; and here they are permitted to multiply with little interruption. The lion, panther, and leopard are almost their only enemies. These occasionally snatch a victim as he comes to the pool for water, or passes a bush or thicket where the enemy lies in ambush; but

the number destroyed in this way is not sufficient greatly to check the increase of wild animals upon the plains of Africa. There are droves of antelopes stretching over the plains as far as the eye can reach, and amounting to fifteen or twenty thousand in number. It is not uncommon to see large numbers of zebras, quaggas, and even ostriches, mingling in the crowd as if they were of the same family.

A New England boy who takes his gun and goes into the woods or fields, fancies that he has pretty good luck if he can bring home half a dozen robins with two or three chip squirrels. If he kills a partridge or a brace of woodcock, he stands very high in his own estimation. I have myself roamed over the country for half a day, and felt myself compensated with no larger game than this. But sporting in Africa is quite a different matter.

Captain Harris, an Englishman, who travelled in the southern parts of Africa a few years since, has given an interesting account of his adventures there. The following extract presents one of the scenes which he describes upon the river Meritsane, at a distance of some five or six hundred miles north of the Cape of Good Hope.

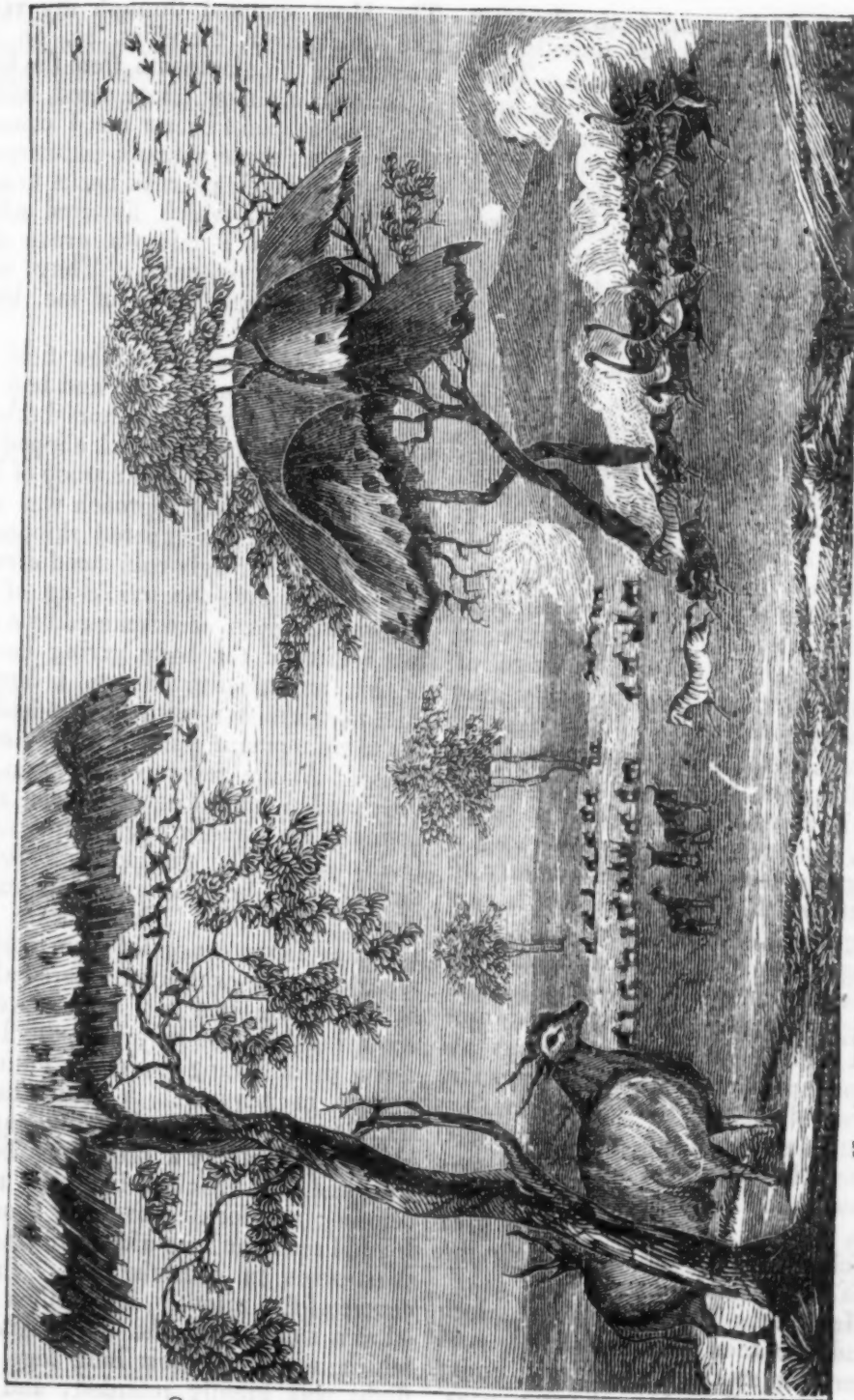
"The reports of four savages of the Batlapi tribe, who joined us yesterday, determined us to halt a day for the purpose of hunting. Richardson and myself left the wagons at daybreak attended by these men, and crossing the river, took a northwesterly direction through a park of magnificent camelthorn trees, many of which were groaning under the huge nests of the social grosbeak; whilst others were decorated with green clusters of mistletoe, the bright scarlet berries of which were highly ornamental.

"We soon perceived large herds of quaggas and brindled gnoos, which con-

tinued to join each other, until the whole plain seemed alive. The clatter of their hoofs was perfectly astounding, and I could compare it to nothing but to the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated numbers at less than fifteen thousand; a great extent of country being actually chequered black and white with their congregated masses. As the panic caused by the report of our rifles extended, clouds of dust hovered over them; and the long necks of troops of ostriches were also to be seen, towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbors, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity.

"Groups of purple sassaybys, and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests, likewise lent their aid to complete the picture, which must have been seen to be properly understood, and which beggars all attempt at description. The savages kept in our wake, dexterously despatching the wounded gnoos by a touch on the spine with the point of an assagai, and instantly covering up the carcass with bushes, to secure them from the voracity of the vultures, which hung about us like specks in the firmament, and descended with the velocity of lightning, as each discharge of our artillery gave token of prey.

"As we proceeded, two strange figures were perceived standing under the shade of a tree; these we instantly knew to be elands, the savages at the same moment exclaiming with evident delight, *Impoofo, Impoofo*; and pressing our horses to the utmost speed, we found ourselves for the first time at the heels of the largest and most beautiful species of the antelope tribe. Notwithstanding the unwieldy shape of these animals, they had at first greatly exceeded the speed of our jaded horses, but being pushed, they soon separated; their sleek coats turned first



Hunting Wild Animals in Africa; Nests of the Sociable Grobeak, or Weaver, on the trees.

blue and then white with froth; the foam fell from their mouths and nostrils, and the perspiration from their sides. Their pace gradually slackened, and with their full brilliant eyes turned imploringly towards us, at the end of a mile, each was laid low by a single ball. They were young bulls, measuring upwards of seventeen hands at the shoulder.

"In size and shape, the body of the male eland resembles that of a well-conditioned ox, not unfrequently attaining the height of nineteen hands, and weighing two thousand pounds. The head is strictly that of the antelope, light, graceful, and bony, with a pair of magnificent straight horns, about two feet in length, spirally ringed, and pointed backwards. A broad and deep dewlap, fringed with brown hair, reaches to the knee. The color varies considerably with the age, being dun in some, in others an ashy blue with a tinge of ochre; and in many, also, sandy gray approaching to white. The flesh is esteemed, by all classes in Africa, above that of any other animal; in grain and color it resembles beef, but is better tasted, and more delicate, possessing a pure game flavor, and the quantity of fat with which it is interlarded is surprising, greatly exceeding that of any other game quadruped with which I am acquainted. The female is smaller and of slighter form, with less ponderous horns. The stoutest of our savage attendants could with difficulty transport the head of the eland to the wagons."

After describing his meeting three hundred elephants in a drove, and seeing gnoos and quaggas by tens of thousands, Captain Harris proceeds to give the following account of hunting the giraffe or cameleopard:

"Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the cameleopard—and then only in small numbers, and under the most unfavorable circumstances.

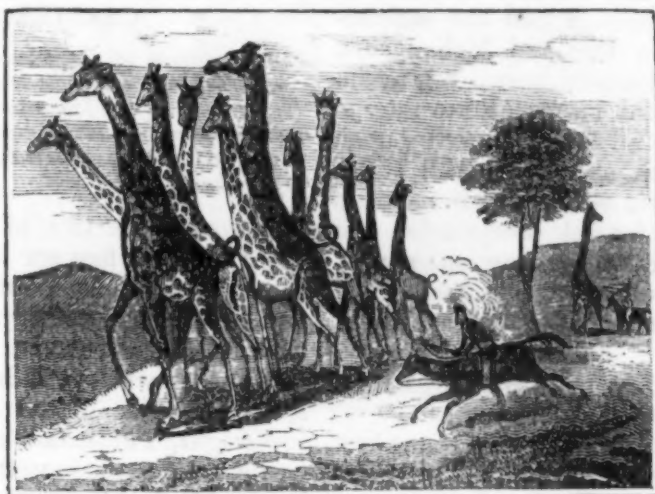
The blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as, on the morning of the nineteenth, from the back of *Brestar*, my most trusty steed, with a firm wooded plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals, industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads, in a mimosa grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me, but I reserved my fire.

"Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all excepting Piet had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos. Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun, and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice, on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence greatly in advance. A white turban that I wore round my hunting cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly attacked by three rhinoceroses; and looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes, the giraffes arrived at a small river, the deep sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and after

floundering to the opposite side, and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run.

"Patting the steaming neck of my good

steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd of giraffes. The stately bull being readily distinguishable from the



Hunting the Giraffe.

rest by his dark chesnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder, with the right hand, and drew both triggers; but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves, with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until, the tears trickling from his full, brilliant eye, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust.

"Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment! Alone, in the wild wood, I hurraed with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank exhausted beside the noble prize I had won.

"When I leisurely contemplated the massive frame before me, seeming as

though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and protected by a hide of an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength. The extreme height from the crown of the elegantly moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal, was eighteen feet; the whole being equally divided into neck, body, and leg.

"Two hours were passed in completing a drawing; and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was by far the most estimable trophy I had gained; but proceeding to saddle my horse, which I had left quietly grazing by the side of a running brook, my chagrin may be conceived, when I discovered that he had taken advantage of my occupation to free himself from his halter and abscond.

"Being ten miles from the wagons,

and in a perfectly strange country, I felt convinced that the only chance of recovering my pet was by following the trail, whilst doing which with infinite difficulty, the ground scarcely deigning to receive a foot-print, I had the satisfaction of meeting Piet and Mohanycom, who had fortunately seen and recaptured the truant horse. Returning to the giraffe, we all feasted heartily upon the flesh, which, although highly scented at this season with the rank mokaala blossoms, was far from despicable; and after losing our way in consequence of the twin-like resemblance of two scarped hills, we regained the wagons after sunset.

"The rapidity with which giraffes, awkwardly formed as they are, can move, is beyond all things surprising, our best horses being unable to close with them under two miles. Their gallop is a succession of jumping strides, the fore and hind leg on the same side moving together instead of diagonally, as in most other quadrupeds, the former being kept close together, and the latter so wide apart, that, in riding by the animal's side, the hoof may be seen striking on the outside of the horse, momentarily threatening to overthrow him. Their motion, altogether, reminded me rather of the pitching of a ship, or rolling of a rocking-horse, than of anything living; and the remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like by the switching, at regular intervals, of the long black tail, which is invariably curled above the back; and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging, as it does, like a pendulum, and literally imparting to the animal the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. Naturally gentle, timid, and peaceable, the unfortunate giraffe has no means of protecting itself but by kicking with its heels; but even when hemmed into a corner, it seldom resorts to this mode of defence."

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER I.

First discoveries of Columbus.—The first interview between the Spaniards and the Indians.—Simplicity of the Indians.—Their appearance and manners.—Cuba discovered.—Disappointment of Columbus in his search for gold.—Sails for Hayti.

It was on the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first set his foot on the shores of the New World. He landed at a small island belonging to the Bahamas, which he named San Salvador. With a drawn sword in his hand, he took possession of the country for his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. I always regretted that Columbus unsheathed the sword. He only intended it as a ceremony, but it has proved a fatal reality to the poor Indians. The sword has almost always been unsheathed between them and their christian invaders.

It is my purpose, in the course of my story, to give a brief view of the past and present condition of the Red Men of this western world. I shall first notice the people of the West India Islands; then of South America; then of North America; giving such sketches and descriptions as can be relied upon for truth, and which combine entertainment with instruction.

Irving, in his history of Columbus, thus beautifully narrates the first interview between the Europeans and the Indians:—"The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, had supposed them some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. When they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel,

or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods.

"Finding, however, that there was

no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating them-



Columbus landing.

selves, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards.

"The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his scarlet dress, and the deference paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander.

"When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared so strange and formidable, and he submitted to their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence.

"The wondering savages were won by this benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon or that they had descended from

above, on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

"The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had seen. They were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors and devices, so as to give them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their natural complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they had no beards. Their hair was straight and coarse; their features, though disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads, and remarkably fine eyes.

"They were of moderate stature, and well shaped. They appeared to be a simple and artless people, and of gentle and friendly dispositions. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the bone of a fish. There was no iron among them, nor did they know its properties, for when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

"Columbus distributed among them

colored caps, glass beads, hawk's bells, and other trifles, which they received as inestimable gifts, and decorating themselves with them, were wonderfully delighted with their finery. In return, they brought cakes of a kind of bread



Columbus distributing presents.

called cassava, made from the yuca root, which constituted a principal part of their food."

Thus kindly began the intercourse between the Old World and the New; but the demon of avarice soon disturbed their peace. The Spaniards perceived small ornaments of gold in the noses of some of the natives. On being asked where this precious metal was procured, they answered by signs, pointing to the south, and Columbus understood them to say that a king resided in that quarter, of such wealth that he was served in great vessels of gold.

Columbus took seven of the Indians with him, to serve as interpreters and guides, and set sail to find the country of gold. He cruised among the beautiful islands, and stopped at three of them. These were green, fertile, and abounding with spices and odoriferous trees. The inhabitants, everywhere, appeared the same—simple, harmless, and happy, and totally unacquainted with civilized man.

Columbus was disappointed in his hopes of finding any gold or spices in

these islands; but the natives continued to point to the south, and then spoke of an island in that direction called Cuba, which the Spaniards understood them to say abounded in gold, pearls, and spices. People often believe what they earnestly wish; and Columbus sailed in search of Cuba, fully confident that he should find the land of riches. He arrived in sight of it on the 28th of October, 1492.

Here he found a most lovely country, and the houses of the Indians, neatly built of the branches of palm trees, in the shape of pavilions, were scattered under the trees, like tents in a camp. But hearing of a province in the centre of the island, where, as he understood the Indians to say, a great prince ruled, Columbus determined to send a present to him, and one of his letters of recommendation from the king and queen of Spain.

For this purpose he chose two Spaniards, one of whom was a converted Jew, and knew Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic. Columbus thought the prince must understand one or the other of these languages. Two Indians were

sent with them as guides. They were furnished with strings of beads, and various trinkets, for their travelling expenses, and they were enjoined to ascertain the situation of the provinces and rivers of Asia, for Columbus thought the West Indies were a part of the Eastern Continent.

The Jew found his Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic of no avail, and the Indian interpreter had to be the orator. He made a regular speech after the Indian manner, extolling the power, wealth, and

generosity of the White men. When he had finished, the Indians crowded round the Spaniards, touched and examined their skin and raiment, and kissed their hands and feet in token of adoration. But they had no gold to give them.

It was here that *tobacco* was first discovered. When the envoys were on their return, they saw several of the natives going about with firebrands in their hands, and certain dried herbs which they rolled up in a leaf, and lighting one end, put the other in their



Indians smoking.

mouths, and continued inhaling and puffing out the smoke. A roll of this kind they called a *tobacco*. The Spaniards were struck with astonishment at this smoking.

When Columbus became convinced that there was no gold of consequence to be found in Cuba, he sailed in quest of some richer lands, and soon discovered the island of Hispaniola, or Hayti. It was a beautiful island. The high mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannas, while the appearance of cultivated fields, with the numerous fires at night, and the volumes of smoke which rose in various parts by day, all showed it to be populous. Columbus immediately stood in towards

the land, to the great consternation of his Indian guides, who assured him by signs that the inhabitants had but one eye, and were fierce and cruel cannibals.

(To be continued.)

SHOCKING.—An Irish carman and his wife attended the wake, on Friday night, over the body of John Hand, whom Cliff killed. To do so, they left twin infants, fourteen months old, in the cradle at home; but, becoming intoxicated, they did not return until morning, when they found their infants dead! The decision of the coroners' jury was, we understand, that they came to their death by cold and starvation.—*Detroit Adv.*, 1840.



View of St. Paul's Bay, Malta.

The Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER IV.

Landing at Malta.—Description of the city and inhabitants.—Excursion into the interior.—Visit to the catacombs.—Wonderful subterranean abodes.—St. Paul's Bay.

WHEN we were through with the

quarantine, we hauled round into the great harbor of Malta. The city, which is called Valetta, made a most stately appearance as we passed the castle of St. Elmo. It lies close to the sea, and the whole mass of buildings

bursts upon you at once, with its long rows of castellated walls, bristling with cannon, tier upon tier, towering battlements, turrets and bastions and pinnacles in the most picturesque profusion—a grand and magnificent spectacle. The harbor was full of ships—men-of-war, merchantmen, and all sorts of small Mediterranean craft, rigged in the strangest style imaginable.

Whole fleets of row-boats came crowding round us, filled with people. Some of them had bands of music, playing "Yankee Doodle," "Washington's March," and "Hail Columbia," for which they expected we should give them a quarter of a dollar or so. Others brought fruit, fresh provisions, sea-shells and curiosities, for sale. Most of them spoke a little English, and, in their eagerness to sell their commodities, would make the most ludicrous speeches imaginable. One comical fellow had a pig for sale, which he praised very highly: "Buy pig, captain?—nice pig, sweet pig, 'merican pig: won't heave nothing overboard, eat brick-dust, eat anything." It was difficult to get rid of the importunities of these people. They would offer a thing for a dollar, and then gradually come down to ninepence.

When we landed on the quay, we found a still greater crowd besetting us, offering to carry our trunks, amidst immense confusion and jabbering. Donkeys and mules were trotting about, but we saw no horses. We passed through a great gate in a wall, and went up into the city, by climbing flights of stone steps. The donkeys go up and down with heavy loads on their backs, and never stumble. All the streets were narrow, with high stone houses on each side, and full of people. The main street occupies the summit of the rock on which the city is built, and all the cross streets run up and down the hill,

and are paved stair-fashion. The city is one of the handsomest in the world, and looks like an assemblage of palaces. The streets are straight, and all the houses are built of a light yellow stone. Nothing can be more picturesque than their architecture. The fronts are studded with bold masses of carved stonework, balconies, cornices, pilasters, projections, and sculptured ornaments of various descriptions. The prospect through one of the streets is a perfect picture. I could not help contrasting it with our American cities, with their quadrangular monotony of architecture!

After we had secured our baggage at the hotel, I walked out to take a view of the city. The population seemed to be all in the streets, and to live out of doors. The crowd was immense in every public place, and everything visible was full of character and variety. I do not believe there is a spot in the world that exhibits a more striking and motley spectacle than the streets of Malta. This island is the central point of the whole Mediterranean commerce, which brings it a constant succession of visitors from all the countries around. The crowd looks like a fancy ball, where the people dress so as to differ from each other. Here is the fantastical Greek in his picturesque drapery of red and white; the turbaned Turk with his bushy and flowing beard; the swarthy Arab in his coarse *haick* or cloak; the grave Austrian, the scowling Moor, the squab Dutchman, the capering Sicilian, the hawk-eyed and tawny Calabrian, the native Maltese; the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the John Bull, and the Yankee, all in strange mixture, and with their various manners and languages. The whole group is perfectly dramatic. Little boys, about as high as my knee, were running about, dressed in black small-clothes and those great cocked-hats which we call "three-cor-

nered scrapers." The women of the island looked like nuns in black silk hoods; they cover most of the face, and peep out with one eye. This habit makes almost all the women squint-eyed.

After I had gone over the greater part of the city and visited its elegant churches, of which it contains a large number, I set forth for a walk into the country. I went out at a massive gateway and across a draw-bridge, which offer the only passage-way into the interior of the island. I was struck with astonishment at the strength and extent of the fortifications. It seemed impossible that any force, either of human arms or cannon-balls, could ever break through the walls. The French took the place in 1800, and when Bonaparte entered at this gate, he said it was lucky there was somebody inside to open it, or they could never have got in. Immense walls and bastions, one above another, towered over my head. I looked down into one of the ditches; it appeared to be a hundred feet deep, and there were flower-gardens and orchards at the bottom. After travelling a few minutes, I saw before me a long row of arches, fifteen or twenty feet high, which I found to be an aqueduct: the road passed under it. Here I had the first glimpse of the country, and I was struck with the odd appearance of everything. There were no fields nor pastures, such as we have in our country, but the whole land lay in terraces, faced with thick stone walls, making little square inclosures, where crops of wheat and other vegetables were growing. The whole face of the island presented a succession of stripes of light yellow rock and fresh green vegetation. Here and there were low hills dotted with dark green locust trees, and a great many country houses and villas were scattered round. All along under these

walls grew wild fig-trees and immense clumps of prickly pear, and thousands of lizards were darting up and down with the liveliest movements. Peasants were passing along the road driving donkeys loaded with bundles of grass, and now and then I met a chaise drawn by a mule, thumping over the stony road. I was surprised that any person could be found willing to risk his bones by such a jolting.

One would suppose, by the looks of the country here, that the inhabitants had covered it with stone walls to keep the grass from blowing away. Indeed, the soil is so thin, and the surface so irregular, that but for these walls, half the island would be washed bare by the rains. It is a solid rock, with only a foot or two of soil. Having gone several miles, I reached Citta Vecchia, or the old city, the ancient capital of Malta. It stands in the centre of the island, and looks very antique, being a confused assemblage of fantastical structures, gray with age. It is probably three thousand years old or more. I went into a little shop kept by an old woman, and amused myself with staring at the odd appearance of everything. A man sat at work cutting a pair of sandals out of a raw hide; a little boy, with a desperately dirty face, was munching a handful of green stuff in a corner; and a queer-looking blue cat, with half a tail, rolled her green eyes up at me: she had doubtless never seen a Yankee before. The old woman sold bread, greens, oranges, wine, &c. I drank a tumbler of wine, for which I paid a half-penny; it was a dark red wine like claret, and about the strength of common cider. Some wine is made in the island, but most of what is used comes from Sicily.

I went to the top of the great church, which has a very lofty dome, where I had a prospect of the whole island. The view is picturesque and striking

in the highest degree. The island looks like an immense chess-board, the surface being chequered out into squares of green verdure and stone wall. Villages without number were scattered about in every direction, each with the tall dome of a church rising above its cluster of houses. Many of these churches I visited in my walk, and was astonished to find every one of them richly adorned in the interior with gold, silver, and precious stones. The private houses in these villages are very far from exhibiting the same wealth.

I had a guide with me, who showed me over the cathedral of Citta Vecchia, and then asked if I wanted to see the catacombs. I had never before heard of them, but replied in the affirmative; whereupon he led the way through a narrow street, till he came to a door, at which he thumped lustily. It was opened by a little tawny-faced fellow in a monk's dress. He bustled about and got a bunch of keys, and some torches and candles. We each took a torch and candle, and followed him through a series of long narrow lanes, till we came to a great gate in a wall. Here we struck fire, lighted our torches and candles, and entered the passage. It looked dark and dismal, and we continued going down long flights of steps till we came to a sort of landing-place at a great distance below the surface. I know not how to describe the scene that I witnessed here. For miles around, there was a labyrinthian extent of dark passages cut in the rock, winding and zig-zagging in all directions; sometimes expanding into the breadth and loftiness of spacious halls, and sometimes contracting into a strait so narrow as hardly to admit a single person.

Along the sides of these galleries were innumerable niches and recesses cut in the rock as places of deposit for corpses; they were probably all full,

thousands of years ago. Here and there we found a solitary bone, which I gazed at with feelings of awe as the relic of an ancient generation. The place appeared to me like a great subterranean city whose inhabitants had all deserted it. The age of it is unknown; not even tradition can tell it. It was used as a hiding-place by the early Christians during times of persecution, and must have been found admirably suited to that purpose: thousands and thousands of people might conceal themselves beyond all search in its immense extent of winding and perplexing avenues, which run into one another, and would lead any one astray who was not perfectly familiar with all their turnings and windings.

In one of the large halls we found two ancient hand-mills for corn and oil, which had been used by the inhabitants of this dark abode. Every passage and room is full of secret nooks and openings, into which the inmates might creep for safety in case of surprise. Great numbers of names and inscriptions are cut in all parts of the rock; and the sides and ceiling of the narrow galleries are blackened with the smoke of torches. Strange and overpowering were the sensations that came upon me as I followed my guide through these drear avenues and halls of death. In spite of my confidence in him, it was impossible not to feel an apprehension of being lost among the innumerable turnings and windings of this dark labyrinth. Now and then we would stop and contemplate the striking effect of our flickering torches, which threw red gleams of light along the walls, and seemed to show us indistinct forms flitting hither and thither amid the darkness beyond.

We stood still, held our breath, and marked the drear silence that reigned around, where the sound of a footstep or a whisper struck the ear like an unhal-

lowed intrusion breaking the still repose of the ancient dead. Then we shouted and listened to the hollow echoes that rumbled through the rocky mansion, and died away in the distance, among miles of long galleries and reverberating caverns. No scene could be more impressive—I almost expected the dead inmates of this gloomy abode to start up before my face, and greet me with the accents of three thousand years ago. We traversed one long passage after another, but the labyrinth appeared to be endless. The excavations are said to be fifteen miles in extent; they may be twice as long for aught I know: the only wonder is that any man ever undertook to measure them. After all I have said, the reader will have no adequate conception of these wonderful abodes: he must go to the spot to know what they really are.

I never knew the light of day so cheerful, delicious, and exhilarating as when I got out of this dark place, into the open air; it seemed like passing from death to life. The little monk was very thankful for a ninepence which I gave him for his trouble in showing me through the catacombs.

Going along one of the streets of the town, I saw a statue of St. Paul, shaking the viper from his hand. This is believed to be the spot where the house stood in which he lodged while in the island. There is a bay on the southwestern shore, where, according to tradition, he was shipwrecked. This I determined to visit, and hired a stout boy, whom I found in the street, to show me the way. We travelled over a road on the bare rock, very rough, and which grew rougher every mile. The country was pretty much like what I have mentioned, parcelled out into little square inclosures, with low cabins in the sides of the walls, looking like dog-kennels, but designed as lodging-places for the men

who guard the fields by night. By-and-by the road began to descend, and I soon found we were close to the sea. I was obliged to clamber down the ragged rocks, but my companion jumped from cliff to cliff like a goat. We soon reached the margin of the bay, and he conducted me to a bold projection in the rocky shore, which tradition has marked out as the precise spot where the ship which was bearing St. Paul to Rome, struck the land, as related in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

I walked out to the extremity of the point, against which the sea was dashing, and sat down upon the rock to enjoy the feelings excited by the history of this interesting place. I gazed for some time upon the wild scene around me, and called up in imagination the shadows of the beings who, 1800 years ago, had figured in these events. Here stood the shipwrecked apostle and beheld the same wild and rugged prospect that strikes the eye at the present moment, for hardly a single point in the landscape appears to have undergone any change since his time. There is a chapel on the shore a few yards from the water, and two or three castles on the eminences around; these are all the buildings in sight. Three or four ragged boys were picking up shells on the beach, but no other living creature was to be seen. I saw the sun sink into the ocean, and was obliged to hasten my return, lest the city gates should be closed.

(To be continued.)

WIT.—Some one observed to a wag on one occasion, that his coat seemed to have been made too short; to which he replied, that "it would be long enough before he got another."

In delay, there lies no plenty.



The Kingfisher and the Nightingale:

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time, a meeting took place between a kingfisher and a mocking-bird. The latter, being dressed in very plain feathers, at first felt a little humbled by the brilliant plumage of his neighbor. The kingfisher, perceiving the admiration of the mocking-bird, jerked his tail and tossed his head, so as to show off all the changing hues of his feathers to great advantage.

While this was going on between the two birds, a sportsman chanced to be passing by, and seeing them, paused to watch their proceedings. Readily understanding the scene, and disgusted with the conceit and vanity of the kingfisher, he drew up his gun, and shot him down. As he went to pick up the fallen bird, he made the following reflections:

"This silly kingfisher is like a person who is vain of his dress or his outward beauty. His skin, when stuffed with tow, is just as valuable as when the bird's living flesh and bones are in it; his outside is all there is of him. But the modest mocking-bird is like a person who contributes to our pleasure

or our instruction, and relies upon the good he does to others for his standing among mankind. How contemptible is pride; how amiable and attractive is modesty allied to merit!"

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—A grocer in Edinburgh had a dog, which for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighborhood. A man who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell, the dog ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not allow him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street door and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pieman, and received his pie; and this traffic between the pieman and the grocer's dog continued to be daily practised for many months.

Absence of Mind.

THIS is that habit which some people have, of thinking of one thing, while they are doing another. The famous Sir Isaac Newton was a philosopher, and he thought a great deal about the heavenly bodies, and such mighty matters. Of course, he could hardly be expected to think much about common things. However, he did once have a fancy for a lady, and one evening he went to see her. As he was sitting with her by the fireside smoking his pipe, he became absorbed in his mathematics, and in his absence of mind he took hold of the lady's finger and stuck it into the fiery bowl of his pipe, thus making it a tobacco-stopper!

I once knew an old lady who would go about the room, looking upon the shelf, peeping into the table drawer, tumbling over a cupboard that served as a kind of Noah's ark, where every strange thing was deposited—all the time teasing and fretting because she could not find her spectacles, until at last she discovered that the said spectacles were snugly sitting astride of her nose!

But this is a trifling instance of absence of mind, compared with some others. An old maid of Edinburgh, in Scotland, had taken an unaccountable fancy to a pig, which she kept as a kind of pet about the house, and often took it into her lap. The poor thing seemed to be forever pinched with a pain in its bowels, and therefore kept up an almost perpetual squealing. Still, the kind woman loved it all the better, and cherished it the more for its very infirmities. The lady was withal a literary lady, and fond of reading and writing books, and her head ran upon these operations so much, that she often forgot where she was, and what she was doing.

One day, she appeared at the door of a neighbor in a good deal of trouble,

with the pig under her arm, squealing with all its might, as usual; upon which the following dialogue ensued:

Woman. Good morning, neighbor! Good morning! I called to see you about—about—something or other—but in fact I forget what it was I was after.

Neighbor. Oh! you wanted something or other, and you thought you'd come and ask me what 't was you wanted?

Woman. Why yes—no. Be still, you naughty pig! be still! Yes, I am looking for something. Stop your everlasting squealing! Oh! I remember! I've lost my pig. Have you seen anything of him?

Neighbor. Why, what's that you have under your arm?

Woman. Gracious! I've got the pig under my arm all this time! Poor, dear thing—that I should have forgotten you, while I was all the time thinking of you! and that I should have lost you while I was clasping you to my breast! Well done! I must be a genius, as aunt Dorcas says!

Some years ago there lived at the city of Washington a famous Englishman by the name of Thomas Law. He was very absent-minded, and often forgot his christian name. One day, he was writing a letter, and when he came to the end, and wanted to sign his name, he was in great trouble because he could not remember the first part of it. At last, Claxton, the door-keeper, chanced to be passing, and Law remembered that his christian name was the same as Claxton's. Accordingly he said, "Claxton, what is your christian name?" "Thomas," was the answer. "Oh yes, Thomas," said Law, and immediately wrote his name, "Thomas Law!"

These instances are somewhat amusing, but I can tell you of an instance in which absence of mind proved more serious. A famous courtier once wished

to ingratiate himself into the favor of two persons of great rank and power, but who were deadly enemies to each other. These were Lord B. and Lord Q. In order to please these two persons, the courtier wrote a letter to each of them. That of Lord B. was as follows:

My dear Lord B.

I met with Lord Q. last evening at Lady Lackaday's. It was the first time I had seen him. I felt instinctively an aversion similar to that which is inspired by the presence of a serpent. I can easily enter into your feelings respecting him. Indeed, I do not see how any one can differ from your lordship in this matter. It is impossible not to feel a sympathy with the man who stands in open and manly opposition to one upon whose forehead "knave" is written by the hand of his Creator.

I am, dear Lord, yours,
B. L.

The next letter was as follows:

My dear Lord Q.

Lord B. is an ass, and I ask no better proof of it than that he seems to hate you, whom all the world beside agree to love and admire. He is stark mad with envy. You have only to let him alone, and he will make himself ridiculous before the whole town. This is all you have to do to destroy your rival. Let him alone! Yours faithfully,

B. L.

Such are the two letters; but unluckily for the success of the courtier's crafty schemes, he was addicted to fits of absence of mind, and when he came to superscribe the aforesaid letters, he addressed the one intended for Lord B. to Lord Q., and that for Lord Q. to Lord B.; so that when they were read, each of these persons discovered the trick and hypocrisy of the courtier.

Varieties.

PUN.—While the repairs were going on in State street, Boston, two gentlemen of the bar happening to meet, one said, "I think this looks like putting new cloth upon an old garment." "I think so too," replied the other; "but it will make the *rent* greater."

HUMOR.—A number of years ago, an eccentric old gentleman, residing in a cottage in England, was greatly annoyed by nocturnal depredators, who broke the fences in his garden, in order to get at the good things contained therein. As he did not care so much for the loss of the fruit as the damage done to the enclosures, and as he was rather fond of witticisms, he had the following notice put up: "All thieves are in future to enter by the gate, which will be left open for the purpose."

HAS A DOG WINGS?—"Father, has a dog got wings?"

"No, my son."

"Well, I thought so—but mother told me, the other day, that as she was going along the road, a dog *flew* at her."

IRISH WIT.—An honest Hibernian, upon reading his physician's bill, replied, that he had no objections to pay him for his *medicines*, but his *visits* he would return.

Death of the President.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, who became President of the United States on the 4th of March last, died on the night of the 4th of April, just thirty days after he had entered upon the duties of his high office.

This event is calculated to cast a gloom over the whole nation, for Gen. Harrison was generally esteemed a good man, and most persons believed that he would govern the country in a manner to promote the happiness of the people. He had lived to be almost seventy years of age; and now, being elevated to the highest

office in the gift of the people, he is suddenly cut down, and laid in the same dust that must cover ordinary men. This dispensation of Providence seems almost like quenching a great beacon-light upon the sea-shore at night, just at the moment when its illumination had begun to scatter the darkness around.

A solemn thought is suggested by this event. Gen. Harrison has lived a long life, and has often been in the midst of seeming peril. He has often been in battle with savages and with the British soldiery. He has often trodden the forest amid all the dangers and vicissitudes that beset the traveller there. He has spent many days of toil in the field, laboring as a farmer. In all these situations and conditions—from youth to age—he has enjoyed the pro-

tecting care of Providence. But at last he was elevated to a great office; he became the occupant of a palace; he was the hope of a great nation; he was surrounded with friends, with mighty men, with skillful physicians, with tender nurses—with the great, the good, the prayerful—but all in vain. His time had come—the arrow was sped from the bow, and no human arm could stay its flight. And this should warn us all to consider well the lesson conveyed by this event—which is, that life and death are in the hands of God. He can protect us everywhere—in the cottage or the log-cabin, in the forest or the field; or he can take us away in the midst of power and pomp and riches. Let us therefore be ever prepared for the decisions of his wisdom.

THE APRIL SHOWER, A SONG.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment continues the melody from the first system.

Pat-ter, pat-ter, let it pour, Pat-ter, pat-ter, let it roar, Down the steep roof let it rush,

p
Down the hill side let it gush, 'Tis the welcome April shower Which will wake the sweet May flower

Patter, patter, let it pour!
Patter, patter, let it roar!
Let the gaudy lightning flash—
Let the headlong thunder dash—
'Tis the welcome April shower,
Which will wake the sweet May flower.

Patter, patter, let it pour!
Patter, patter, let it roar!
Soon the clouds will burst away—
Soon will shine the bright spring day,
Soon the welcome April shower
Will awake the sweet May flower.



My own Life and Adventures.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER VII.

My uncle's influence.—The influence of the tavern.—State of society forty years ago.—Liquor opposed to education.—The church and the tavern.—The country schoolhouse.—Books used in the school.—A few words about myself.

I PASS over a space of several years in my history, and come to the period when I was about fifteen. Up to this time, I had made little progress in education, compared with what is done at the present day. I could indeed read and write, and I knew something of arithmetic, but my advance beyond this was inconsiderable. A brief detail of certain circumstances will show the reason of this.

In the first place, my uncle had no very high estimation of what he called *larnin*; he was himself a man of action, and believed that books render people dull and stupid, rather than effi-

cient in the business of life. He was therefore opposed to education in general, and particularly so in my case; and not only was his opinion equivalent to law with respect to me, but it was of great force in the village, on account of his character and position.

He kept the village tavern, which in those days of rum and punch was an institution of great power and authority. It was common, at the period of which I speak, for the church or meeting-house and tavern to stand side by side; but if one day in the week, sobriety and temperance were preached in the former, hard drinking and licentiousness were deeply practised in the latter during the other six. The tavern, therefore, not only counteracted the good effect of the preacher, but it went farther, and in many cases corrupted the whole mass of society. The members of the church

thought it no scandal to make regular visits to the bar-room at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and at four P. M.; the deacon always kept his jugs well filled, and the minister took his toddy or his tansy bitters, in open day, and without reproach.

In such a state of society as this, the tavern-keeper was usually the most influential man in the village, and if he kept good liquors, he was irresistible. Now my uncle was a prince of a tavern-keeper for these jolly days. He was, in fact, what we call a whole-souled fellow: generous, honest, and frank-hearted. His full, ruddy countenance bespoke all this; and his cheerful, hearty voice carried conviction of it to every listener. Beside, his tavern was freely and generously kept: it was liberally supplied with good beds, and every other luxury or comfort common to those days. As I have said before, it was situated upon the great road, then travelled by the mail stages between Boston and New York. The establishment was of ample extent, consisting of a pile of wooden buildings of various and irregular architecture—all painted a deep red. There was near it a large barn with extensive cow-houses, a corn-crib, a smoke-house, and a pig-sty, arranged solely with a view to ease of communication with the house, and consequently all drawn closely around it. The general effect, when viewed at a distance, was that of two large jugs surrounded with several smaller ones.

Before this heap of edifices swung the tavern sign, with a picture of a barn-yard cock on one side, and a bull upon the other, as I have told you before: and though the artist that painted it was only a common house-dauber, and though the pictures were of humble pretensions when compared with the productions of Raphael, still, few specimens of the fine arts have ever had more

admirers than the cock and bull of my uncle's sign. How many a toper has looked upon it when approaching the tavern with his feverish lip, as the emblem and assurance of the rum that was soon to feed the fire kindled in his throat; how many a jolly fellow, staggering from the inn, has seen that sign reeling against the sky, and mixing grotesquely with the dreamy images of his fancy!

If we add to this description, that in the street, and nearly in front of the tavern, was a wood-pile about ten feet high, and covering three or four square rods of ground; that on one side was a litter of harrows, carts and ploughs, and on the other a general assortment of wagons, old sleighs, broken stages, and a rickety vehicle resembling a modern chaise without a top; and if we sprinkle between all these articles a good supply of geese and pigs, we shall have a pretty fair account of the famous Cock and Bull tavern that flourished in Salem nearly forty years ago.

The proprietor of such an establishment could not, in those days, but be a man of influence; and the free manners and habits of my uncle tended to increase the power that his position gave him. He drank liberally himself, and vindicated his practice by saying that good liquor was one of the gifts of providence, and it was no sin—indeed it was rather a duty—to indulge in providential gifts freely. All this made him a favorite, particularly with a set of hard drinkers who thronged the bar-room, especially of a wet day and on winter evenings.

As I have said, my uncle was opposed to education, and as he grew older and drank deeper, his prejudice against it seemed to increase; and though I cannot easily account for the fact, still every drunkard in the place was an enemy to all improvements in the school. When a town-meeting took place, these per-

sons were invariably in opposition to every scheme, the design of which was to promote the cause of education, and this party was usually headed by my uncle. And it is not a little curious that the tavern party also had its influence in the church, for my uncle was a member of it, and many of his bar-room cronies also. They were so numerous as to cast a heavy vote, and therefore they exercised a good deal of power here. As in respect to the school, so in the house of worship, they were for spending as little money as possible, and for reducing its power and influence in society to the lowest possible scale. They even held the minister in check, and though he saw the evil tendency of intemperance in the village, he had not nerve enough to attack it, except in a very soft and mild way, which probably served to increase the vice at which he aimed; for vice always thrives when holy men condemn it gently.

Now I have said that my uncle was a kind-hearted, generous man, by nature; how then could he be so narrow-minded in respect to education and religion? The answer to this question is easy. He was addicted to the free use of liquors, which not only tends to destroy the body, but to ruin all the nobler parts of the mind. As he came more and more under the influence of ardent spirits, he grew narrow-minded, sottish and selfish. And this is one of the great evils of taking ardent spirits. The use of them always tends to break down the mind; to take away from us those noble feelings and lofty thoughts, which are the glory of man; in short, to sink us lower and lower toward the brute creation. A determined drunkard is usually a great part of the time but little elevated above a beast.

Now I have been particular about this part of my story, for I wished to show you the natural influence of the habits of my uncle, and their operation upon

my own fortunes. I have yet a sadder story to tell, as to the effect of the village tavern, not only upon myself, but upon my uncle, and several others. That must be reserved for some of the sad pages through which my tale will lead you. For the present, I only point out the fact, that a man who encourages the sale of liquors is usually unfriendly to the education and improvement of mankind; that his position tends to make him fear the effect of light and wish for darkness; that hard drinking will ruin even a generous and noble mind and heart; and that the habit of dealing in liquor is one to be feared, as it induces a man to take narrow, selfish, and low views of human nature and human society. It appears to me that a trade which thrives when men turn drunkards, and which fails when men grow temperate, is a trade which is apt to injure the mind and soul of one who follows it. Even my noble-hearted and generous uncle fell, under such sinister influences.

But to return to the school. I have already described the situation of the house. The building itself was of wood, about fifteen feet square, plastered within, and covered with benches without backs, which were constructed by thrusting sticks, for legs, through auger holes in a plank. On one side, against the wall, was a long table, serving as a desk for the writers.

The chimney was of rough stone, and the fire-place was of the same material. But what it lacked in grace of finish, was made up in size. I believe that it was at least ten feet wide, and five in depth, and the flue was so perpendicular and ample, that the rain and snow fell down to the bottom, without the risk of striking the sides. In summer, the school was kept by a woman, who charged the town a dollar a week, boarding herself; in winter it was kept by a man, who was paid five dollars a month and found

Here about seventy children, of all sizes, were assembled during this latter portion of the year; the place and manner of treatment being arranged as much as possible on the principle that a schoolhouse is a penitentiary, where the more suffering, the more improvement.

I have read of despots and seen prisons, but there are few of the former more tyrannical than the birch-despot of former days, or of the latter, more gloomy than the old-fashioned schoolhouse, under the tyrant to which it was usually committed.

I must enter into a few details. The fuel for the school consisted of wood, and was brought in winter, load by load, as it was wanted; though it occasionally happened that we got entirely out, and the school was kept without fire if the master could endure the cold, or dismissed if the weather chanced to be too severe to be borne. The wood was green oak, hickory, or maple, and when the fire could be induced to blaze between the sticks, there was a most notable hissing and frying, and a plentiful exudation of sap at each end of them.

The wood was cut into lengths of about five feet, by the scholars, each of the larger boys taking his turn at this, and at making the fire in the morning. This latter was a task that demanded great strength and patience; for, in the first place, there must be a back-log, five feet in length, and at least fifteen inches in diameter; then a top-stick about two-thirds as big; and then a forestick of similar dimensions. It required some strength to move these logs to their places; and after the frame of the work was built, the gathering of chips, and the blowing, the wooing, the courting that were necessary to make the revolting flame take hold of the wet fuel, demanded a degree of exertion, and an endurance of patience, well calculated to

ripen and harden youth for the stern endurances of manhood.

The school began at nine in the morning, and it was rare that the fire gave out any heat so early as this; nor could it have been of much consequence had it done so, for the school-room was almost as open as a sieve, letting in the bitter blast at every window and door, and through a thousand cracks in the thin plastering of the walls. Never have I seen such a miserable set of blue-nosed, chattering, suffering creatures as were these children, for the first hour after the opening of school, on a cold winter morning. Under such circumstances, what could they do? Nothing, and they were expected to do nothing.

The books in use were Webster's Spelling Book, Dilworth's Arithmetic, Webster's Second and Third Part, the New Testament, and Dwight's Geography. These were all, and the best scholars of the seminary never penetrated more than half through this mass of science. There was no such thing as a history, a grammar, or a map in the school. These are mysteries reserved for more modern days.

Such was the state of things—such the condition of the school, where I received my education, the only education that I ever enjoyed, except such as I have since found in study by myself, and amid the active pursuits of life. But let me not blame the schoolhouse alone; I was myself in fault, for even the poor advantages afforded me there, I wilfully neglected; partly because I was fond of amusing myself and impatient of application; partly because I thought myself worth ten thousand dollars, and fancied that I was above the necessity of instruction; and partly because my uncle and his bar-room friends were always sneering at men of education, and praising men of spirit and ac-

tion—those who could drive a stage skilfully, or beat in pitching cents, or bear off the palm in a wrestling-match, or perchance carry the largest quantity of liquor under the waistcoat.

Such being the course of circumstances that surrounded me at the age of fifteen, it will not be surprising if my story should at last lead to some painful facts; but my succeeding chapters will show.

(*To be continued.*)

The Artists' Cruise.

ABOUT the first of August, 1840, an excursion was set on foot, by five young men of Boston, for recreation and amusement—one full of interest and excitement, conducive equally to health and pleasure. The plan was this—to embark in a small pleasure-boat called the *Phantom*, built and owned by one of the company, who was also well skilled in nautical affairs, and proceed by easy distances along the coast as far “down East” as time or inclination would admit—letting the events and adventures of the day determine the movements of the next.

The company consisted of young artists—lovers of nature—ready to appreciate all the new and beautiful points that might meet the eye. The boat was hauled up at Phillip’s beach, Lynn, to which place the party proceeded, and fitted her out with all the conveniences and comforts proper for the cruise. Everything being ready, they sailed on the first of the week, with a fair southwest wind, passed Marblehead and Salem gaily, and stretched onward for Cape Ann. As night came on they were becalmed, but it was very clear, and the moon shone gloriously, as they

moved, creeping lazily along, catching a slight puff at intervals. The musical portion of the company contrived to make the time pass pleasantly away in singing certain old airs which chimed in with the feeling and situation of the company. At last the breeze came again, and about ten at night they found themselves in the little cove before the quiet town of Gloucester. Here they cast anchor; and so much pleased were they, that they stayed the next day and enjoyed the pleasure of a ramble along the rocky shores, fishing for perch, &c. They found an excellent host at the Gloucester hotel, where they passed the next night. I cannot do better than to tell the rest of the story in the words of these adventurers.

“With a bright sun, a fresh breeze, and a calm sea, we left Gloucester and shaped our course around Cape Ann for the Isles of Shoals, a group which lie at the farther extremity of Ipswich bay, across which we merrily steered, embracing the opportunity of initiating the inexperienced in the duties of amateur seamanship. In a few hours we ran in between the rocky isles, which, as we gradually neared them, seemed to rise from out the waves. Anchoring in the midst of a fleet of fishing boats, we prepared our supper, which was soon despatched with much mirth, owing to the primitive simplicity of our arrangements. We passed the night at our anchorage, after witnessing the effect of a magnificent thunder-storm, and spent the morning in strolling among the rocks along the shore, and amusing ourselves with the characteristic traits of the islanders whom we met; their isolated position, and constant devotion to the single occupation of catching and curing fish, appearing to interpose a bar to their advancement in any other qualification. From the Isles of Shoals we had the next day a fair run to Wood Island, and

anchored in Winter harbor, near the mouth of Saco river—a place of considerable importance at the time of the last war, owing to the exertions of an enterprising merchant by the name of Cutts. During the war the British entered the harbor and wantonly sawed through the keel of three of the largest class of merchant vessels, then in progress of building, and whose remains are still to be seen. We had plenty of fowling, fishing, and sporting apparatus, and we here had ample opportunity for exercising our skill as sportsmen—plover, curlew, sand-birds, &c. being abundant. In this manner we passed the time until the afternoon of the next day, when we left for Portland.

“Favored with a fine breeze, we dashed merrily over the waves, which had now begun to be tipped with foam, and, under the influence of the freshening wind, had assumed a size that, in comparison with our miniature bark, might have been termed mountain-high; but there was no danger, for our craft was as buoyant on the sea as one of its own bubbles. The weather had gradually been growing “dirty,” as seamen call it, and we raced into the harbor of Portland with a small squadron of coasting vessels, all crowding for shelter. The wind during the night blew a gale from the southeast, which however did not prevent us from sleeping soundly. Our appetites having assumed a remarkable punctuality since leaving Boston, reminded us early of breakfast, and, in spite of wind and rain, we resolved upon cooking a quantity of birds shot the day previous. Having formed an imperfect shelter by means of a spare sail, a fire was kindled, coffee made, birds broiled, and our meal concluded amid a rain so drenching as to be quite a curiosity in its way. Each person bent over his dish to prevent the food being fairly washed away, and cov-

ered his mug of coffee to avoid excessive dilution, and used many other notable expedients suited to the occasion, which will certainly not be forgotten if never again practised. It was most emphatically a washing-day with us, though not accompanied with the ill-humor generally reputed to exist upon those occasions.

“The storm and its effects being over, we received a visit from the proprietors of the elegant pleasure-boat, *Water Lily*, who very kindly invited us to accompany them to Diamond cove, a romantic spot in one of the many beautiful islands that so thickly stud Casco bay—a place much frequented by parties of pleasure from the city of Portland. We left the harbor with a fine breeze, our pennants streaming gallantly. We were soon upon the fishing-grounds, anchored, and for a moment all was bustle and excitement, each hoping to be the first to pull a ‘mammoth’ from the deep. Success crowned our efforts, and a boat was despatched with the treasure to the cove, to be there converted into a savory chowder; while we again anchored near the rocks of one of the smaller islands, where fortune favored us, and we soon had a goodly store of perch for the fry.

“The sun was just sinking as we entered the cove, and the gray shadows of twilight were fast gathering under the grove of fine old oaks that crowned the shore. Soon the woods resounded with the shouts and merry laughter of the party. Misty twilight yielded to the brilliant rays of the full moon, which, streaming through the openings of the forest, touched here and there, lighting up the picturesque and moss-grown trunks with almost magical effect. The word was given, and each one searched for his armful of brush to light us at our feast, and soon it crackled and blazed

away, lighting up a scene almost beyond description. The party numbered about fifteen or twenty, including the Phantom's crew, and were scattered about in all the various groups and postures that inclination or fancy might suggest, each with his plate and spoon, or for the want of them a clam-shell and box-cover, doing such justice to the feast as an appetite sharpened by fasting, salubrious seabreeze and wholesome exercise would induce. Not the least important feature of the scene was the picturesque costume assumed by our "Phantoms;" it consisting of white pants, Guernsey frocks, belts, knives, and small Greek caps tight to the head. Above us hung the blest canopy of glowing foliage thrown out from those old oaks; each mass, each leaf was touched and pencilled with a vivid line of light, whose brightness might compare with that of sparkling gems. The more distant groups were relieved from the dim and shadowy background by a subdued and broad half-light. Fainter and fainter grew the light, till all was lost in the deep and gloomy shadows of the forest.

Amid this fairy-like scenery all was mirth, jollity, fun, and frolic; not a moment passed unenjoyed. At ten o'clock our party broke up, and we returned to our boats. We here parted with our kind friends, who were soon on their way to Portland. We seized our flutes, and breathed forth a farewell with all the pathos we were masters of. This was soon answered by a smart salute from a cannon, which awoke the echoes of the cove. Three cheers were given and returned, and all was still.

The next was a beautiful day, and it being Sunday, we remained at anchor in the cove, enjoying the silence and repose of nature in that lovely and sequestered spot. The succeeding morning being fine, we started with a light southerly wind, which carried us slowly along

among the islands of Casco, and gave us a fine opportunity to observe all their beauties. The scene was continually changing—new islands opening upon us almost every moment. Before evening we had made the little harbor called Small Point, where we remained that night. The succeeding day we doubled cape Small Point and made the mouth of the Kennebec, which we entered with a fine breeze, that carried us briskly up to Bath, where we spent the remainder of the day. Having taken a pilot, we continued up the river with a fair wind and tide, which took us as far as Hallowell. Considerable curiosity was here excited, in consequence of our having come so far in so small a boat, it being thought a rather hazardous enterprise. In the morning a council was held, and we determined to return; accordingly this and the succeeding day were spent in getting back to Bath. We did but little more than float with the tide, in consequence of its being so calm. The scenery of the Kennebec has been so often and minutely described, that it is best to pass over it without comment.

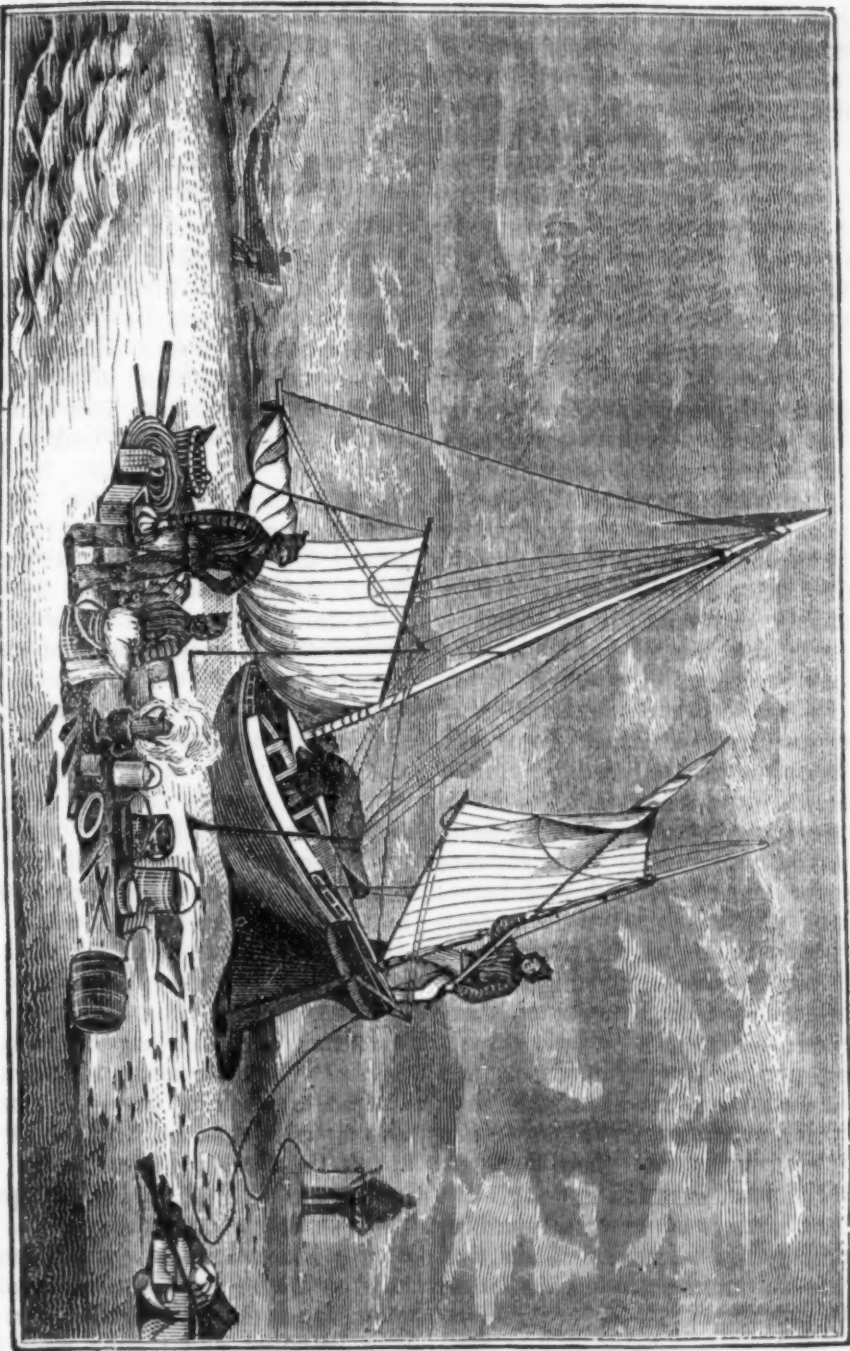
At Bath we were treated with all the attention and kindness we could wish for. The succeeding day we beat down the river, and doubled the point, encountering a head sea, which tossed us about, to the great detriment of our culinary apparatus. We again anchored and passed the night at Small Point. We proceeded the next day, by a difficult and somewhat dangerous channel, between ledges and islands as far as Haskell's Island, and anchored in the cove. Continuing our course the next day, we stopped at Portland, saw our friends of the Water Lily, and proceeded as far as Winter harbor, where we arrived at twelve o'clock at night. We continued here a day to take advantage of the fine shooting, and had very good luck. We went as far the next day as York, where

we anchored, cooked our birds, and, with the help of good appetites, made a glorious supper.

"Leaving the town of Old York, we rowed slowly out of the small river which forms its harbor, accompanied by numerous fishing-boats, which came in the evening previous. It was a dead calm, and continued so about two hours. The time passed however without the usual tedium attendant upon the want of wind, it being employed in the preparation and discussion of a hearty breakfast. The wind came at last, a light breeze and ahead, and we soon exchanged the swinging and rolling motion of the glassy ground-swell for the regular rise and fall and cheerful dash of the ripple against the bow, and the music of the breaking bubbles as they whirled away in the wake. With all our canvass set, we stretched slowly along the narrow coast of New Hampshire.

"Passing the harbor of Portsmouth, with its lighthouse built upon a ledge so low that the tide sweeps over its foundation, as is the case with the famous Eddystone, at nightfall we were off the mouth of Merrimac river, yet some fifteen or twenty-miles from our destined port. A few clouds that had collected about dark now dispersed, and the stars shone clear and beautiful from the heavens, while the beacon lights blazed in rival brightness from the shore. About two in the morning we approached the entrance of our port, which is situated near the mouth of a small river which intersects Cape Ann, and which, like most rivers, has a bar at its mouth. After passing the lighthouse, being within half a mile of our anchorage, the wind fell suddenly, and the rapid current swept us aground upon the highest part of the bar, where the receding tide soon left us high and dry upon the sand. Being stopped thus abruptly, we gazed about in search of some means to 'define our posi-

tion,' which measure was presently vetoed by the rolling in of so thick a fog that in ten minutes everything in sight could have been touched with a boat-hook. Finding sight unavailing at this juncture, we resorted to sound, and commenced firing signal guns, which were heard and answered from the shore, and in a short time assistance arrived in the person of the keeper of the lighthouse, who informed us that we should not float again for six hours. Day broke upon us in this position, and having plenty of time, we despatched two ashore for provisions in the pilot's skiff, and in a short time the sand-bar presented a singular appearance, our baggage of all kinds being strewn about upon the sand, and in close fellowship with cooking utensils, loose sails, spare baskets, boxes, rigging, &c. &c.; for we had entirely unladed the boat, for the purpose of washing and cleansing the inside from the effects of an unlucky basket of charcoal, which had been upset in the confusion consequent upon our endeavors to get into deeper water. Upon the return of our purveyors all hands displayed great activity in providing and eating breakfast. The fog still encompassed us, so that we enjoyed all the uproar and fun of the meal in our own way, as our apparent horizon was hardly more extensive than a common room. It was a memorable breakfast, that seemed much like a day's eating condensed into a single meal, the whole being much enlivened by the cheerfulness and local anecdotes of our old friend from the lighthouse, to whom we were indebted for suntly excellent hints touching the best method of extricating vessels in difficult and dangerous situations. The tide rose very rapidly, and all the temporary embarrassments of our situation vanished with our footprints in the sand. The mounting sun soon burned up the fog, which in dispersing produced its usual singular



Our vessel ashore on Squam Har.

and fantastic effects upon the rugged and precipitous shores that lay on each side; and retaining the services of our old friend as pilot, we ran through the river, which is about four miles long, and connected with the harbor of Gloucester by a short canal, through which we passed, and spent another pleasant day in that town previous to starting for Boston; which place we had left just three weeks before. We arrived there the next day, meeting with nothing worthy of particular notice in the course of it.

"Such is a brief outline of our excursion, from which we returned much invigorated in mind and body. A thousand little incidents occurred, serving to enhance the pleasure of the trip, which it would be impossible to condense into so small a space as is here allotted us. We had finer opportunities of obtaining picturesque sketches of our New England coast scenery, than could be obtained by any other method. One of our company made a sketch of our mischance upon the bar, and an engraving of it is presented to the reader. We had a good opportunity of observing the peculiar traits that characterize the hardy race that inhabit our rough and rock-bound coast, and always found them a free-hearted, hospitable people, ever ready to yield any assistance we might need. We were obliged to submit to many little inconveniences, it is true, which, had they not been voluntary, or had they come under other than the then existing circumstances, would have been deemed hardships; but there was so much excitement, so much novelty, such an endless variety of new objects from day to day to attract and interest us, that we were a thousand times repaid for all our petty privations."

PROVERB.—A person who is suspicious, ought to be suspected.

Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Malta.—Arrival at Sicily.—Syracuse Ruins.—Ear of Dionysius.

OUR vessel landed her cargo at Malta, and then took in ballast and sailed for Palermo, in Sicily, to load with fruit. I preferred to cross immediately over to Syracuse, and take Mount Ætna in my way, being very desirous not to lose a sight of this celebrated volcano. I found a Sicilian vessel about to sail, and took passage in her. She was a *polacre*, having the masts of single sticks from top to bottom, instead of three or four pieces joined together, like the masts of English and American vessels. I could not help laughing at the oddities of the crew: there were fifteen of them, although the vessel was not above seventy tons burthen. They were the queerest ship's company I ever saw; all captains and mates, and no common sailors. Whatever was to be done was everybody's business: there was no discipline, no order, no concert; all was hurly-burly, and scampering here and there, and tumbling head over heels.

Which was the commander, nobody could tell, for every one was giving orders. The slightest manœuvre caused a clatter and bawling that made me think the masts were going overboard. If there was a rope as big as a tom-cod-line to be pulled, the whole crew would string themselves along it, yo! heave ho! tug it an inch and a half, puff and blow, thump and clamor, as if it were a case of life and death. Every man must have a finger in what was going on, even to cuffing the cabin-boy. The men squatted down upon deck to their meals all in a group, and fell to cracking jokes and cutting capers together. The

helmsman sat in a chair to steer, and moved his seat as often as he luffed or bore away. A little hop-off-my-thumb fellow, with a comically dirty face and ragged breeches, sat upon a bucket to watch the hour-glass in the binnacle. We had only seventy or eighty miles to sail from Malta to Sicily, with a fair wind and a smooth sea, but the fuss and clatter during the navigation of this short space were prodigious. All hands were running fore and aft, looking out ahead and astern, bustling around the man at the helm, peeping at the compass, and jabbering and gesticulating as if they were in the most imminent danger.

At daylight the next morning, we found ourselves close under the Sicilian shore, with Mount *Ætna* in the north, towering up majestically to the heavens, like a huge pyramid of snow with a black spot at the top. It was more than seventy miles off. About ten in the forenoon we arrived at Syracuse, a city which was once ten times as big as Boston, but is now almost entirely depopulated. It has a noble harbor, but we found only a few fishing-boats there; and when we landed at the quay, hardly a living being was to be seen: everything looked solitary, ruinous, and forlorn. I walked through the streets, but saw no signs of trade, commerce, or industry. A few people were sitting lazily before their doors, sunning themselves; and numbers of beggars dogged my heels wherever I went. Now and then I met a donkey with a pannier of greens, but no such thing as a wagon or chaise.

When I got to the market-place, I saw groups of people sitting in the sun or lounging idly about, but no business doing. I could not help smiling to see a constable, who was strutting up and down to keep the peace among this pack of lazy fellows. He wore a great, long, tattered cloak, a huge cocked hat, a

sword, and he had a most flaming, fiery visage, with a nose like a blood-beet. I never saw such a swaggering figure in my life, before. He happened to spy a little urchin pilfering a bunch of greens, on which he caught him by the nape of the neck with one hand, and drawing his sword with the other, gave him a lusty thwacking with the flat of the blade. The little rogue kicked and squalled, and made a most prodigious uproar, which afforded great amusement to the crowd: they seemed to be quite familiar with such adventures.

I walked out into the country, and was struck with astonishment at the sight of the ruins scattered all round the neighborhood. They extend for miles in every direction. Walls, arches, columns, remains of temples, theatres and palaces met the eye at every step. Here and there were little gardens among the ruins, where artichokes were growing, but hardly a human being was to be seen. I came at length to the remains of a large theatre, consisting of a semicircle of stone steps, and found a mill stream tumbling down the middle of it. A ragged peasant was lying lazily in the sun among the ruins. I asked him what building it was, but he was totally ignorant of the matter, and could only reply that it was "*cosa antica*"—something ancient. Presently I discovered an enormous excavation in the solid rock, as big as a house, which excited my curiosity very strongly. I could not imagine the use of it, till I luckily met an old Capuchin friar, plodding along in his coarse woollen gown; and learnt from him that this was the famous "*Ear of Dionysius*," where that tyrannical king used to confine such persons as fell under his suspicion. It is a most curious place, hollowed out in the shape of the human ear, and forming a vast cavern: in the top is a little nook or chamber, where the tyrant used to sit and hear what the

prisoners said. The lowest whisper was heard distinctly in this spot; so that the prisoners were sure to betray themselves if they held any conversation together.

While I stood wondering at this strange perversion of human ingenuity, I was startled by the appearance of a grim-looking fellow, who pulled out a pistol as he approached me. My first impulse was to grasp my trusty cudgel, and flourish it at him with a fierce air of defiance, for I took him to be a robber, of course. To my surprise he burst out a laughing, and told me he had come on purpose to show me the wonderful effect of sound in the Ear. He bade me go into the further end of the cavern, while he fired the pistol at the entrance. I did so, and the effect was like the roaring of thunder: I was glad to clap my hands to my ears and run out as fast as I could. I gave the fellow a few cents for his trouble, and told him I had never before got so much noise for so little money.

I continued to ramble about among the ruins, which seemed to have no end. The almond trees were in full bloom, and the orange trees were bowing down under loads of ripe fruit. Flocks of magpies were flitting about, but everything was silent and deserted. Now and then I met a countryman jogging lazily along upon a donkey, or an old woman driving her beast with a load of vine-stalks, which are used in the city to heat ovens. I could not help wondering to see so fine a territory lie utterly neglected; but the indolence of the inhabitants is the cause of all. A very little labor will earn a loaf of bread, and most of them are satisfied with this. The climate is so mild, that ragged clothes occasion no discomfort, and hardly anybody minds going in rags. The soil is so rich as scarcely to require art or industry in the cultivation. The

oranges and the grapes grow with hardly any care, and the husbandman lives a lazy life, with but little to do except to pick the fruit and make the wine.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

(Continued from page 119.)

CHAPTER II.

The West Indies continued.—Discovery of Hayti.—Generosity of the Cacique.—Testimony of Columbus in favor with the Indians.—Character of the natives.—Columbus erects a cross.—Indian belief.—Effect of the Spanish invasion.—The Cacique.

COLUMBUS entered a harbor at the western end of the island of Hayti, on the evening of the 6th of December. He gave to the harbor the name of St. Nicholas, which it bears to this day. The inhabitants were frightened at the approach of the ships, and they all fled to the mountains. It was some time before any of the natives could be found. At last three sailors succeeded in overtaking a young and beautiful female, whom they carried to the ships.

She was treated with the greatest kindness, and dismissed finely clothed, and loaded with presents of beads, hawk's bells, and other pretty baubles. Columbus hoped by this conduct to conciliate the Indians; and he succeeded. The next day, when the Spaniards landed, the natives permitted them to enter their houses, and set before them bread, fish, roots and fruits of various kinds, in the most kind and hospitable manner.

Columbus sailed along the coast, continuing his intercourse with the natives, some of whom had ornaments of gold, which they readily exchanged for the merest trifle of European manufacture.

These poor, simple people little thought that to obtain gold these *Christians* would destroy all the Indians in the islands. No—they believed the Spaniards were more than mortal, and the country from which they came must exist somewhere in the skies.

The generous and kind feelings of the natives were shown to great advantage when Columbus was distressed by the loss of his ship. He was sailing to visit a grand cacique or chieftain named Guacanagari, who resided on the coast to the eastward, when his ship ran aground, and the breakers beating against her, she was entirely wrecked. He immediately sent messengers to inform Guacanagari of this misfortune.

When the cacique heard of the distress of his guest, he was so much afflicted as to shed tears; and never in civilized country were the vaunted rites of hospitality more scrupulously observed than by this uncultivated savage. He assembled his people and sent off all his canoes to the assistance of Columbus, assuring him, at the same time, that everything he possessed was at his service. The effects were landed from the wreck and deposited near the dwelling of the cacique, and a guard set over them, until houses could be prepared, in which they could be stored.

There seemed, however, no disposition among the natives to take advantage of the misfortune of the strangers, or to plunder the treasures thus cast upon their shores, though they must have been inestimable in their eyes. On the contrary, they manifested as deep a concern at the disaster of the Spaniards as if it had happened to themselves, and their only study was, how they could administer relief and consolation.

Columbus was greatly affected by this unexpected goodness. "These people," said he in his journal, "love their neighbors as themselves; their discourse is

ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied by a smile. There is not in the world a better nation or a better land."

When the cacique first met with Columbus, the latter appeared dejected, and the good Indian, much moved, again offered Columbus everything he possessed that could be of service to him. He invited him on shore, where a banquet was prepared for his entertainment, consisting of various kinds of fish and fruit. After the feast, Columbus was conducted to the beautiful groves which surrounded the dwelling of the cacique, where upwards of a thousand of the natives were assembled, all perfectly naked, who performed several of their national games and dances.

Thus did this generous Indian try, by every means in his power, to cheer the melancholy of his guest, showing a warmth of sympathy, a delicacy of attention, and an innate dignity and refinement, which could not have been expected from one in his savage state.

He was treated with great deference by his subjects, and conducted himself towards them with a gracious and princelike majesty.

Three houses were given to the shipwrecked crew for their residence. Here, living on shore, and mingling freely with the natives, they became fascinated by their easy and idle mode of life. They were governed by the caciques with an absolute, but patriarchal and easy rule, and existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity which some philosophers have fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth.

The following is the opinion of old Peter Martyr: "It is certain that the land among these people (the Indians) is as common as the sun and water, and that 'mine and thine,' the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little, that, in so large a country, they have rather

superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in a golden world, without toil, in open gardens, neither entrenched nor shut up by walls or hedges. They deal truly with one another, without laws, or books, or judges."

In fact, these Indians seemed to be perfectly contented; their few fields, cultivated almost without labor, furnished roots and vegetables; their groves were laden with delicious fruit; and the coast and rivers abounded with fish. Softened by the indulgence of nature, a great part of the day was passed by them in indolent repose. In the evening they danced in their fragrant groves to their national

songs, or the rude sound of their silver drums.

Such was the character of the natives of many of the West Indian Islands, when first discovered. Simple and ignorant they were, and indolent also, but then they were kind-hearted, generous, and happy. And their sense of justice, and of the obligations of man to do right, are beautifully set forth in the following story.

It was a custom with Columbus to erect crosses in all remarkable places, to denote the discovery of the country, and its subjugation to the Catholic faith. He once performed this ceremony on



Columbus erecting a Cross.

the banks of a river in Cuba. It was on a Sunday morning. The cacique attended, and also a favorite of his, a venerable Indian, fourscore years of age.

While mass was performed in a stately grove, the natives looked on with awe and reverence. When it was ended, the old man made a speech to Columbus in the Indian manner. "I am told," said he, "that thou hast lately come to these lands with a mighty force, and hast subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people; but be not vain-glorious.

"According to our belief, the souls of men have two journeys to perform after

they have departed from the body: one to a place dismal, foul, and covered with darkness, prepared for such men as have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men; the other full of delight for such as have promoted peace on earth. If then thou art mortal, and dost expect to die, beware that thou hurt no man wrongfully, neither do harm to those who have done no harm to thee."

When this speech was explained to Columbus by his interpreter, he was greatly moved, and rejoiced to hear this doctrine of the future state of the soul, having supposed that no belief of the kind existed among the inhabitants of

these countries. He assured the old man that he had been sent by his sovereigns, to teach them the true religion, to protect them from harm, and to subdue their enemies the Caribs.

Alas! for the simple Indians who believed such professions. Columbus, no doubt, was sincere, but the adventurers who accompanied him, and the tyrants who followed him, cared only for riches for themselves. They ground down the poor, harmless red men beneath a harsh system of labor, obliging them to furnish, month by month, so much gold. This gold was found in fine grains, and it was a severe task to search the mountain pebbles and the sands of the plains for the shining dust.

Then the islands, after they were seized upon by the Christians, were parcelled out among the leaders, and the Indians were compelled to be their slaves. No wonder "deep despair fell upon the natives. Weak and indolent by nature, and brought up in the untasked idleness of their soft climate and their fruitful groves, death itself seemed preferable to a life of toil and anxiety.

"The pleasant life of the island was at an end; the dream in the shade by day; the slumber during the noontide heat by the fountain, or under the spreading palm; and the song, and the dance, and the game in the mellow evening, when summoned to their simple amusements by the rude Indian drum.

"They spoke of the times that were past, before the white men had introduced sorrow, and slavery, and weary labor among them; and their songs were mournful, and their dances slow.

"They had flattered themselves, for a time, that the visit of the strangers would be but temporary, and that, spreading their ample sails, their ships would waft them back to their home in the sky. In their simplicity, they had frequently inquired of the Spaniards when they

intended to return to Turey, or the heavens. But when all such hope was at an end, they became desperate, and resorted to a forlorn and terrible alternative."

They knew the Spaniards depended chiefly on the supplies raised in the islands for a subsistence; and these poor Indians endeavored to produce a famine. For this purpose they destroyed their fields of maize, stripped the trees of their fruit, pulled up the yuca and other roots, and then fled to the mountains.

The Spaniards were reduced to much distress, but were partially relieved by supplies from Spain. To revenge themselves on the Indians, they pursued them to their mountain retreats, hunted them from one dreary fastness to another, like wild beasts, until thousands perished in dens and caverns, of famine and sickness, and the survivors, yielding themselves up in despair, submitted to the yoke of slavery. But they did not long bear the burden of life under their civilized masters. In 1504, only twelve years after the discovery of Hayti, when Columbus visited it, (under the administration of Ovando,) he thus wrote to his sovereigns: "Since I left the island, six parts out of seven of the natives are dead, all through ill-treatment and inhumanity; some by the sword, others by blows and cruel usage, or by hunger."

No wonder these oppressed Indians considered the Christians the incarnation of all evil. Their feelings were often expressed in a manner that must have touched the heart of a real Christian, if there was such a one among their oppressors.

When Velasquez set out to conquer Cuba, he had only three hundred men; and these were thought sufficient to subdue an island above seven hundred miles in length, and filled with inhabitants. From this circumstance we may understand how naturally mild and unwarlike

was the character of the Indians. Indeed, they offered no opposition to the Spaniards, except in one district. Hatney, a cacique who had fled from Hayti, had taken possession of the eastern extremity of Cuba. He stood upon the defensive, and endeavored to drive the Spaniards back to their ships. He was soon defeated and taken prisoner.

Velasquez considered him as a slave who had taken arms against his master, and condemned him to the flames. When Hatney was tied to the stake, a friar came forward, and told him that if he would embrace the Christian faith, he should be immediately, on his death, admitted into heaven.

"Are there any Spaniards," says Hatney, after some pause, "in that region of bliss you describe?"

"Yes," replied the monk, "but only such as are worthy and good."

"The best of them," returned the indignant Indian, "have neither worth nor goodness; I will not go to a place where I may meet with one of that cruel race."

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING WONDERFUL.

The thing to which we refer is a seed. How wonderful that an acorn should contain within it a little plant, capable of growing up into an enormous oak, which will produce other acorns, capable of growing into other oaks, and so on forever! and yet there are seeds not one hundredth part as big as an acorn, which produce trees almost, if not quite, as large as an oak.

Or think of a grain of wheat. It is just as useful for food as if it contained nothing but a little flour mixed with a little bran. In fact, when it is ground there is nothing else to be seen; but beside these it contains a little plant, too small to be made out by common sight.

When one of these grains or seeds is put into moist earth, it begins to suck in water, which softens it and makes it swell. The little plant inside begins to grow, and in a few days a small, delicate root peeps out from one end of the seed. The seed may be lying on its side, or with the root end uppermost; but the little root, whether it comes out at the top or bottom of the seed, immediately turns downward, and grows in that direction.

Soon after, a little white shoot comes out at the other end, which turns upwards, and becomes green as soon as it gets into air and light; and thus we have a little plant.

In the mean time, the seed itself spoils and decays; or, as St. Paul calls it, dies. The flour changes into a kind of gummy sugar, which is sucked up by the young plant as its first nourishment; the husk shrivels and rots, and the plant grows up until it becomes a thousand times as large as the seed. At last it produces many other seeds, just as wonderful as that from which it grew.

In all the works of man, there is nothing like this. A watch is a remarkable invention, and a man would be set down as mad who should think it should be made by chance. But how much more wonderful would a watch be, if it could make other watches like itself! Yet a seed does this; and every corn-field in harvest-time contains millions of seeds, each of which is far more wonderful than the best watch.

The reason is, that men make watches, but God makes seeds. It is true that the skill by which men make watches comes from God, and should be acknowledged as his gift; but the more wonderful power by which a seed is made, he keeps in his own hands, that we may know that we have a Maker and a Master in heaven, and may serve him with reverence and godly fear.

Fanny Gossip and Susan Lazy:

A DIALOGUE.

Susan. Well, Fanny, I was on my way to your house. I thought I never should see your face again. Did you ever know such a long, stupid storm? nothing but rain, rain, rain for three everlasting days!

Fanny. And in vacation-time too! it did seem too bad. If our house had not been on the street, so that I could see something stirring, I believe I should have had the blues.

Susan. And I *did* have the blues outright. I never was so dull in my life, moping about the house. Mother won't let me touch such books as I like to read, and the boys went to school all day, so I had nothing on earth to do but look at the drops of rain racing down the windows, and watch the clouds to see if it was going to clear up. I assure you I fretted from morning till night, and mother got out of all patience with me, and said I was a perfect nuisance in the house; but I am sure it was not my fault.

Fanny. Well! I was a little better off. I sat half the time making fun of all the shabby cloaks and umbrellas that turned out in the rain. There was Mr. Skimmer went by every day with a cotton umbrella; and Mr. Saveals with an old faded silk one, three of the whale-bones started out on one side, as if he wanted to poke people's eyes out, and a great slit to let the rain through:—both of them misers, I know! And there was Miss Goodbody! she goes to see sick poor folks in all weathers, and won't take a carriage, though she can afford it, because she says that would be ridiculous. I wish you had seen her come paddling through the wet! such shoes, and such stockings! I do think it is untidylike. Then, when everything else

failed to amuse me, there were our neighbors opposite to be speculated upon.

Susan. Ah! Laura Busy lives just across the street, I believe?

Fanny. Yes, and there she sat at the window, on purpose to be seen, stitching away, and reading, and setting herself up as a pattern to the whole neighborhood.

Susan. I would not have such a strict mother as she has for all the world. I don't believe she enjoys her vacation at all.

Fanny. I dare say it is her mother that keeps her at it so close. I should think she was bringing her up to be a seamstress; and yet, considering that everybody knows Mr. Busy is not rich, they dress Laura extravagantly. Did you see that beautiful French calico she wore on examination day?

Susan. Yes, I saw it across the room, and thought I would go over and look at it, but I couldn't take the trouble.

Fanny. Why, how you do gape, Susan!

Susan. I know it; mother says I have a terrible trick of gaping. But I do get so tired.

Fanny. Tired of what?

Susan. I don't know; I am tired of the vacation, I believe: and before the term was over I was wishing so for it! I was tired to death of school, and dare say I shall be so again in a fortnight.

Fanny. Here comes Laura, glad enough to get away from mamma's work-basket. Just see how fast she walks;—ah ha! she is going to the circulating library; look at that novel under her arm.

Susan. I shall tell my mother of that; she thinks everything right that the Busy family do.

(Enter Laura.)

Fanny. Well, Laura, poor thing! you are so glad to get out of the house that I suppose you are running away from it as fast as you can.

Laura. I am not quite running, I believe, but you know I always walk fast.

Susan. I can't think why, I am sure.

Laura. It saves a deal of time, and the exercise does me more good than if I were to go sauntering along.

Susan. Saves time? and in the vacation too? why, of what consequence is time now, when you have no school-hours to mind?

Laura. Because if I don't take care I shall not get through what I have planned. Only think how fast the vacation is going! Next Monday school begins.

Fanny. So the studious Miss Laura Busy is sorry the vacation is almost over. I thought you told the master, when school broke up, that you wished there was no vacation.

Laura. I did wish so then, for I thought vacation would be a dull time.

Susan. I am sure it has been horrid dull to me, and I should think it must have been worse yet for you.

Laura. Why?

Susan. Because your mother keeps you at work all the time.

Laura. Indeed she does not. She sent me out to walk this very afternoon, and she always makes me put my work away at just such hours, for fear I should sit too close at my needle.

Susan. Mercy! do you love to sew? oh, I suppose you are learning fancy work: well, I don't know but I might like that for a little while.

Laura. No, mother says I must not learn fancy work till I can do plain sewing extremely well. I was thinking how I should manage to pass the vacation, and I took it into my head that I would try to make a shirt by a particular time, and that is Saturday, my birthday. I shall be twelve years old next Saturday, and then I shall present my father with a shirt of my own making.

Susan. Did you do all the fine stitching yourself?

Laura. To be sure.

Susan. I am sure I would not make myself such a slave.

Laura. There is no slavery about it; it was my own pleasure; and you cannot think how fast it has made the time go. I set myself a task every day, and then, you see, trying to get just so much done by twelve o'clock; made me feel so interested!

Fanny. And the rest of the time you have been reading novels, I see.

Laura. No, indeed; I never read one in my life. Did you think this library-book was a novel?

Fanny. Let me see it; "Astoria;" is not that the name of some heroine? let me look at it a little. (*Turning over the leaves.*)

Laura. You can't think how interesting it is. It gives an account of a place away on the western coast of North America; and of all that the people suffered to get there; and about the very wildest Indians, and the trappers, and the Rocky Mountains; and here is a map, you see, Susan.

Susan. Oh, well! it is a sort of geography-book, I suppose.

Laura. Such books will make your geography pleasanter than ever, I am sure; do read it.

Susan. Not I; I have hardly touched a book or a needle this vacation, and I have no idea of it. These long summer days are tedious enough without that.

Laura. But I do believe they would be pleasanter if you were only occupied about something or other.

Fanny. And so, Laura, you have really spent this whole vacation without a bit of amusement? I must say I think there is a little affectation in that.

Laura. Oh no, indeed! I do not like to sit still from morning till night any

better than you do; and mother would not let me if I did. I have taken a long, brisk walk every day.

Fanny. What, alone? I hate walking alone.

Laura. Not alone, very often; sister Helen sometimes walks over the bridge into the country with me, and we get wild flowers, and she explains all about them; that we call going botanizing, and it makes the walks much more pleasant. It really made me stare when she pulled a common head of clover to pieces and showed me how curiously it is made up of ever so many florets, as she calls them; and even the dandelion is very queer.

Susan. And did you go botanizing in the rain too?

Laura. No; of course we could not stir out then.

Susan. Then I rather think you found the last three days as dull as any of us.

Fanny. Not she, Susan. No doubt it was very pleasant to sit perched up at the window all day, for the passers to admire her industry.

Laura. O, Fanny, how can you be so uncharitable! if you had not been at the window so much yourself you would not have seen me.

Fanny. But I was not making a display of myself, with a book or a needle forever in my hand.

Laura. No, Fanny; if you had been occupied, however, you would not have been making such unkind remarks about your neighbors, would you? Did you not observe that my mother sat at the window with me? The reason was, we cannot see to work in any other part of the room when it is cloudy. You know our little breakfast-room has only one window.

Susan. So for the last three days you have been reading and poking your needle in and out from morning till

night? Well! it would be the death of me. (*Gaping.*)

Laura. Why no; I tell you I do not like sitting still forever, any more than you do; I like to use my feet every day as well as my hands, and I presume they expect it. Too much stitching gives me a stitch in my side; so when rainy weather came I played battledoor and shuttlecock with father when he came home to dinner, and one day we kept it up to five hundred and two. Then before tea I used to skip rope along the upper entry sometimes; and then there was something else—but I suppose Fanny will tell all the girls in school and make them laugh at me; but I really enjoyed it best of anything.

Fanny. What was it? tell us, do. I hate secrets.

Laura. You like to find them out, I am sure; but it is no mighty secret, after all; and I don't know why I need be ashamed to tell, for my father and mother made no objection. I went up into the nursery every evening before the little ones went to bed, and played blind man's buff with them.

Fanny. And could you take any pleasure in it?

Laura. To be sure.

Fanny. Then I must say I had no idea you were such a baby. Mr. Teachall's best scholar playing romping games with little children! I am six months younger than you, Laura, but I hold myself rather too much of a woman for blind man's buff! I gave that up three years ago!

Laura. Well! it seemed to make the children enjoy their fun all the better, and I am sure it did me a deal of good, and did nobody any harm; so I am content to be called a baby.

Susan. I don't see how you could take the trouble; it tires me just to think of going racing about the room at

that rate. I should as soon think of sitting down to study French for amusement.

Fanny. I wonder you did not do that too, Miss Busy. I declare she looks as if she had! Who would have thought of that?

Laura. I see no harm. You know how terrible hard those last lessons were before the term ended, and I was afraid I should forget them; so I have been reviewing the last thirty pages with sister Helen, to keep what I had got, as she says, and make the next come easier.

Susan. A pretty vacation, to be sure! How upon earth did you find time for it all?

Laura. Why, I don't know. There are no more hours in my day than there are in yours, Susan. But good-by, girls; I am going to see if aunt Kindly has come to town again.

Fanny. Stop a minute, Laura; I am going shopping, and I want to know where your mother bought that lovely French cambric. I mean to tease my mother for one just like it.

Laura. Mother did not buy it; she would not think of getting me anything so expensive. Aunt Kindly sent it to me.

Fanny. Oh ho! a present, was it? I never thought of that. I wonder what put it into her head.

Laura. I believe she was pleased because, when mother was fitting out two poor boys to go to sea, I did some plain sewing for them. Your mother helped too, Susan.

Susan. Why, that was before the vacation, and you never missed school a single day: how *could* you find time then?

Laura. I used to go at it before breakfast, and at every odd moment; sometimes I could sew quarter of an hour while I was waiting for something

or somebody, and even that helped on the work. I think that is a great advantage we girls have over boys. Mother says the needle darns up idle minutes, that are like holes in our time. Good-by; you creep so like snails, I should think you would fall asleep. (*Exit.*)

Susan. Well, Laura always looks so lively! but I would not lead such a life for anything.

Fanny. I begin to think I would, Susan! she really makes me ashamed of myself; and I should think you would be so too, when you know your mother is always grieving at your laziness. I have heard her tell my mother twenty times that your indolence makes your life a burden to you, and that she is mortified when she thinks what kind of woman you will make.

Susan. It is better to be idle than to be always talking about people, Fanny! (*Pouting.*)

Fanny. You are incurable, I do believe; but I am not, and I am going home this minute to find some work, and mind my own affairs.

Susan. Why, I thought we were going shopping!

Fanny. But I am not in want of anything; I was only going to kill time and pick up some news. I will try the experiment, at any rate; I will lead Laura's life a couple of days and see how I like it. I really think the time will not hang so heavy on my hands, and my tongue will not get me into so many difficulties. Good-by, Susan.

Susan. Good-by. Oh dear! I wonder what I shall do with myself now!

"In this country," says an English editor, "it is considered the height of folly for a man to get drunk and lie across a railroad with the idea of obtaining repose." The same opinion obtains to a considerable extent in America.

Antiquities of Egypt.

EGYPT is situated in the northeastern part of Africa, and very near to Asia. The descendants of Noah first settled in the valley of the river Euphrates, and thence they spread over the land in all directions. Egypt is about five hundred miles westward of this valley, and being a very fruitful country, was speedily filled with inhabitants. These soon began to build cities, and in the space of a few centuries after the flood, Egypt was the seat of a great and powerful empire. The people increased with astonishing rapidity; a knowledge of various arts was diffused among them, schools of learning were established, men of profound science flourished, and the kings and princes built vast cities, made artificial lakes, constructed canals, caused vast chambers as depositories of the dead to be cut out of the solid rock, raised mighty pyramids which still defy the tooth of time, and carried on other great and mighty works.

Thus it was that while America was unknown; while nearly all Africa, nearly all Europe, and more than half of Asia, were uninhabited, except by wild beasts; and while most of the people and nations on the globe were rude and uncivilized, the empire of Egypt contained many millions of people who were far advanced in civilization. Thus at the earliest period Egypt took the lead in knowledge and science, and therefore it is called the cradle of learning. Here it was that Homer and other celebrated Greek scholars, almost 3000 years ago, went to school, as young men go to Cambridge and New Haven to acquire learning now-a-days. Here it was that Moses, almost 3400 years ago, was educated, by direction of Pharaoh's daughter, in a very superior manner, thus qualifying him, with the aid of Divine Providence, for the wonderful task of

leading the Jewish nation for forty years through the wilderness of Arabia.

The history of the Jewish nation, as told in the Bible, gives us a good deal of information about Egypt in those early days, for the Jews were held in bondage there, and after they escaped, they settled in Palestine, a distance of only about 250 miles from Egypt. There was much intercourse therefore between the two nations, and the history of one naturally runs into that of the other.

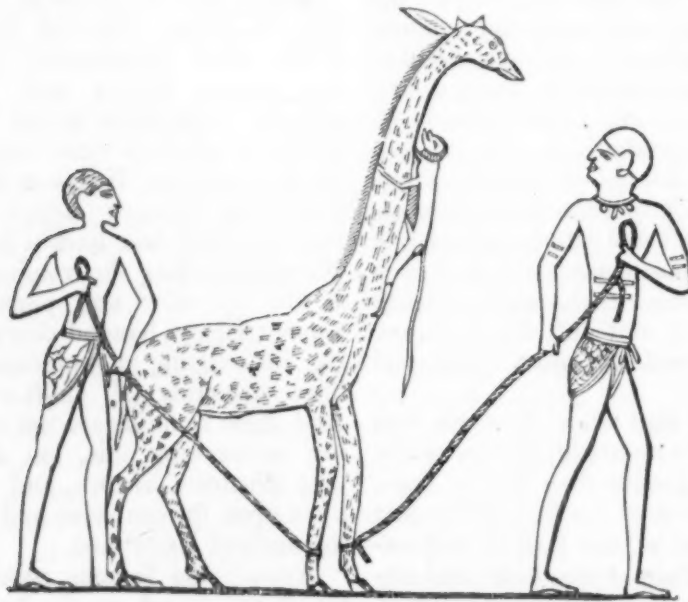
But besides this knowledge of the history of Egypt afforded by the Bible, much other information is given by the ancient Greek and Roman historians; in addition to all this, the remains of ancient cities scattered along the banks of the Nile,—a famous river that runs through Egypt,—assure us that the half has hardly been told us. Notwithstanding the wonderful accounts of the splendor and populousness of ancient Egypt, handed down by antiquity, the existing monuments prove that these accounts fall short of the truth. And these remains are not only interesting as proving this, but also because they illustrate history, and throw much light upon the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians.

Among the famous ruins of Luxor, which are found on the borders of the Nile, and which excite the wonder of every beholder by their splendor and magnificence, are the ornaments of buildings, which consist of carvings in marble, portraying various scenes, some relating to history and some to domestic life. Many of these sculptures exhibit men fighting, and therefore show how they carried on war 3500 years ago; there are carvings of men hunting, which show how they pursued the chase in those times. There are representations which show what kind of carts and carriages the people had; how they harnessed their horses and cattle; what

kind of weapons they used in war; and many other things are shown by these remains of antiquity.

But recent discoveries have developed still more curious and interesting things. Vast chambers or rooms have been discovered, cut in the rock beneath the ground, where it seems the people used to live. On the walls of these chambers are paintings, which still preserve their colors and outlines so perfectly as to be easily understood. Here the traveller is able

to study the manners and customs of ancient Egypt: here he finds pictures telling how the people dressed; how they cooked their food; what sort of furniture they had; how they amused themselves; in short, how they lived, in almost every respect. And what is curious to remark is this,—that many articles which have been invented in modern times, appear to have been in use among these Egyptians at least three thousand years ago. This sub-



The Giraffe brought as tribute to Pharaoh.

ject is full of interest, for by the monuments and paintings of Egypt we have, as it were, discovered a wonderful book, that tells us a story which has been more than half hidden for about thirty centuries.

But there is no aspect in which these modern discoveries seem so interesting, as in regard to the light they throw upon numerous passages in the Bible. I will mention a few instances; the following is one. Among the animals mentioned as illustrative of the wisdom and power of Providence is one called in Hebrew the

Reem, a word which literally signifies "*the tall animal*." It is thus described in scripture: "Will the reem be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? Canst thou bind the reem with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him? Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed and gather it into thy barn?" (Job xxxix. 9—12.) Our translators have rendered the word reem, *unicorn*, which is absurd. Some com-

mentators assert that it is the rhinoceros, or the buffalo, because the cognate Arabic word is sometimes applied to a species of gazelle, and the Arabs frequently speak of oxen and stags as one species. But neither the rhinoceros nor the buffalo can be called a tall animal, and the analogy between them and any species of gazelle with which we are acquainted, would be very difficult to demonstrate. But we find upon the monuments an animal fulfilling all the conditions of the description, and that is the giraffe, which is represented several times among the articles of tribute brought to the Pharaohs from the interior of Africa. The preceding sketch represents one of these carvings.

A most interesting proof of the accuracy and fidelity of the Bible narration is furnished by the following considerations. The artists of Egypt, in the specimens which they have left behind, delineated minutely every circumstance connected with their national habits and observances from the cradle to the grave; representing with equal fidelity the usages of the palace and the cottage,—the king surrounded by the pomp of state, and the peasant employed in the humblest labors of the field. In the very first mention of Egypt, we shall find the scriptural narrative singularly illustrated and confirmed by the monuments.

"And there was a famine in the land (of Canaan,) and Abram went down to Egypt to sojourn there, for the famine was grievous in the land. And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarai his wife, Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon; therefore it shall come to pass when the Egyptians shall see thee, that they shall say, This is his wife; and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive. Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake; and my soul shall

live because of thee. And it came to pass, that when Abram was come into Egypt, the Egyptians beheld the woman that she was very fair. The princes also of Pharaoh's house saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh, and the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house." (Gen. xii. 10—15.)

Now let it be remembered that at present the custom for the Egyptian women, as well as those of other eastern



countries, is to veil their faces somewhat in the manner here represented. Why

then should Abram have been so anxious because the princes of Pharaoh's house saw his wife Sarai? How indeed could they see her face, and discover that she was handsome, if she had been veiled according to the custom of the country now? The question is answered by the monuments, for here is a representation of the manner in which a woman was dressed in Egypt in ancient times.



It seems therefore that they exposed their faces; and thus the scripture story is shown to be agreeable to the manners and customs of the country at the date to which the story refers. It is impossible to bring a more striking and conclusive proof of the antiquity and minute accuracy of the Bible record than this.

The period at which the custom of veiling the faces of women was introduced into Egypt, was probably about 500 years before Christ, when Cambyses, king of Persia, conquered that country. It was but natural that the conquered country should adopt the fashions of the conquering one, particularly as at this period Persia was an empire of great wealth and power, and likely not only

to give laws in respect to government, but in respect to manners also. The probability, therefore, that the Bible record was made previous to this event, even had we not other testimony, is very strong, from the fact that it relates, in the story of Abraham and his wife, a tale which implies a fashion which probably never existed in Egypt after the conquests of Cambyses. How wonderful it is, that these mute monuments, after slumbering in silence for ages, should now be able to add their indubitable testimony to the truth of that book, which we hold to be the Word of God!

A Drunkard's Home.

It was a clear morning in April. The ground, bushes, and fences sparkled with their frosty covering. The bare hills and leafless trees looked as if they could not long remain bare and leafless beneath a sky so bright. A robin here and there ventured a short and sweet note, and earth and sky seemed to rejoice in the scene. The path that led to the village school was trod by happy children, whose glowing cheeks and merry voices testified that they partook of the general gladness.

In the same path, at a distance from a group of neatly-dressed and smiling children, was a little girl, whose pale, soiled face, tattered dress, and bare feet, bespoke her the child of poverty and vice. She looked upon the laughing band before her with a wistful countenance, and hiding behind her shawl the small tin pail she carried, lingered by the fence till the children were out of sight, and then, turning into another road, proceeded to perform her usual errand to a grocery called the Yellow Shop. The bright, calm morning had no charm for her. Her little heart felt none of the

lightness and gayety the hearts of children feel when nature is beautiful around them. She could not laugh as they laughed; and as the sound of their merry voices seemed still to linger on her ear, she wondered that she could not be as happy as they.

And then she thought of the dreariness and poverty of her home, of the cruelty of her father, of the neglect and unkindness of her mother, of the misery of the long, cold winter through which she had just passed, of the hunger which her little brothers and herself often felt; she thought of the neat appearance of the children she had just seen, and then looked upon her own dress, torn and dirty as it was, till the tears filled her eyes, and her heart became sadder than ever.

Mary, for that was the name of the girl, possessed a degree of intelligence above what her years seemed to warrant; she knew what made those happy children so different from herself. She well knew that they would spend that day in school, learning something useful, while she would spend it in idleness at home, or in trying to quiet the hungry baby, and please the other children, while her mother was picking cranberries in the meadow. Mary knew she was that very morning to carry home something that would make her mother cross and wholly unmindful of her destitute children.

When she had reached the spirit shop, its keeper was not there, but his son, a bright, intelligent boy of thirteen, stood behind the counter, playing with his little sister. Mary asked for the rum with a faltering voice, and as she offered the jug, our young tradesman, looking upon her with mingled contempt and pity, said, "What does your mother drink rum for?" Mary felt ashamed, and looked so sad that the boy was sorry for what he had said. He gave

her the liquor, and tied up the scanty allowance of meal; and Mary, with a heavy heart and hasty step, proceeded upon her way.

When she reached her dwelling—and who needs a description of a drunkard's dwelling?—her mother met her at the door, and hastily snatching the jug from her hand, drank off its burning contents. She then took the meal to prepare breakfast, and Mary was sent to gather some sticks to kindle the flame. The dough was then placed before the smoky, scanty fire, and the impatient children hovered round to watch its progress. Long, however, before it was sufficiently baked, they snatched it piece by piece away, till nothing but the empty tin remained.

The little boys, with their hunger scarcely satisfied, then left the house, to loiter, as usual, in the streets, while Mary, as she saw her mother become every moment more incapable of attending to the wants of her infant, took the poor little creature in her arms, and in trying to soothe its sufferings half forgot her own. She had just succeeded in lulling the baby, when her father entered. He had been in the meadow, picking the cranberries which had been preserved during the winter under the snow, and which could now be sold for a few cents a quart. Though once a strong and active man, so degraded had he become, that few persons were willing to employ him, and he resorted to picking cranberries as the only means left him of obtaining what his appetite so imperiously demanded.

On entering the room, and seeing the state his wife was in, he uttered a loud curse, and at the same time bade Mary leave the crying child and put on her bonnet, and hasten to the village to sell the cranberries, and call at the Yellow Shop on her return.

Mary put on her bonnet, and with a

trembling heart commenced her walk. On her way, she met her brothers, and stopped to tell them that, as their father was then at home, they had better keep away from the house till her return. She then called from door to door; but at every place her timid inquiry, "Do you want any cranberries here?" met the same chilling answer, "No."

At length, wearied out, and fearful that she could not dispose of them at all, she sat down by the road-side and wept bitterly. But the sun had long past his meridian, and was gradually lowering in the western sky. She *must* go home, and what would her father say if she returned with the cranberries unsold? This she could not do; and she determined to try to exchange them at the shop for the spirit her father wanted.

After waiting some time at the counter, till the wants of several wretched beings were supplied, she told her errand, and after much hesitation on the part of the shop-keeper, and much entreaty on her own, the cranberries were exchanged for rum. Mary then rapidly retraced her steps homeward, and with a beating heart entered the cottage.

Her father was not there, but her mother was, and upon inquiring where Mary had been, insisted on having the spirit. Mary refused as long as she dared, for she knew how terrible the anger of her father would be, if he found the quantity of rum diminished. But the mother, regardless of everything but the gratification of her appetite, seized the jug and drank a large part of its contents.

It was scarcely swallowed before her husband entered; and, enraged at seeing the spirit so much lessened, he reproached Mary first, and then his wife, in the most bitter terms. The provoking replies of the latter excited his rage almost beyond control; and Mary, fearing for the safety of herself and her

brothers, crept with them into an empty closet, where, with their arms round each other, they remained, almost breathless with alarm, trembling at their father's loud threats and their mother's fearful screams.

At length the discord was hushed, and all was silent except the low groans of the suffering wife, and the cries of the helpless babe. The children then crept from their hiding-place to seek for some food, before they laid themselves down upon their wretched bed to forget their fears for a while in sleep. But in vain did they look for a crust of bread or a cold potato. Mary could find nothing but the remainder of the meal she had procured in the morning, but it was too late to attempt baking another cake. The fire was all out upon the hearth, and it was too dark to go in search of wood. So the hungry children, with their wants unsupplied, were obliged to lay themselves down to sleep.

In the village in which Mary's parents lived, the wretched condition of the family had often attracted attention; but the case of the parents seemed so hopeless, that little exertion was made to persuade them to abandon their ruinous habits, till Mr. Hall, an energetic agent of the temperance cause, visited the place. The husband and wife were then induced to attend the temperance meeting and listen to his address. Whispers and significant looks passed between the acquaintances when Thomas and his wife entered the church, and scarcely one among the number thought they could be at all benefited by what they might hear. But they did not see Thomas' heart, or know what a wretched being he felt himself to be. Through necessity, neither he nor his wife had now tasted spirit for several days, as their means of obtaining it had failed. The cranberries were all gathered from

the meadow, and persons of their character could not obtain employment. Thus situated, Thomas knew he must take a different course, or himself and family would be sent to the work-house. It was on account of these circumstances that he this evening consented with his wife to attend the meeting.

When the speaker commenced, Thomas, feeling himself uneasy, wished himself away. But by degrees he became more and more interested, until his eye fixed upon the speaker, and the tear, rolling down his bloated face, proved the depth of his feeling. He heard his own case so well described, the remedy so plainly pointed out, so affectionately urged, that new light seemed to break upon his mind, and he inwardly exclaimed, "*I can* do it—I *will* do it, if I die in the attempt;" and at the close of the service, going boldly up to a group of temperance men, he requested that his name and the name of his wife might be added to the temperance list. A murmur of approbation followed his request, and hand after hand was presented for a shake of congratulation. Nancy pulled her husband's coat as she heard her name mentioned, and said, faintly, "Not mine, not mine, Thomas." But the words were unheard or disregarded, and he bent steadily over the shoulder of the secretary, till he actually saw the names of Thomas and Nancy Millman among the names of those who pledged themselves to abstain from all use of ardent spirits.

As he turned to leave the church, William Stevens, a sober, industrious man, a friend of Thomas in his better days, but who had long abandoned the society of a drunkard, took him by the hand, and after expressing his satisfaction at the course he had pursued, invited him to call at his house on his way home. After some hesitation, Thomas and Nancy consented; the latter being ex-

ceedingly pleased at being invited again to call on Hannah Stevens.

As William opened the door, Hannah rose from her seat by the cradle, and glanced first at her husband, and then at his companions, with a look of astonishment and inquiry, which yielded, however, to one of kind welcome and glad surprise, when her husband said "I have brought you some friends, Hannah." "Yes," said Thomas, "and may we henceforth merit the title." Nancy hung down her head, as if ashamed of the thoughts that were passing through her mind. Hannah, noticing her appearance, feared she did not sympathize much in her husband's feelings. "I must encourage the poor woman," thought she, "or her husband will be undone. If Nancy does not encourage him by her example, all will be lost."

The company then seated themselves round the cheerful fire, and while Thomas and William were engaged in conversation, Hannah threw aside the quilt to let Nancy see the baby. It was just the age of her own, but oh! how different. The rosy, healthy little creature before her, in its clean nightgown, sleeping so soundly, recalled to her mind her own pale, sickly, neglected child at home, in its ragged, dirty dress, so seldom changed, and tears started into her eyes at the recollection. Hannah saw the effect produced upon her feelings, and wishing to increase it still more, asked her to walk into her bed-room to see her other children. Hannah was a kind, careful mother, and knowing the strength of a mother's love, she wished to make use of this strong principle to recall the wretched wanderer before her to a sense of duty.

Nor was she disappointed at the success of her experiment. Nancy was evidently affected at a view of the neat, comfortable appearance of her neighbor's house, and Hannah seized this op-

portunity to point out to her her dreadful neglect of duty. It was a kind, but a faithful reproof, calculated to awaken in her bosom every feeling of a mother that yet remained. Nancy did not leave the room until she had promised, by her own example, to encourage her husband to return to the uniform practice of sobriety. Thomas and his wife then took leave of their kind neighbors.

We will leave this happy fireside, and accompany Thomas and Nancy to their desolate home. As they approached the house, the faint cries of the neglected baby first struck the parents' ears. Poor Mary was endeavoring, as usual, to quiet the little sufferer. There was no fire upon the hearth, and no light upon the table, but the moonbeams through the changing clouds were sufficient to reveal the gloom and wretchedness of the drunkards' home. Thomas and Nancy could not but perceive the contrast between the home they had just left and their own. It was a contrast most sad and humiliating.

Early the next morning, the first person the family saw coming down the lane was little William Stevens. He had in his hand a basket of potatoes, which his father had sent to Thomas Millman, with a request that he would call at his work-shop after he had eaten his breakfast. This unexpected present gave much joy to this destitute family, and Mary, with her little brothers, will not soon forget how acceptable were their roast potatoes that morning, though eaten without butter or salt.

Thomas called, as he was requested, at William Stevens' work-shop, and found there a job which would employ him for a day or two. It was joyfully and speedily undertaken, and after an industrious day's work, he received, at the close, a part of his wages to lay out in food for his family. Thomas had little to struggle with this day, and on

the whole, it passed by easily and pleasantly. Not so with poor Nancy. Having less to employ her mind than her husband, she was sorely tempted, more than once, to send Mary to the Yellow Shop to exchange what remained of her kind neighbor's gift for rum. But the thought of Hannah's kindness, and her own promise, so solemnly made, restrained her.

At last, the day wore by, and it was time for Thomas to return. As soon as the children saw him enter the lane, they ran, as was their custom, to their hiding-place; for, knowing nothing of what had recently transpired, they expected to find him intoxicated, as usual.

"Can that be father?" whispered they to each other as they heard a steady step and a calm voice. The youngest boy peeped out his head to see.

"Come here, my poor boy," said Thomas, kindly; "you needn't be afraid; I am not drunk." "Oh, he isn't drunk! he isn't drunk!" said Jemmy, clapping his hands in great joy; "come out, children, father won't hurt us." Half faithless, half believing, the children left their hiding-place and came around their father.

"Mother hasn't sent you for any rum to-day, has she, Mary?" "No, father; I hope I shall never go to that shop again." "You never shall, to buy rum, Mary, I promise you. Do you believe me?" Mary looked as if she did not quite believe, but she said nothing.

* * * * *

A year has passed by since the period when our history commenced. It is a fine morning in April, as it then was. The children of the village are pursuing their way to school as pleasantly as they then were. But where is the little girl, with soiled face, tattered dress, and bare feet, that then attracted our attention? Look for one of the happiest girls among that gay, laughing group, and you will

find her. Her dirty, tattered garments are exchanged for neat and comely ones; her bare feet are covered with tidy shoes and stockings, and in her hand she carries, not a tin pail, but a basket containing her school-books and work. The scenes through which this day will carry her will be very different from those through which she passed a year ago.

A great and blessed change has indeed come over this once wretched family. They have left the miserable habitation which was once theirs, and are now living upon a small but excellent farm, whose owner is not afraid to rent it to so sober and industrious people as Thomas and Nancy have become. Within the year, Thomas has been able

to purchase comfortable clothing for his family, decent furniture for his house, and has besides partly paid for two yokes of oxen and four cows.

Look at Thomas at work in his field, and managing his little farm, thriving at home and respected abroad, and say what would tempt him to come again under the influence of his former ruinous habits? Look at Nancy, too, superintending her dairy and supplying the wants of her family—does she wish for a return of those days when she was the intemperate mother of hungry, neglected children? But are there not hundreds of mothers who *are* at this time what she once *was*? and can they not, will they not, be induced to become what she *now* is?



The Boastful Ass.

I CAN hardly tell the reason, but the fact seems to be, that the ass, an honest and somewhat stupid animal, seems to have given rise to more fables than any other beast, except the fox. I have already told some fables in which this long-eared personage is made to utter a great many wise things. I am now

going to tell another fable, in which the creature is represented as talking rather foolishly.

A man was once going along the road with an ass, whom he treated somewhat roughly, upon which the beast first whisked his long tail, and then groaned, and finally spoke outright. "It seems

to me, sir," said the honest creature, "that you use me very ill, particularly as I belong to a race of great antiquity, and one that has been honored above all four-footed beasts!"

"Why, how's that?" said the man.

"How's that? indeed!" said the ass. "If you had read the Bible as much as you should, you would remember that it was one of my ancestors which conversed with a prophet, and stood in the presence of an angel on a certain occasion. This is an honor which belongs exclusively to the ass family, of which I am one, and therefore it seems meet that you should treat me with proper respect."

"Well done!" said the countryman; "well done! poor brute. This is ever the way. It seems to be with asses as with men: when one has no merit of his own, he always boasts the dignity of his family, or the virtues of his ancestors. For my part, I know of nothing that sinks a beast or a man lower, than to see him attempt to cover up his own vices, or weakness, or folly, by showing off the dignity of his pedigree, or the respectability of his connections." Then, giving the ass a somewhat contemptuous kick, the man passed on.

TRAVELLING BEEHIVES.—In Switzerland, the traveller often sees a man trudging up the mountains with a hive of bees on his back. The people move the bees, because they know how good change of place is for them. This, too, is done almost everywhere in Scotland. In France, they put their hives into a boat; some hundreds together, which floats down the stream by night, and stops by day. The bees go out in the morning, return in the evening, and when they are all at home, and quiet, the boat floats on.

Architecture of Birds.

THERE is no topic in Natural History more curious than the architecture of birds. In the building of nests many species are exceedingly ingenious. The humming-bird constructs its nest of the



Humming-Bird's Nest.

finest silky down, or of cotton, or of the fibres of the flag-top that the boys call cat-tail, or of some other similar material. Within, it is lined in the most delicate manner with downy substances. The outside is covered with moss, usually of the color of the bough or twig to which the nest is attached, and giving it simply the appearance of an excrescence. The delicacy and ingenuity of workmanship in this case, as well as the skill displayed in the whole management of the affair, could hardly be excelled by human art.

There are several species of warblers which are very skilful in the formation of their nests, but we do not recollect to have met with anything more remarkable in this way than the nest of a species of grosbeak found in one of the Asiatic islands.



Nest of the Grosbeak.

It is shaped somewhat like an inverted bottle, with a long neck, through which the bird passes up to the snug and downy little chamber above. The nest consists of soft vegetable substances, basketed and sewed together in a very wonderful manner. But the strangest

part of the story is to come—the whole is suspended on the leaf of a plant! How the bird could have built the nest in this position, it is not easy to say, but we have many evidences that instinct makes that easy to birds, which is difficult to the industry and ingenuity of mankind.

THE SECRET.—“Mother,” said a girl of ten years of age, “I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning.” “Why, my dear?” “Because it must be to see some one you love very much.” “And what leads you to think so?” “Because I have always noticed that when you come back you appear to be more happy than usual.” “Well, suppose I do go to see a friend I love very much, and that after seeing him, and conversing with him, I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything

about it?” “Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also.”

“Well, my child, when I leave you in the morning and the evening, it is to commune with my Saviour. I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him—and above all I ask him to have mercy on you, and save you from the misery of those who sin against him.” “Oh, that is the secret,” said the child; “then I must go with you.”

THE LOGUE FAMILY.—The crier of a country court was upon a certain occasion required to go to the court-house door, and, as is usual in the absence of a witness, call out for Philip Logue, one of the sons of Erin, who was summoned in a case then pending. The man of the baton accordingly, stepping to the door, sung out at the top of his voice, "Philip Logue!" A wag of a lawyer happening to be passing the door at the time, whispered in his ear, "Epilogue, also." "Epi Logue!" sung out the crier. "Decalogue," said the lawyer in an under tone. "Dekky Logue!" again sung out the crier at the top of his

voice. "Apologue," whispered the lawyer. "Appy Logue!" reiterated the crier, at the same time expostulating with the lawyer—"You certainly want the whole family of the Logues!" "Prologue," said the persevering lawyer. "Pro Logue!" rung through the halls of the court-house, from the stentorian lungs of the public crier, attracting the attention of everybody, and shocking the dignitaries on the bench themselves, who, not understanding the cause of his vociferousness, despatched the sheriff, with all haste, to stop the constable from further summoning the family of the Logues.

HYMN.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

When morning pours its gold - en rays, O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea,

My heart un - bid - den swells in praise, Fa-ther of light and life, to Thee!

When night, from heaven, steals darkly down,
And throws its robe o'er lawn and lea,
My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in worship still to Thee!

If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joy or sorrow brim the eye—
Father in Heaven, I turn to Thee!



My own Life and Adventures.

(Continued from page 133.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Youth a happy period.—My young days.—A summer morning.—A day's adventures.

It is a common remark that youth is the happiest portion of life, but, like many other wise and deep sayings, it passes by us unheeded, till, at some late period in the great journey, we look back upon our track, and, by a comparison of the past with the present, are forced to feel and confess the truth, which we have before doubted. Mankind are ever tempted to think that there is something better before them; if they are not happy yet, they still indulge bright expectations. They are reluctant, even when advanced in years, to believe that the noon of life's joys is past; that the chill of evening is already mingling in every breeze that feeds the breath; that there is no returning morn to them;

that the course of the sun is now only downward; and that sunset is the final close of that day that has dawned upon them, and lighted up a world full of hopes, and wishes, and anticipations. It is not till the shadows, dark and defined, are creeping around us, and forcing us to deal honestly with ourselves, that we admit the truth—that life is made up of a series of illusions; that we are constantly pursuing bubbles, which seem bright at a distance and allure us on to the chase, but which fly from our pursuit, or, if reached, burst in the hand that grasps them. It is not till we are already at the landing and about to step into the bark that is to bear us from the shore, that we come to the conclusion that human life is a chase, in which the game is nothing, and the pursuit everything; and that the brightest and best portion of this chase is found in the spring

morning, when the faculties are fresh, the fancy pure, and all nature robed in dew, and chiming with the music of birds, and bees, and waterfalls.

It is something to have enjoyed life, even if that enjoyment may not come again, for memory can revive the past, and at least bring back its echoes. It is a pleasure to me, now that I am crippled and gray—a sort of hulk driven a-wreck upon the shore, and if incapable of further adventures upon the main, at least inaccessible to the surges that rise and rave upon its bosom—to look out to sea—to mark the sails that still glide over its surface—and, above all, to busy my fancy with the incidents of my own voyage upon the great ocean of life.

I love particularly to go back to that period at which my last chapter closed. I was then full of health, animation, and hope. As yet, my life was tarnished with no other vices or follies than those that belong to an ungoverned and passionate boy. My health was perfect. I can hardly describe the elation of my heart of a spring morning. Everything gave me delight. The adjacent mountains, robed in mist, or wreathed with clouds, seemed like the regions of the blest. The landscape around, tame and commonplace as it might be, was superior to the pictures of any artist that ever laid his colors upon canvass, to my vision. Every sound was music. The idle but joyous gabble of the geese at the brook—the far-off cawing of the crows that skimmed the slopes of the mountains—the multitudinous notes of jays, robins, and blackbirds in the orchard—the lowing of cattle—the cackle of the fowls in the barnyard—the gobble of the ostentatious turkey—were all melody to me. No burst of harmony from an Italian orchestra, even though Rossini composed and Paganini performed, ever touched the heart as those humble melodies of morn, in the little village of Salem, touched

mine at the age of fifteen. At such times my bosom actually overflowed with joy. I would sometimes shout aloud from mere pleasure; and then I would run for no other object than the excitement of the race. At such times it seemed almost that I could fly. There was an elasticity in my limbs like that of a mountain deer. So exuberant was this buoyant feeling, that in my dreams, which were then always blissful, I often dreamed of setting out to run, and after a brief space of stepping upward into the air, where I floated like some feather upon the breeze.

At evening, I used again to experience the same joyous gust of emotion, and during the day, I seldom felt otherwise than happy. Considering the quiet nature of the place in which I dwelt, my life was marked with numerous incidents and adventures—of little moment to the world at large, but important to a boy of my years. Saturday was, in that golden age, a day always given up to amusement, for there was no school kept then. A description of a single day will give a sufficient idea of my way of life at this period.

The day we will suppose to be fine—and in fact it now seems to me that there was no dull weather when I was a boy. Bill Keeler and myself rose with the sun—and we must, of course, go to the mountain. For what? Like knights of the olden time, in search of adventures. Bound to no place, guided by no other power than our own will, we set out to see what we could see, and find what we could find.

We took our course through a narrow vale at the foot of the mountain, crossed by a whimpering brook, which wound with many a mazy turn amid bordering hills, the slopes of which were covered with trees, or consisted of smooth, open pastures. The brook was famous for trout, and as Bill usually carried his

hooks and lines, we often stopped for a time and amused ourselves in fishing. On the present occasion, as we were passing a basin of still water, where the gush of the rivulet was stayed by a projecting bank, Bill saw an uncommonly large trout. He lay in the shadow of the knoll, perfectly still, except that the feathery fins beneath his gills fanned the water with a breath-like undulation. I saw Bill at the instant he marked the monster of the pool. In a moment he lifted up and waved his hand as a sign to me, and uttered a long, low she-e-e-e! He then stepped softly backwards, and at a little distance knelt down, to hide himself from the view of the trout. All this time Bill was fumbling with a nervous quickness for his hook and line. First he ran his hands into the pockets of his trowsers, seeming to turn over a great variety of articles there; then he felt in his coat pockets; and then he uttered two or three awkward words, which signified much vexation.

There was Bill on his knees—it seems as if I could see him now—evidently disappointed at not finding his hook and line. At last he began very deliberately to unlade his pockets. First came out a stout buck-handled knife, with one large blade, and the stump of a smaller one. Then came a large bunch of tow, several bits of rope, a gimblet, four or five flints, and a chestnut whistle. From the other pocket of the trowsers he disclosed three or four bits of lead, a screw-driver, a dough-nut, and something rolled into a wad that might have been suspected of being a pocket-handkerchief, if Bill had ever been seen to use one. The trowsers pockets being thus emptied, our hero applied himself to those in the flaps of his coat. He first took out a ball covered with deerskin, then a powder-flask and tinder-box, two or three corks and sundry articles difficult to name. From the other pocket he took

his stockings and shoes, for it was May, and we were both indulging ourselves in the luxury of going barefoot—a luxury which those only can know who have tried it.

Nothing could exceed the pitch of vexation to which Bill was worked up, when, turning the last pocket inside out, and shaking it as if it had been a viper, he found that he had not a hook or line about him. Gathering up his merchandise, and thrusting the articles back into their places, he cast about, and picking up a stone, approached the place where the trout lay, and hurled it at him with spiteful vengeance, exclaiming—"If I'm ever ketched without a fishhook agin—I hope I may be shot!"

"Stop, stop, Bill!" said I; "don't be rash."

"I say I hope I may be shot if I'm ever ketched without a fishhook agin!—so there!" said he, hurling another stone into the brook.

"Remember what you say now, Bill!" said I.

"I will remember it," said my companion; and though nothing more was said of it at the time, I may as well observe now that the fellow kept his word; for ever after I remarked that he carried a fishhook in his hat-band, and, as he said, in fulfilment of his vow. Such was the eccentric humor of my friend, and such the real depth of his character and feelings, that a speech, uttered in momentary passion and seeming thoughtlessness, clung to his mind, and never parted from him till death. Could that poor boy have had the advantages of wise cultivation, what a noble heart had now beat in his breast! But, alas! he was bound to a briefer and more inglorious destiny!

We pursued our way up the valley, though loth to leave the rivulet; for there is a fascination about running water that few can resist—there is a beauty in

it which enchants the eye—a companionship like that of life, and which no other inanimate thing affords. And of all brooks, this that I now describe was to me the sweetest.

After proceeding a considerable distance, the valley became narrowed down to a rocky ravine, and the shrunken stream fretted and foamed its way over a rugged and devious channel. At last, about half way up the mountain, and at a considerable elevation, we reached the source of the rivulet, which consisted of a small lake of as pure water as ever reflected the face of heaven. It was surrounded on three sides by tall cliffs, whose dark, shaggy forms, in contrast, gave a silver brilliancy and beauty to the mirror-like water that lay at their feet. The other side of the lake was bounded by a sandy lawn, of small extent, but in the centre of which stood a lofty white-wood tree.

The objects that first presented themselves, as we approached the lake, was a kingfisher, running over his watchman's rattle from the dry limb of a tree that projected over the water, by way of warning to the tenants of the mountain that danger was near; a heron, standing half-leg deep in the margin of the water, and seeming to be lost in a lazy dream; a pair of harlequin ducks that were swimming near the opposite shore; and a bald eagle, that stood upon the point of a rock that projected a few feet out of the water near the centre of the lake. This object particularly attracted our attention, but as we moved toward it, it heavily unfolded its wings, pitched forward, and with a labored beating of the air gained an elevation and sailed gloriously away beyond the reach of sight.

Those were days of feeling, rather than speech. Neither my companion nor myself spoke of the beauty of that scene at the time; but we felt it deeply,

and memory, to me, has kept a faithful transcript of the scene. When the kingfisher had sounded the alarm, he slunk away, and all was still. The morning overture of the birds had passed, for it was now near ten o'clock. The mournful metallic note of the wood-thrush was perchance faintly heard at intervals—the cooing of a pigeon, the amorous wooings of the high-hole, the hollow roll of the woodpecker at his work, might occasionally salute the ear, but all at such distance of time and place as to give effect to the silence and repose that marked the scene. I had my gun, but I felt no disposition to break the spell that nature had cast on all around. The harsh noise of gunpowder had been out of tune there and then. Bill and myself sauntered along the border of the lake, musing and stepping lightly, as if not to crumple a leaf or crush a twig, that might break the peace, over which nature, like a magistrate, seemed to preside.

But as we were slowly proceeding, Bill's piercing eye discovered a dark object upon the white-wood or tulip tree, that stood in the sandy lawn at some distance. He pointed to it, and both quickened our steps in that direction. As we approached it, we perceived it to be an enormous nest, and concluded it must be that of an eagle. As we came nearer, the nest seemed roughly composed of large sticks, and occupying a circumference equal to a cart-wheel. It was at the very top of the tree, which rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and at least half of that elevation was a smooth trunk without a single limb. But Bill was an excellent climber, and it was resolved, without a council of war, that he should ascend and see what was in the nest.

Accordingly, stripping off his coat, and clinging to the tree as if by suction, he began to ascend. It was "hitchety hatchety up I go!" By a process diffi

cult to describe—a sort of insinuation, the propelling power and working machinery of which were invisible—he soon cleared the smooth part of the trunk, and taking hold of the branches, rose limb by limb, till, with breathless interest, I saw him lift his head above the nest and peer into its recess. The best expression of his wonder was his silence. I waited, but no reply. “What is it?” said I, incapable of enduring the suspense. No answer. “What is it, Bill—why don’t you speak?” said I, once more. “Look!” said he, holding up a featherless little monster, about as large as a barn-door fowl—kicking and flapping its wings, and squealing with all its might. “Look! there’s a pair on ’em. They’re young eagles. I’ll be bound, but I never see such critters afore! The nest is as big as a trundle-bed, and there’s a heap of snake-skins, and feathers, and fishes’ tails in it; and there’s a lamb’s head here, that looks in the face like an acquaintance—and I should n’t wonder if it belonged to Squire Kellogg’s little cosset that he lost last week—the varmint!”

As Bill uttered these last words, his attention, as well my own, was attracted by a rushing sound above, and looking up, we saw an eagle, about a hundred yards in the air, descending like a thunderbolt directly toward Bill’s head. The bird’s wings were close to its body, its tail above and its head beneath, its beak open and its talons half displayed for the blow. Entirely forgetting my gun, in my agony of fear, I exclaimed, “Jump, Bill! for Heaven’s sake jump!” But such was the suddenness of the proceeding, that ere I could fairly utter the words, the formidable bird, with a fearful and vengeful scream, swept down upon his mark. I shut my eyes in very horror. But not so Bill Keeler; there was no taking him by surprise. As the eagle came down, he dodged his

head beneath the nest, exposing only a portion of his person, together with the seat of his trowsers. The clash of the eagle’s beak as he swept by, though it seemed like the clangor of a tailor’s shears when forcibly shut, did no harm; but we cannot say as much of the creature’s talons. One of the claws struck the part exposed, and made an incision in the trowsers as well as the skin, of about two inches in length.

The rent, however, was too superficial to prove mortal, nor did it deprive Bill of his presence of mind. Taking no manner of notice of the damage done, he cocked his eye up at the eagle, and seeing that he was already preparing for another descent, he slid down between the limbs of the tree with amazing dexterity, and had approached the lowest of the branches, when again we heard the rushing sound, and saw the infuriate bird falling like an iron wedge almost perpendicularly upon him. Although he was full five and thirty feet from the ground, such was my agony, that again I cried out, “Jump, Bill—for Heaven’s sake, jump!”

Bill was a fellow to go on his own hook—particularly in a time of imminent peril, like the present. Evidently paying no attention to me, he cast one glance at the eagle, and leaping from the branch, came down upon the wind. The eagle swept over him as he fell, and striking his talons into his brimless beaver, bore it away in triumph—dropping it however at a short distance. As Bill struck the ground on his feet, I immediately saw that he was safe. After sitting a moment to recover his breath, he put his hand to his head, and finding that his hat was gone, exclaimed, “There, the critter’s got my clamshell—why didn’t you fire, Bob?”

The hat was soon found, and after a little while Bill discovered the success of the eagle’s first attack upon his per-

son; but although some blood was shed, the incident was not considered serious, and we proceeded in our ramble.

We had not advanced far, when, on passing through some bushes near a heap of rocks, I heard a rustling in the leaves. Turning my eye in the direction of the sound, I saw a black snake, covered by leaves except his head and about two feet of his body. He was directly in my path, and, brandishing his tongue, seemed determined to oppose my progress. Bill had my gun, but I called to him, and he soon appeared. I pointed out the snake, but, refusing to fire, he approached the creature with a bold front; who, seeing that he could gain nothing by his threats, turned and fled through the leaves with amazing speed. Bill followed upon his trail, and came up with him just as he was seeking shelter in the crevice of a rock. He had buried about two feet of his length, when Bill seized his tail, and, holding fast, prevented his farther progress. We then both of us took hold and tried to pull him out—but as he had coiled himself around the protuberances of the rock within, he resisted all our efforts.

Bill now directed me to bend down to him a pretty stout walnut sapling that was growing near. I complied with the command, and my companion, taking a piece of rope from his pocket, doubled the tail of the snake, and firmly lashed it to the top of the young tree. This being done—"We'll let go now," said Bill, "and see which will hold on the longest." So, loosing our hold of the tree and serpent, we stood by to see the result. The snake was so firmly tied as to render it impossible for him to escape, and the sapling pulled with a vigor and patience that were likely to prevail at last. We waited at the place for nearly an hour, when the serpent slowly yielded, and the sapling jerked him into the air. There he hung, dangling and

writhing, and thrusting out his tongue, but all to no purpose. Taking a fair aim with the gun, Bill now fired, and cut the reptile in twain.

We pursued our ramble until late in the day, when, on our return, we saw a gray squirrel leaping about upon the ground at some distance. The appearance of this animal in its native woods is singularly imposing. Its long, bushy tail imparts to it an appearance of extraordinary size, and renders its wonderful agility a matter of surprise. In the present instance, as the squirrel saw us from a distance, he ran to a tree, ascended the trunk, and flew along its branches. From these it leaped to those of another tree, seeming actually to move like a spirit of the air. At last it reached a large oak, and disappeared in a hole in the trunk.

Bill's jacket was off in an instant, and almost as nimbly as the squirrel himself he ascended to its retreat. I stood below with my gun, ready to fire if the creature should attempt to escape. At last Bill, peeping into the hole, and saying, in a subdued voice, "I see the varmint!" thrust his hand into the place. It was but a moment before he hauled him out, and holding him forth with one hand, while he held on to the tree with the other, he exclaimed, "Fire, Bob—fire—he bites like—like a serpent!" Accustomed to obey orders, I immediately fired, and the squirrel dropped dead to the ground. At the same time I saw Bill snapping his fingers, as if some stray shot had peppered them. He soon descended, and showed me that one of the little leaden missiles had passed through the ball of his thumb; he only remarked, however, "I should think, Bob, you might kill a squirrel without shooting a friend!"

Such are the adventures of a day in my youth; and such, or similar, no doubt, have been the experiences of many

Yankee youth before. I record them here, partly for the satisfaction of reviewing the sweet memories of the past, and partly to point the moral of this chapter—that youth is a portion of life to which, in after years, we usually look back with fond regard, as the happiest, if not the most useful, part of our existence. Let my youthful friends mark the observation, and not be unmindful of their present privileges. Let them enjoy their young days, with thankfulness and moderation, and not be too sanguine of that future, which will disclose the melancholy truth that life is a journey, which affords the cares and toils and dangers of travel, without a resting-place. A resting-place is indeed found, but it is only given as life ceases. While we live we are journeying; there is no fixed habitation for man on the earth: he is an emigrant to another country, and not a settler here. Let us, in attempting to make our journey as cheerful as we may, still be careful that the place to which we migrate, and where we must abide, be in a happy country.

The Humming-Birds.

THESE little fairies of the feathered race—the smallest of birds, and perhaps the most brilliant—belong exclusively to our American continent and the adjacent islands. Most of them dwell in the warm climates, where flowers are ever in bloom, and where spring or summer hold perpetual sway. One species alone visits our chill New England climate—the little fellow of the ruby throat. He comes to us in May, and makes himself familiar with our gardens and trellices, sports amid the flowers, and holds companionship only with the “flush and the fair.” His stay is short, for early in

September he is gone to more genial lands.

It is only in tropical countries that the several species of humming-birds are seen in their abundance, variety, and glory. The islands that stud the ocean between Florida and the main land of South America, literally swarm with them. In the wild and uncultivated parts they inhabit the magnificent forests overhung with parasitical plants, whose blossoms hardly yield in beauty to the sparkling tints of these tenants of the air. In the cultivated portions, they abound in the gardens, and seem to delight in society, becoming familiar and destitute of fear, hovering often on one side of a shrub or plant while the fruit is plucked on the other.

Lively and full of energy, these winged gems are almost incessantly in the air, darting from one object to another, and displaying their gorgeous hues in the sunbeams. When performing a lengthened flight, as during migration, they pass through the air in long undulations, raising themselves to a con-



siderable height and then falling in a curve. When feeding on a flower, they keep themselves poised in one position,

as steadily as if suspended on a bough—making a humming noise by the rapid motion of their wings.

In disposition, these creatures are intrepid, but, like some other little people, they are very quarrelsome. In defending their nests, they attack birds five times their size, and drive them off with ease. When angry, their motions are very violent and their flight as swift as an arrow. Often the eye is incapable of following them, and their shrill, piercing shriek alone announces their presence.

Among the most dazzling of this brilliant tribe is the bar-tailed humming-bird of Brazil. The tail is forked to the base, and consists of five feathers, graduated one above another at almost equal distances. Their color is of the richest flame, or orange red, with a dazzling metallic burnish. The upper part of the body of the bird is golden green; the rump is red, and the under surface of emerald green.

Stokes' humming-bird may perhaps be cited as a rival of this little gem of beauty. The head and whole of the



Stokes' Humming-Bird.

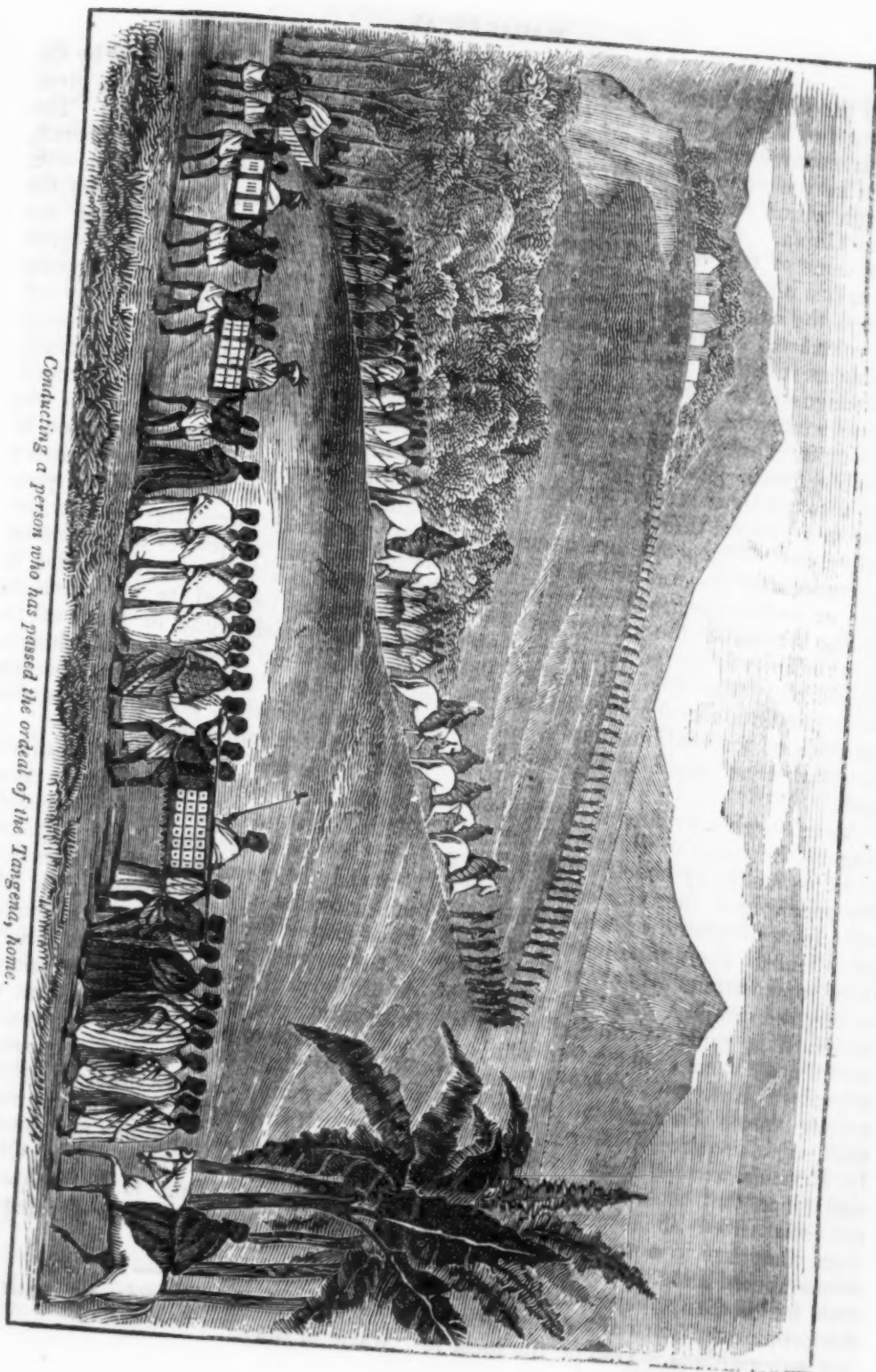
back is covered with scale-shaped feathers, those on the head being brilliant blue and changing to violet, those on the back being bright emerald green. The cheeks are purplish green, with small pink spots. Was there ever any lass of a fancy ball more gaily decked?

Such are a few of the species of this famous race. There are more than a hundred kinds, all noted for their littleness and their surpassing beauty. What a beautiful conception in the Author of nature were these little fairies! It is as if the flowers had taken wings, and life, and intelligence, and shared in the sports of animal life. And if we regard their beauty—the delicacy of their feathers—their energy and power compared with their size—if we consider

the ingenious mechanism of their structure—can we sufficiently admire the Architect who made them and bade them go forth to add life, and beauty, and brilliancy to the landscape, while sharing themselves in the joys of existence?

Madagascar.

On the eastern coast of Africa is one of the largest islands in the world, called Madagascar. It is 900 miles long, and contains about twice as much land as England, Wales, and Scotland, or three times as much as New England. It is some five or six thousand miles south-



Conducting a person who has passed the ordeal of the Tangena, home.

east of the United States, and 1800 miles northeast of the Cape of Good Hope.

It is separated from the continent of Africa by the channel of Mozambique, through which vessels often pass in going to China. A long chain of mountains, some of which are 11,000 feet or two miles high, runs north and south through the island. In these mountains are volcanoes, though they are not so terrible as in South America.

Madagascar is a pleasant country, and produces many fine things, among which are sugar, honey, various fruit-trees, valuable gums, silver, copper, and tin ore; also precious stones, together with other more useful things, as cattle, corn, poultry, &c. The people are numerous, and consist of several tribes or races, some resembling negroes, others appearing like Arabs, but the greater part bearing an affinity to the people who inhabit the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The whole population of the island is estimated at about four millions and a half, or about twice as much as all New England.

About twelve or fifteen years ago, a king by the name of Radama had subjected to his sway nearly all the tribes. He encouraged the Christian missionaries from England, by whose means a good deal of useful knowledge was diffused, and various arts were introduced among the people. Had his reign continued, it is probable that all the tribes would have been formed into one well organized and well governed nation, among whom civilization might have made rapid advances. But, unfortunately, Radama was poisoned by his queen, and since that time, though the people are considered as forming one kingdom, they are in a very disturbed and dismembered state. Many of them are little better than savages, and indeed all the people are slaves of the most degrading superstitions. One of the most re-

markable customs is that of trial by the *Tangena*, a poisonous nut, that is given to persons suspected of any crime. The people are great believers in witchcraft, and if any one in a family is taken sick, it frequently happens that some of the members are accused of causing the illness by witchcraft, and the tangena is therefore given to them. It appears that the poison, when thoroughly administered, causes the most excruciating pains, and is almost certain death. If the person has a very strong constitution, or if he can bribe the officer who administers it to give a weak dose, he sometimes escapes; but in most cases it is fatal. There is a vast deal of pompous ceremony attending these trials: there is a sort of prayer or incantation before the dose is given, and during its operation, an appeal to the invisible power to punish crime, or vindicate innocence, as the case may be—though, in point of fact, the whole system seems to be one of trick, practised by a few artful and designing men.

If the person resists the effect of the poison, which rarely happens, he is taken to his house in great state, a procession being formed like that which is represented in the engraving. It appears from the accounts of the missionaries who have visited the island, that the practice of the tangena is so extensive as actually to diminish the population of the island; and what is remarkable is this, that the people seem to take a great interest in these trials, and actually encourage them, seeming to have great delight in them. It is indeed a fact that cannot be disputed, that in all nations not softened and civilized by the influence of Christianity, mercy seems to be unknown, and cruelty affords only a pleasing excitement.

"The clock upbraids us with the waste of time."

A Philosophical Tea-pot.

Anne. Mother, why do you not use that pretty tea-pot that grandmother gave you?

Mother. Why, my dear, do you not remember that the nose is half burnt off?

A. Well, mamma, suppose it is—it does not look very badly, and you have always told me that as long as things were useful, we must not put them aside.

M. But it is not useful, Anne; that is the only reason why I have set it up on the high shelf.

A. I do not see why it is not useful, I am sure. I think, mamma, you might as well put away my little spade because the handle is broken off at the top, or John's kite because the wind has taken off a piece of the tail!

M. Well, my dear, this sounds very well; but let us consider the matter a little. Of what use is a tea-pot?

A. Why, to hold tea, I suppose!

M. Well, what is tea—a solid body?

A. Oh no; it is what my book of natural philosophy would call a liquid. Oh, that book is very interesting; wait a minute while I get it, mamma—here it is!

M. What is one of the properties of liquids?

A. Let me see—oh, here I have it. Liquids always tend to an equilibrium.

M. Do you understand what that means, my dear?

A. Yes; my mistress explained it to me the other morning. Water or any other liquid always seeks a level; that is, if water is put into a bowl, it will be equally as high on one side as on the other. If the bowl stands uneven, the liquid will still be perfectly level.

M. A very good explanation, Anne. But now to the proof. Can you tell me

why, on this principle, my tea-pot is of no use now the spout is broken?

A. Let me see—no, I cannot understand why it is so. The tea-pot itself is good, and you can fill it just the same as ever!

M. Ah! but can you fill it? that is the question.

A. Why, mamma, how absurd it would be to suppose I could not fill it! But let me try; there is nothing like trying, after all. (*She brings the tea-pot.*) Here it is, poor neglected thing. Indeed, I do not see why I cannot fill it, unless there are holes in the bottom or sides.

M. No, I believe it is sound in those respects. But come, here is some water; try it. But first get the waiter—I do not want my table wet.

A. Oh! never fear, mamma; I will not spill it. (*Pouring the water into the tea-pot.*) There, there, mamma, you see I have got it half full already. But dear me, how's this? I declare, the water is running out of the nose as fast as I pour it in! Why, what does it mean?

M. Just think, my dear, of what your philosophy says about liquids, and you will immediately see why the water runs out of the nose. How high does the water remain in the tea-pot?

A. Just as high as the top of the nose. Ah! I see now; that is the level of the water, and it can go no higher in the body of the tea-pot than it does in the nose. Wonderful! Then, mamma, it must be that it is necessary to have the nose as high as the top of the tea-pot. Oh! now I understand perfectly why this is of no use. Thank you, mamma; I like these practical lessons in philosophy. But I am ashamed that I did not understand it at once.

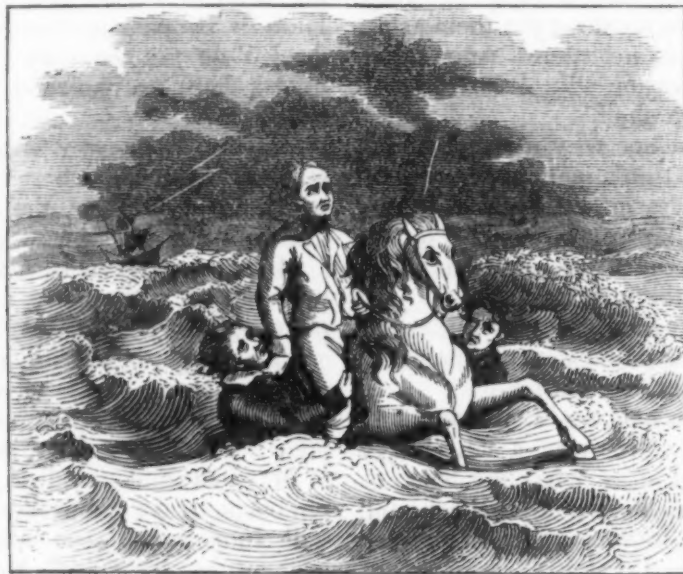
M. This shows you, my dear Anne, that it is not only necessary to have knowledge, but that it is nearly useless when it is not applied properly. Here-

after, I hope you will think a little when you study.

A. Ah, mamma, I think I shall come to you when I am puzzled; you explain things so charmingly—better than all the philosophy books in the world!

M. Well, my dear, come to me after you have tried hard yourself to understand the subject you are studying, and

I shall think my time well spent in simplifying the matter to you. I used to be very fond of philosophy when I was of your age, because my aunt kindly illustrated some of the most difficult principles in such a manner as to make me perfectly understand them. The lesson I have just given you is one she taught me thirty years ago.



Astonishing Powers of the Horse.

THE following story, showing what exertion the horse is capable of undergoing, would be almost incredible, were it not well authenticated.

Many years ago, a violent gale of wind setting in from north-northwest, a vessel in the road at the Cape of Good Hope dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bilged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore, struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran

dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance.

Meanwhile, a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come on horseback from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck. His heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance.

He alighted and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when, again seating himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared, but it was not long before they floated on the surface and swam up to the wreck; when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, the planter brought them safe to shore.

This perilous expedition he repeated seven times, and saved fourteen lives. But on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to the shore, but his gallant rider was no more!

The Moon.

It is night! The stars are so distant that they seem to be very small; but the moon, though really less than the stars, is nearer, and therefore appears to be larger.

It is a very interesting object, and is even more talked about than the sun. At one time it seems like a silver bow, hung in the west. It increases in size, till it looks like a large bowl. It grows larger and larger, till it is quite round, and is then fancied by some people to resemble a mighty green cheese.

The moon does not shine at all times. Even when it is in the sky above us, it gives no light during the day, for the sun is so much brighter, that it appears quite dim. And often at night it is hidden behind the earth, and gives us no light.

But when it does shine at night, it is indeed beautiful. We cannot look at the sun with the naked eye, for it is too bright. But we can look at the moon,

and though it seems almost like a ball of melted metal, yet we can see figures upon it.

Some persons imagine, that they can see the face of a man in the moon, and others that they can spy the figure of a crooked old woman. But those who have looked at it with telescopes, tell us, that it is a world, with mountains, and rivers, and valleys upon its surface. There is very little doubt that animals and people live upon it.

Would it not be pleasant, if we could sail through the air, and go up to the moon, and come back and tell the people of this world what sort of place the moon is, and what kind of folks the *moonites* are?

But this cannot be. We may travel by railroads over the land, and by ships across the waters of this world, but we have no ladder long enough to reach to other worlds. We must therefore, for the present, stay where we are and be content.

But I was talking of the moon. Can you tell me why a dog will often bark at it almost all night? If you can, you can do more than any one else.

But you may ask what good the moon does to us. In the first place, it is very beautiful, and gives us great pleasure. It is also useful, as it frequently shines at night, and seems to relieve us partly from the darkness. The landscape is often charming when viewed by moonlight, and water never looks so lovely as when the moon is shining upon it.

Beside this, the moon causes that ebbing and flowing of the ocean called the tides. These keep it from being stagnant and prevent its becoming putrid. Were it not for the moon, the whole ocean would be unfit for the fishes that live in it, and they would all die. Men and beasts, too, would also perish from the unhealthiness of the land, were not the sea kept pure by the tides.

Importance of Attention:

A DIALOGUE.

Charles sitting with his book in his hand; his mother at work.

Charles. Mother! is it almost school-time?

Mother. No; you have full half an hour.

Charles. Only half an hour? Will you hear me try to say this lesson again?

Mother. No, for I am sure you will say it no better than before.

Charles. Why, mother?

Mother. Because you have not been studying. I have been looking at you from time to time, and have scarcely seen your eyes fixed once on your book.

Charles. I was only watching Jerry, for fear he would weed up my young balsams.

Mother. I fancy Jerry knows what he is about.

Charles. Well; I *will* study now.

Mother. Do you generally whistle when you study, Charles?

Charles. Was I whistling?

Mother. Yes, and with your eyes fixed on my canary bird.

Charles. Well, mother, I can't help it. This is the hardest and stupidest lesson that ever was.

Mother. And yet you told me your cousin Richard learned it, yesterday, in twenty minutes.

Charles. Then it is I that am stupid, I suppose.

Mother. I rather think not. I believe your memory is as good as Richard's.

Charles. Oh, mother! he always learns his lessons quicker than I do.

Mother. And does that prove that his memory is better?

Charles. To be sure it does.

Mother. When you are at play, does he remember things better than you do?

Charles. Why, no, I believe not

Mother. Did not you tell us as much about the lecture the other night, when you came home, as he did?

Charles. Yes, and more too; father said I did.

Mother. That required memory certainly. I do not think you have any right to lay blame on any natural defect.

Charles. Oh, I did not mean to say that; but all I know is that Richard gets his lessons quicker than I do; and what can the reason be? He is not three weeks older than I am, and don't seem a bit cleverer than I am about other things.

Mother. Did you ever happen to sit near him, when he was studying?

Charles. Yes, that I have, and I would rather sit next any boy in school.

Mother. Why?

Charles. Oh, I don't know; there's no comfort in it. He is as dumpy and cross over his books as a dog with a bone. He won't let anybody speak to him.

Mother. What, not to ask a reasonable question?

Charles. Oh! as to that, he helps me sometimes, when I get stuck; he is always good-natured enough about that; but what I mean is, if I ask him to look at anything funny, or want to talk to him about any of our plays, a minute, he says I disturb him, and take off his attention; and if I go on, just to fidget him a little, he takes up his books and marches off somewhere else.

Mother. He complains that you take off his attention, does he?

Charles. Yes, mother; is not that cross in him?

Mother. Richard has learned a very important secret, I see.

Charles. A secret? What? one that helps him get his lessons?

Mother. Yes.

Charles. I wish poor I could find it out.

Mother. I can tell it to you in one word which you used just now. It is as good as "Open Sesame" in the play of the Forty Thieves which you read the other day.

Charles. What can it be?

Mother. Attention—Charles—attention! that will open the door of your mind and let the lesson in.

Charles. Oh dear! I wish bawling the word out aloud would answer the purpose.

Mother. I cannot say that it will, so my comparison is not a good one; but I wished to fix your *attention*, so I referred to something that had amused you. But, in good earnest, Charles, the only reason why Richard learns quicker than you do is, that he never allows himself to think of anything else while he is getting his lesson. You speak of yourself as studying as long as you are holding the book in your hand, though in fact you are not studying one quarter of the time. What is studying, Charles?

Charles. Trying to fix something in my mind.

Mother. Very good; a better answer than I expected. Now, were you trying to fix your lesson in your mind while you were watching Jerry? or while you were scratching with your pencil on that window-seat? or whistling to my canary bird?

Charles. No, indeed.

Mother. Yet during the three quarters of an hour you have sat at the window, with a book in your hand, these have been your principal employments. Once or twice you began to read the lesson over to yourself, but something would draw off your *attention* in the midst; your thoughts were gone from it in an instant; the slight impression it had made was effaced; and when you returned to your task, you were just where you had been ten minutes before. Yet at nine o'clock you would jump up

in dismay, exclaiming, "There, I have been studying this plaguy lesson more than an hour, and I can't say it yet. Is it not enough to discourage a body, mother?"

Charles, (laughing.) That's just my whine, mother; but the plain truth of the matter is, I do get discouraged. I don't see any use in working so hard.

Mother. But you would not have to work so hard—or at least not near so long, if you would go to work in the right way.

Charles. But it is the working at all that I object to, mother. I don't know but I might like study better if I could see any use in it; but as long as I can read and write, I shan't look like a fool; and what is the use of cracking my brains about anything more?

Mother. I should be very sorry to have you crack your brains with study, Charles. Do you feel as if there were any danger of it?

Charles. Why no, not exactly. But why need I study?

Mother. You cannot conceive of any pleasure in acquiring knowledge, then?

Charles. Oh, yes; I like to know all I can by reading interesting books; I like to read some histories, and biographies, and travels. That all comes very easy; that is amusement.

Mother. Are you sure that while skimming books in this manner, for amusement, you are really laying up much knowledge that you can make useful? Do you ever stop to reflect upon it and arrange it?—or is it all jumbled together in your mind? Have you never made strange blunders in talking about the very books you had read?

Charles. Why, yes, I must own that I have; and I have got laughed at, sometimes.

Mother. That is only one of the evils to which you will be exposed by being

superficial. My dear, you cannot get along even respectably in well-informed society without disciplining your mind to habits of attention and reflection; and one great advantage of youthful study is, that it does so discipline the mind.

Charles. Well, you and father talk about "habits of the mind," and "disciplining the mind," and tell me to leave off this habit of thinking, and that habit of not thinking, just as you tell me to cure myself of twirling this button on my jacket!

Mother. And don't you understand what we mean?

Charles. Oh yes, I see the sense of it.

Mother. And do not you think that with perseverance you can accomplish what we wish? You do not mean to tell us that you cannot manage your own mind?

Charles. But it is so hard! And to go back to this matter of study, mother; when I talked to sister Ellen about it, yesterday, she said that if I did not study I never could be a lawyer, or a minister, or a doctor, or a merchant, or anything of the sort. Now why need I be either?

Mother. What would you like to be?

Charles. Just a gentleman.

Mother. An idle gentleman?

Charles. No, not an idle one. I should like to pass my time in reading and accomplishments.

Mother. What accomplishments do you mean?

Charles. Music and drawing; is not that what people mean by accomplishments?

Mother. But are you not aware that it requires study and close attention to master these little matters of music and drawing, particularly for those who have not an uncommon taste for them?

Charles. Does it? Well, then I would let the music and drawing alone. I dare say I should find some way of passing my time.

Mother. My son, I fear you would indeed, if we could cruelly permit you to enter on life devoid of some of its best resources against the temptations that beset the idle. A young man, in the situation which you have just described, would be almost certain to seek occupation and excitement from drinking and cards. The strongest religious principles might save him, but the conflict would be terrible,—the result doubtful; and I cannot think of the danger without tears.

Charles. Dear mother, you do not think I should ever be a wicked man, do you?

Mother. I cannot tell. I cannot bear to think of it. We will talk of another part of this subject; for it is very necessary that I should. All this while, you have said nothing of the way in which you are to be supported in the easy life you propose.

Charles. Supported? what am I to live on? On my fortune.

Mother. And where is it?

Charles. Ah, I have none now; but then there is father so rich, and only Ellen and I. Of course, he won't leave his money to anybody else, will he?

Mother. How can you be sure that he will not leave it to an hospital? You know he has given much to public charities.

Charles. Ah, mother, you know he will not neglect us!

Mother. Stranger things have happened; but, however, I do not think it at all likely that you will lose your fortune in that way. But why should you so entirely forget the passage of scripture—"Riches take to themselves wings?" Ought you not to be prepared with some way of supporting yourself, supposing that text should be verified in your case?

Charles. But, somehow or other, I don't believe it will be.

Mother. That is a blind, boyish belief

to rest upon. How do you know that your father is now rich?

Charles. Why, all the boys in school say he is one of the richest men in the city. And then, mother, have we not always lived like rich people?

Mother. That may be a sign that we always have been rich, but not that we shall be—not that we are, Charles!

Charles. I don't understand you, mother.

Mother. I must make you comprehend me, my dear boy. Your father told me I must talk with you to-day, and I intended to wait till you returned, at night; but this is a better opportunity. Have you not seen that your father has been more taken up with his business than usual, for some weeks past? Have you not observed that he was very thoughtful?

Charles. Yes, mother; at least, I did after Ellen mentioned it to me, for she observes more than I do. What is the matter?

Mother. Your father will fail to-morrow, Charles.

Charles. Fail! and what is failing, mother? I hear people talk about failing, and say "such a man has failed," and I know it is something bad; but what is it?

Mother. It is when a man owes more money than he can pay, and gives up all his property to be divided among his creditors.

Charles. And is that what has happened to father? And will he give up everything he has in the world? That is very bad.

Mother. Certainly. He would not have any man lose a cent of money on his account. Would you wish that he should wrong those who trusted him?

Charles. Oh no! I should rather study from morning till night, if that would do any good.

Mother. You perceive, Charles, that

it will be necessary for you to get your mind into right habits of attention; for you will have to support yourself, at least. It is even possible that your parents, in their old age, may require some assistance from you. Your father can hardly hope to acquire even a moderate fortune again, before he will be an old man.

Charles. Oh, mother! it almost makes my head ache to think of all this, for I don't seem to understand yet that it is really so, though I try with all my might to—to—

Mother. Realize it?

Charles. Yes, that is the word I was after. And what did you do, when father told you about it, mother? Did you not cry?

Mother. I did, when I was alone, Charles; for I have lived in this house ever since I was married, and I love it; and I love the furniture, which my parents gave me;—but it must all be sold.

Charles. Why, where shall we live?

Mother. In a small house of mine at the south-end, where your nurse used to live. But I shed more tears at first about you and Ellen. We cannot afford to educate you as we intended.

Charles. And there was I complaining this very morning about having to study!

Mother. Your thoughtless words made my heart ache, Charles!

Charles. If I have to get my living, why cannot I be a lawyer?

Mother. Your father cannot send you to college; your studies must all be directed towards preparing to enter a counting-room as soon as possible. Your father's mercantile friends respect him, for striving to pay all his debts, and they will help you. But, Charles, you will find it necessary to give your most earnest attention to your new pursuits.

Charles. That I will, mother! I will

find out how cousin Richard manages his mind. Attention! yes, indeed I will. I shall think of nothing now but what I ought. I shall never waste my time again.

Mother. You promise confidently, Charles; and in truth I shall shed fewer tears, if I find this change in our situation may benefit my beloved son's character. It was too plain that the expectation of a fortune from your father was

injuring you. Wipe your eyes, Charles, and go to school. Your quarter will close next Saturday, and then we must take you from that expensive school. But wherever you go, I think you will find that study—real study—will make difficult things soon become easy, and there will be a pleasure in it you have never known, while holding your book indolently with a wandering mind.



The Horse and the Bells,

A FABLE.

A WAGONER, whose business it was to transport goods from one town to another, had a fine horse, upon whose saddle he was accustomed to carry several bells, which kept up a cheerful jingling as he trudged along the road. The horse got used to these bells, and was so much pleased with them, that he seemed dull and out of spirits when, for some reason, they were left off. The wagoner, perceiving that his horse did not work so well without the bells, restored them to their place, remarking, that his horse was like himself—he liked music and merriment, and even hard work came more easy for a little recreation by the way.

There was much truth and good sense in the observation of the wagoner. "All work and no play," says the proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy." It is right and proper that we should devote some part of our time to amusement, for by this means we are cheered and enlivened, and qualified to engage in our severer duties with good effect. But we should be careful of two points: first, that we choose innocent amusements, and second, that we do not permit our recreations so far to engross our thoughts or our time, as to interfere with the sober business of life.



The Crane Family.

I AM not going to talk of Ichabod Crane, or Jeremiah Crane, or of their wives or families. I shall leave these respectable people for the present, and say a few words about certain long-legged birds which are very interesting, though not very familiarly known to most of us. The storks and cranes are so nearly alike that they might seem to be cousins. They have both enormously long legs and bills; and seem particularly well fitted to wading in the water—a thing they can do without rolling up their pantaloons. Look at this tall fellow at the head of this article, and tell me if he need be afraid of wetting his clothes by taking a ramble in a brook.

The engraving represents a crane. Let me first say a few words of his cousin stork. This bird, that is spoken of in the Bible as one that "knoweth her appointed time," is not found among us, but it is well known in some parts of Europe. In Holland, it arrives in small bands or flocks, about the first of April, and universally meets with a kind and welcome reception from the inhabitants. Returning year after year to the same

town, and the same chimney-top, it re-occupies its deserted nest; and the gladness these birds manifest in again taking possession of their dwelling, and the attachment they testify towards their benevolent hosts, are familiar in the mouths of every one. Nor is the stork less remarkable for its affection towards its young; and the story is well known of a female bird, which, during the conflagration at Delft, chose rather to perish with her young than abandon them to their fate. Incubation and the rearing of the young being over by August, the stork, in the early part of that month, prepares for its departure. The north of Africa, and especially Egypt, are the places of its winter sojourning, for there the marshes are unfrozen, its food is in abundance, and the climate is congenial. Previous to setting out on their airy journey, multitudes assemble from the surrounding districts, chattering with their bills as if in consultation. On the appointed night, a period which appears to be universally chosen by the migratory tribes, they mount into the higher regions of the air, and sail away southwards to their destined haven.

The nest of the stork is formed of twigs and sticks, and the eggs, from three to five in number, and nearly as large as those of a goose, are of a yellowish white. Of the countless multitudes in which the stork assembles in order to perform its periodical migrations, some idea may be entertained from Dr. Shaw's account of the flocks which he witnessed leaving Egypt and passing over Mount Carmel, each of which was half a mile in breadth, and occupied a space of three hours in passing. When reposing, the stork stands upon one leg, with the neck bent backwards, and the head resting between the shoulders. Such also is its attitude when watching for its prey. Its motions are stately, and it stalks along with slow and measured steps. Its plumage is pure white.

The cranes bear a close resemblance to the white stork, which we have been describing, but become even more familiar in some of the countries they inhabit, and, in consequence of their larger size, render more essential service in the removal of carrion, offal, and other nuisances. This important office they share with the vultures, and, like those birds, are universally privileged from all annoyance, in return for so meritorious an exertion of their natural propensities. They seem to be constantly attracted by the heaps of offensive substances collected in the villages and towns, which they devour without scruple, and in immense quantities.

The adjutant arrives in Bengal, in India, before the rainy season. Its gape is enormous, and its voracity astonishing; not that it is ferocious towards man; quite the contrary, for it is peaceable, and even timid; but small quadrupeds are swallowed without any scruple. In the stomach of one, as Latham states, were found a land tortoise ten inches long, and a large black cat entire.

Of the African Marabou Crane, the

voracious and omnivorous propensities are attested by Major Denham; carrion, reptiles, and small quadrupeds are swallowed at a bolt, with indiscriminate voracity. Smeatham, who resided at Sierra Leone, has given an interesting account of this bird. He observes that the adult bird will often measure seven feet; and that the head, covered with white down thinly dispersed, is not unlike that of a gray-headed man. It associates in flocks, which, when seen at a distance, near the mouths of rivers, coming towards an observer, with their wings extended, as they often do, may readily be mistaken for canoes on a smooth sea. "One of these, a young bird, about five feet high, was brought up tame, and presented to the chief of the Bananas, where Mr. Smeatham lived; and being accustomed to be fed in the great hall, soon became familiar; duly attending that place at dinner-time, and placing itself behind its master's chair, frequently before the guests entered. The servants were obliged to watch narrowly and to defend the provisions with switches, but, notwithstanding, it would frequently snatch something or other, and once purloined a whole boiled fowl, which it swallowed in an instant. Its courage is not equal to its voracity; for a child of ten years soon puts it to flight with a switch, though it seems at first to stand on its defence, by threatening with its enormous bill widely extended, and roaring with a loud voice, like a bear or tiger. It is an enemy to small quadrupeds, as well as birds and reptiles, and slyly destroys fowls and chickens. Everything is swallowed whole, and so accommodating is its throat, that not only an animal as big as a cat is gulped down, but a shin of beef broken asunder serves it but for two morsels. It has been known to swallow a leg of mutton of five or six pounds, a hare, and also a small fox."

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

(Continued from page 144.)

CHAPTER III.

The West Indies continued.—Columbus discovers the Antilles.—Cannibalism reported.—Appearance of the people.—Their origin.—Arts.—Customs.—Character.—Their extermination.

COLUMBUS discovered the islands of the Caribs during his second voyage to America, in 1493. The first island he saw he named Dominico, because he discovered it on Sunday. As the ships gently moved onward, other islands rose to sight, one after another, covered with forests, and enlivened with flights of parrots and other tropical birds, while the whole air was sweetened by the fragrance of the breezes which passed over them.

This beautiful cluster of islands is called the Antilles. They extend from the eastern end of Porto Rico to the coast of Paria on the southern continent, forming a kind of barrier between the main ocean and the Caribbean sea;—here was the country of the Caribs. Columbus had heard of the Caribs during his stay at Hayti and Cuba, at the time of his first voyage. The timid and indolent race of Indians in those pleasant islands were mortally afraid of the Caribs, and had repeatedly besought Columbus to assist them in overcoming these their ferocious enemies. The Caribs were represented as terrible warriors, and cruel cannibals, who roasted and eat their captives. This the gentle Haytians thought, truly enough, was a good pretext for warning the Christians against such foes. Columbus did not at first imagine the beautiful paradise he saw, as he sailed onward among these green and spicy islands, could be

the residence of cruel men; but on landing at Guadaloupe he soon became convinced he was truly in a Golgotha, a place of skulls. He there saw human limbs hanging in the houses as if curing for provisions, and some even roasting at the fire for food. He knew then that he was in the country of the Caribs.

On touching at the island of Montserrat, Columbus was informed that the Caribs had eaten up all the inhabitants. If that had been true, it seems strange how he obtained his information.

It is probable many of these stories were exaggerations. The Caribs were a warlike people, in many respects essentially differing in character from the natives of the other West India Islands. They were enterprising as well as ferocious, and frequently made roving expeditions in their canoes to the distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, invading the islands, ravaging the villages, making slaves of the youngest and handsomest females, and carrying off the men to be killed and eaten.

These things were bad enough, and it is not strange report should make them more terrible than the reality. The Caribs also gave the Spaniards more trouble than did the effeminate natives of the other islands. They fought their invaders desperately. In some cases the women showed as much bravery as the men. At Santa Cruz the females plied their bows with such vigor, that one of them sent an arrow through a Spanish buckler, and wounded the soldier who bore it.

There have been many speculations respecting the origin of the Caribs. That they were a different race from the inhabitants of the other islands, is generally acknowledged. They also differed from the Indians of Mexico and Peru; though some writers think they were culprits banished either from the

continent or the large islands, and thus a difference of situation might have produced a difference of manners. Others think they were descended from some civilized people of Europe or Africa. There is no difficulty attending the belief that a Carthaginian or Phœnician vessel might have been overtaken by a storm, and blown about by the gales, till it entered the current of the trade-winds, when it would have been easily carried to the West Indies. If they had no women with them, they might have discovered the large islands or the continent, and procured wives from them. In process of time, their numbers might have increased so as to form the scanty population of St. Vincent, Martinico, Guadaloupe, Dominica, and other small islands where the Caribs were settled.

The Caribs had as many of the arts as were necessary to live at ease in that luxurious climate. They knew how to build their *carbets* or houses; how to

make their boats, baskets, arms, hammocks, and to prepare their provisions.

The hammocks of the Caribs strengthen the supposition that they were descended from some maritime adventurers. They were made of coarse cotton cloth, six or seven feet long, and twelve or fourteen wide; each end was ornamented with cords, which they called ribands; these were more than two feet long, twisted, and well made. All the cords at each end were joined together, and formed loops, through which a long rope was inserted, in order to fasten the hammocks to the posts at the side of the house, and to support the persons within them. These hammocks were woven by the women, entirely by hand labor, as they had no looms, and was a very tedious process. But when completed, and painted red, as was the usual fashion, they were very strong, and quite ornamental in their carbets.

The carbet is thus described by a



Carib Carbet.

French missionary: "The Carib dwelling I entered was about sixty feet long and twenty-four wide. The posts on which it was erected were rough and forked, and the shortest of them about nine feet above the ground; the others were proportioned to the height of the roof. The windward end was enclosed

with a kind of wicker-work of split flags; the roof was covered with the leaves of the wild plantain, which here grows very large; the laths were made of reeds. The end of the carbet which was covered had a doorway for a passage to the kitchen; the other end was nearly all open. Ten paces from the

great carbet was another building, about half the size of the large one, which was divided by a reed partition. The first room was the kitchen; here six or eight females were employed in making cassada. The second room was for a sleeping apartment for such of the women and children as were not accommodated in the great carbet.

"All the rooms were furnished with hammocks and baskets. The men had their weapons in the great carbet. Some of the men were making baskets—two women were making a hammock. There were many bows, arrows, and clubs attached to the rafters. The floor was smooth and clean; it was made of well-beaten earth, and sloped towards the side. There was a good fire, about one third the length of the carbet, round which a number of Caribs were squatted on their haunches. They were smoking and waiting till some fish were roasted, and made their salutations to me without rising."

The Caribs were hunters and fishermen. Their food was much better cooked than that of the Indians of the northern continent, who lived by the chase and fishing, though to us it would not appear very refined. Their meat and small birds they stuck on a kind of wooden spit, which was fixed in the ground before the fire, and they turned it, till all the slices of meat or the birds were roasted.

This was quite a civilized method of management compared with their treatment of the large birds, such as parrots, pigeons, &c. These they threw on the fire, without picking or dressing them, and when the feathers were burnt, they raked the bird up in the cinders till it was done. On taking it from the ashes, the crust formed by the burnt feathers peeled off, and the bird was perfectly clean and delicate. It is said this manner of roasting was much approved by

the Europeans who had an opportunity of trying it.

The Caribs usually spread two tables at their meals; on one was placed their bread, (cassada,) on the other the fish, fowls, crabs and pimentado. This pimentado was made of the juice of manioc, boiled, a quantity of pimento, and the juice of lemon or some other acid. It was their favorite sauce; they used it with all their meats, but they made it so hot that nobody but themselves could eat it. A favorite dish with them was stewed crabs. None of their food was eaten raw; in general their taste seemed inclined to overdone and high-seasoned dishes.

The manioc, from which the cassada is made, was a great article of food among the Caribs. The ordinary size of the roots is equal to that of the beet; they are of the consistency of parsnips, and commonly ripen in about eight months.

The manioc was planted in trenches, about two feet and a half apart, and six inches deep. It was necessary to keep the plant free from weeds. When ripe, the shrub and roots were all dug up together, like potatoes. When the roots were taken up, the bark or skin was scraped off, just as parsnips are scraped; then they were washed clean and grated fine, something like horseradish. Then the grated mass was put into a strainer of split flags, or the bark of a tree.

The strainer was six or seven feet long, and four or five inches in diameter. It was woven something like a cotton stocking, in order that it might be expanded to receive the manioc, and contract for the purpose of expressing the juice. When filled, it was hung on the limb of a tree, with a basket of stones fastened to the bottom, which gradually forced out the juice of the manioc, which is of a poisonous quality unless it is boiled.

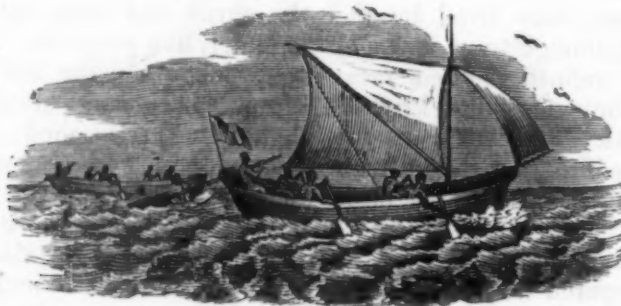
*Caribs preparing Manioc.*

When the manioc was sufficiently dry, they took daily what they wanted, and having passed the flour through a sieve made of reeds, they then made it into paste, and baked it upon flat stones. It is a very nourishing kind of bread, and is to this day used in many parts of tropical America.

The Caribs had discovered the art of making intoxicating beverages, so that they really needed a temperance society,—not quite so much, perhaps, as their

civilized invaders. In this respect the Caribs had far outstripped the inventions of the northern barbarians.

No people in the world were more expert than the Caribs in the management of a boat. They had two sorts of vessels—*becassas*, with three masts and square sails, and *piroques*, with only two masts. The last were about thirty feet long by four and a half feet wide in the middle. The *becassa* was about forty-two feet long and seven feet wide

*Carib Vessels.*

in the middle. They had sometimes figures of monkeys painted red at the stern of their vessels. These vessels were built of the West India cedar tree, which there grows to a prodigious size. One tree made the keel of the vessel. It was felled with immense labor, hewed to a proper degree of thickness, made

very smooth, and if any addition to the height was necessary, planks were added to the sides. This work was all performed with sharp hatchets made of flint.

Some of these vessels had topmasts, and the Caribs could rig out fleets of thirty sail at a time. After the French

had been some years settled at Martinico, they were surprised one foggy morning by the appearance of a fleet on their coast. The whole island was instantly in alarm and commotion; every man seized his arms, thinking a large squadron from Europe was come to attack the island. But the fog cleared away, and there, close-hauled in shore, were twenty sail of *becassas* and *piroques*, filled with Caribs, who had come for a friendly trading visit.

The Caribs were usually rather above the middle stature, well proportioned, and their countenances were rather agreeable. Their foreheads had an extraordinary appearance, as they were flattened by having a board bound tight on the forehead when they were infants, and kept there till the head had taken the fashionable form. The forehead then continued flat, so that they could see perpendicularly when standing erect, and over their heads when lying down. These were the objects aimed at, and so they, at least, had a reason for their ridiculous custom; which is more than can be said of all the customs of modern refined society.

They had small black eyes, beautiful teeth, white and even, and long, glossy, black hair. The hair was always kept well anointed with oil of *palmachristi*. It was difficult to judge of the color of their skin, because they were always painted with *rouco*, which gave them the appearance of boiled lobsters. The coat of paint preserved their skins from the hot rays of the sun, and from the stings of the mosquito and gnat. It was thus far a useful invention, but they also considered it highly ornamental. When they wished to appear exceedingly grand, they added black mustaches, and other black strokes on their red-painted faces, with the juice of the *geripa* apple.

The men wore ornaments, called

caracolis, in their ears, noses, and the under lip. The metal of which these ornaments were formed came from the South American continent, but no one but an Indian could ever find it. It is exceedingly brilliant, and does not tarnish. A full-dressed Carib wore a *caracolis* in each ear. The ornament was in the form of a crescent, suspended by chains about two and a half inches long, which were fastened in the ear by a hook. Another *caracoli* of the same size was attached to the gristle which separates the nostrils, and hung over the mouth. The under part of the lower lip was pierced, and thence hung another *caracoli*, which reached to the neck; and in the last place, they had one six or seven inches long, enchased in a small board of black wood, and suspended from the neck by a small cord.

When they did not wear the *caracolis*, they inserted little pieces of wood in their ears, &c., that the holes might not grow up; sometimes they stuck the feathers of parrots in these holes, and thus looked very queerly. They had a habit of sticking the hair of their children full of feathers of different colors, which was done very prettily, and looked quite appropriate with their round, red faces, and bright, laughing eyes.

The women were smaller than the men, but equally well-formed. They had black hair and eyes, round faces, their mouths were small, and teeth beautiful. They had a gay and lively air, and their countenances were smiling and very agreeable; but they were in their behaviour perfectly modest.

Their hair was tied at the back of their heads, with a cotton fillet. They wore belts and a little apron called a *camisa*. It was made of cotton cloth, embroidered with beads, and had a bead fringe. They wore scarfs of cotton cloth, about half a yard wide, called a *pagn*.

It was wrapped twice round the body under the armpits, and then was tied, and the ends hung down to the knee. They wore necklaces, composed of several strings of beads, and bracelets of the same. They had buskins also, which were ornaments for the legs, very tasteful, and in high fashion. The females performed most of the cooking, and made the hammocks; and they had likewise to carry all the burdens which were borne in baskets. A man would have been dishonored forever if he had spun or woven cotton, or painted a hammock, or carried a market-basket. But all the hard labor was performed by the men, and they were very kind to their wives and children.

They had some singular customs respecting deceased persons. When a Carib died, he was immediately painted all over with the red paint, and had his mustaches, and the black streaks on his face, made very deep and shining. He was next put into a hole surrounded with mats, and kept till all his relations could see and examine the body. No matter how distant they lived, if on another island, they must be summoned and appear, before the dead body could be buried. But the thick coat of paint preserved it from decay for a long time.

In their wars, I have told you, the Caribs were murderous and cruel. They often poisoned their arrows, and probably often eat their captives. They fought with bows and arrows, and clubs. But when their angry passions became cool, they treated their prisoners with humanity, and never tortured them like the northern savages.

In some instances these islanders were faithless and treacherous. In 1708 the English entered into an agreement with the Caribs in St. Vincents, to attack the French colonies in Martinico. The French governor heard of the treaty, and sent Major Coulet, who was a great

favorite with the savages, to persuade them to break the treaty. Coulet took with him a number of officers and servants, and a good store of provisions and liquors. He reached St. Vincents, gave a grand entertainment to the principal Caribs, and after circulating the brandy freely, he got himself painted red, and made them a flaming speech. He urged them to break their connection with the English. How could they refuse a man who gave them brandy, and who was red as themselves? They abandoned their English friends, and burnt all the timber the English had cut on the island, and butchered the first Englishman who arrived. But their crimes were no worse than those of their christian advisers, who, on either side, were inciting these savages to war.

But the Caribs are all gone, perished from the earth. Their race is no more, and their name is only a remembrance. The English and the French, chiefly the latter, have destroyed them.

There is, however, one pleasant reflection attending their fate. Though destroyed, they were never enslaved. None of their conquerors could compel them to labor. Even those who have attempted to hire Caribs for servants, have found it impossible to derive any benefit or profit from them; they would not be commanded or reprimanded.

This independence was called pride, indolence, and stubbornness by their conquerors;—if the Caribs had had historians to record their wrongs, and their resistance to an overwhelming tyranny, they would have set the matter in a very different light. They would have expressed the sentiment which the conduct of their countrymen so steadily exemplified—that it was better to die free than to live slaves.

So determined was their resistance to all kinds of authority, that it became a proverb among the Europeans, that to

show displeasure to a Carib was the same as beating him, and to beat him was the same as to kill him. If they did anything it was only what they chose, how they chose, and when they chose; and when they were most wanted, it often happened that they would not do what was required, nor anything else.

The French missionaries made many attempts to convert the Caribs to Christianity, but without success. It is true that some were apparently converted; they learned the catechism, and prayers, and were baptized; but they always returned to their old habits.

A man of family and fortune, named Chateau Dubois, settled in Guadaloupe, and devoted great part of his life to the conversion of the Caribs, particularly those of Dominica. He constantly entertained a number of them, and taught them himself. He died in the exercise of these pious and charitable offices, without the consolation of having made one single convert.

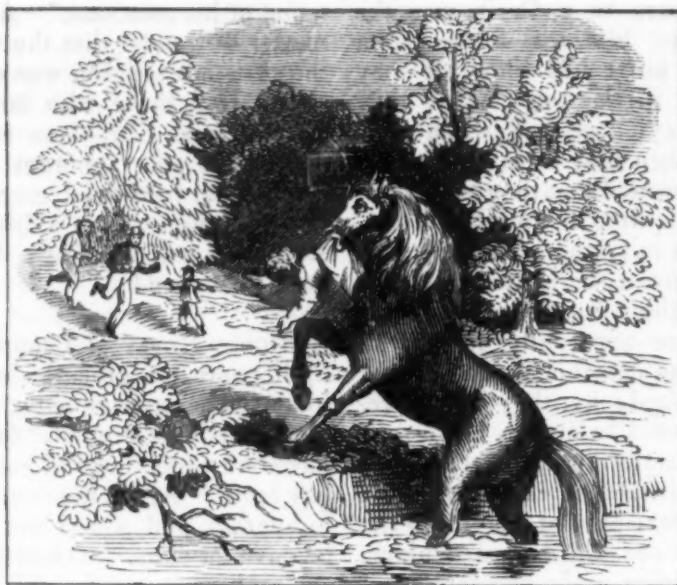
As we have said, several had been baptized, and, as he hoped, they were well instructed, and apparently well grounded in the christian religion; but after they returned to their own people, they soon resumed all the Indian customs, and their natural indifference to all religion.

Some years after the death of Dubois, one of these Carib apostates was at Martinico. He spoke French correctly, could read and write; he had been baptized, and was then upwards of fifty years old. When reminded of the truths he had been taught, and reproached for his apostasy, he replied, "that if he had been born of christian parents, or if he had continued to live among the French, he would still have professed Christianity—but that, having returned to his own country and his own people, he could not resolve to live in a manner differing from their way of life, and by so doing expose himself to the hatred and con-

tempt of his relations." Alas, it is small matter of wonder that the Carib thought the christian religion was only a *profession*. Had those who bore that name always been Christians in reality, and treated the poor ignorant savages with the justice, truth and mercy which the Gospel enjoins, what a different tale the settlement of the New World would have furnished!

A GOOD REPLY.—A countryman drove up his cart to a grocer's door, and asked him what he gave for eggs. "Only seventeen cents," he replied, "for the grocers have had a meeting and voted not to give any more." Again the countryman came to market, and asked the grocer what he gave for eggs. "Only twelve cents," said the grocer, "for the grocers have had another meeting and voted not to give any more." A third time the countryman came and made the same inquiry, and the grocer replied, that "the grocers had held a meeting and voted to give only ten cents. Have you any for sale?" continued the grocer. "No," says the countryman; "the hens have had a meeting too, and voted not to trouble themselves to lay eggs for ten cents a dozen."

PET OYSTER.—There is a gentleman at Christ Church, Salisbury, England, who keeps a pet oyster of the largest and finest breed. It is fed on oatmeal, for which it regularly opens its shell, and is occasionally treated with a dip in its native element; but the most extraordinary trait in the history of this amphibious pet is, that it has proved itself an excellent mouser, having already killed five mice, by crushing the heads of such as, tempted by odoriferous meal, had the temerity to intrude their noses within its bivalvular clutches. Twice have two of these little intruders suffered together.—*Eng. Journal*, 1840.



The Shetland Pony.

THIS diminutive breed of horses, many of which are not larger than a Newfoundland dog, is common in Shetland, and all the islands on the north and west of Scotland; also in the mountainous districts of the mainland along the coast. They are beautifully formed, and possess prodigious strength in proportion to their size. The heads are small, with a flowing mane and long tail, reaching to the ground.

They are high-spirited and courageous little animals, but extremely tractable in their nature. Some of them run wild about the mountains, and there are various methods of catching them, according to the local situation of the district which they inhabit.

The shelties, as they are called, are generally so small, that a middling-sized man must ride with his knees raised to the animal's shoulders, to prevent his toes from touching the ground. It is surprising to see with what speed they will carry a heavy man over broken

and zigzag roads in their native mountains.

When grazing, they will clamber up steep ascents, and to the extreme edge of precipices which overhang the most frightful abysses, and there they will gaze round with as much complacency as if on a plain.

These horses, small as they may be, are not to be considered a degenerate breed, for they are possessed of much greater physical strength in proportion to their size than larger horses. They are called garrons in the highlands of Scotland.

Many years ago, when turnpikes were first established in Scotland, a countryman was employed by the laird of Coll to go to Glasgow and Edinburgh on certain business, and furnished with a small sheltie to ride upon. Being stopped at the gate near Dunbarton, the messenger good-humoredly asked the keeper if he would be required to pay toll, should he pass through carrying a

burthen; and upon the man answering "Certainly not," he took up the horse in his arms, and carried him through the toll-bar, to the great amusement of the gate-keeper.

A gentleman, some time ago, was presented with one of these handsome little animals, which was no less docile than elegant, and measured only seven hands or twenty-eight inches in height. He was anxious to convey his present home as speedily as possible, but, being at a considerable distance, was at a loss how to do so most easily. The friend said, "Can you not carry him in your chaise?" He made the experiment, and the sheltie was lifted into it, covered up with the apron, and some bits of bread given him to keep him quiet. He lay quite peaceable till he reached his destination; thus exhibiting the novel spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.

A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, England, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore, without the slightest injury. The engraving at the head of this article exhibits this interesting scene.

A gentleman had a white pony, which became extremely attached to a little dog that lived with him in the stable, and whenever the horse was rode out, the dog always ran by his side. One day, when the groom took out the pony for exercise, and accompanied as usual by his canine friend, they met a large dog, who attacked the diminutive cur, upon which the horse reared, and, to the astonishment of the bystanders, so effectually fought his friend's battle with his fore feet, that the aggressor found it his interest to scamper off at full speed,

and never again ventured to assail the small dog.

Shelties sometimes attain a great age. There was in the small village of Haddington, Eng., a very small black pony, not exceeding eleven hands high, of the Shetland breed, which in the year 1748, at only two years of age, was rode at the battle of Preston Pans, by a young gentleman, who afterwards sold it to a farmer near Dunbar. This pony, at forty-seven years of age, looked remarkably fresh; trotted eight miles an hour for several miles together; had a very good set of teeth; eat corn and hay well; was able to go a long journey; and had not, to appearance, undergone the least alteration, either in galloping, trotting, or walking, for twenty years preceding.

CURIOUS.—In a book of accounts, belonging to a small dealer, who had become bankrupt, in the west of England, were found the following names of customers to whom credit had been given: "Woman on the Key; Jew Woman; Coal Woman; Old Coal Woman; Fat Coal Woman; Market Woman; Pale Woman; A Man; Old Woman; Little Milk Girl; Candle Man; Stable Man; Coachman; Big Woman; Lamé Woman; Quiet Woman; Egg Man; Littel Black Girl; Old Watchman; Shoemaker; Littel Shoemaker; Short Shoemaker; Old Shoemaker; Littel Girl; Jew Man; Jew Woman; Mrs. in the Cart; Old Irish Woman; Woman in Cow street; A Lad; Man in the country; Long Sal; Woman with Long Sal; Mrs. Irish Woman; Mrs. Feather Bonnet; Blue Bonnet; Green Bonnet; Green Coat; Blue Britches; Big Britches; The woman that was married; The woman that told me of the man."

"I hope I don't intrude," as the knife said to the oyster.



Instinct.

As M. Moreau de Johnes was riding through a wood in Martinique some years since, his horse reared and exhibited the greatest degree of alarm, trembling in every limb with fear. On looking around to discover the cause of the animal's terror, he observed a serpent, called *fer de lance*, standing erect in a bush of bamboo, and he heard it hiss several times.

He would have fired at it with his pistol, but his horse became quite unmanageable, and drew back as quickly as

possible, keeping his eyes fixed on the snake. M. de Johnes, on looking around for some person to hold his horse so that he might destroy the viper, beheld a negro, streaming with blood, cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from a wound which the serpent had just inflicted.

The negro entreated M. de Johnes not to destroy it, as he wished to take the animal alive, to effect a cure on himself, according to a superstitious belief; and this M. de Johnes allowed him to do.

Varieties.

LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.—About three o'clock, one cold, dark, damp day, at the end of December, I met a little chimney-sweeper in England, who had come with his father that morning from a town eight miles off, to sweep the various chimneys about. He was nearly ten years old.

"Do you go home to-night, my little fellow? Where is your father?" "He went forward to the village of D—, and I am to follow." "Are you afraid to go?" "No, I don't feel afraid." "I hope you are a good boy and don't swear—do you say your prayers?" "Yes, always, every night and morning." "Do you like sweeping chimneys?" "As to that, I don't think any

one could like it much; but there are nine children of us, and we two eldest boys must help father; and mother is good, and gets us breakfast early; and father is good to us, and we do pretty well." "Do you go to Sunday school?" "Some of us always go." Here ended our conversation.

About four o'clock a message came, "May the chimney-sweeper's boy sleep here?—he cries, and says it is so wet and dark." After a minute's thought, we replied, "Yes, if he is willing to be locked up in the stable till morning." With this he was well content; and after a clean bed of straw was made, he seemed delighted with his new quarters.

After the key had been turned a few minutes, an old servant coming by heard a voice—a steady, pleading voice; and on listening, she heard the child distinctly repeating collect after collect, and various church prayers. She went round, and looking in, saw our poor boy, kneeling by his bed of straw, with his hands clasped, and praying very earnestly. She said, "The tears came in my eyes as I watched the little fellow, and to see him rise from his knees, and so happily lay himself down to sleep."

In the morning, they watched the child, when he repeated just the same before he left the stable. Upon coming out, the servants asked him, "Who taught you to say your prayers as you do?" "Mother," he replied. "Then your mother's a good scholar?" "No, she can't read a word—none in our house can read." "How then did she learn all these prayers?"

"Mother goes to church every Sunday, and says them after the parson, and so she learns them; and every night we all kneel round her that are old enough to speak, before she puts us to bed, and she says them first, bit by bit, and we all say them after her; and sometimes she learns a new one, and then she

teaches us that. She tells us always to say our prayers when we are away from her, and so I do."

A SHOWER OF ASHES.—A late number of Silliman's Journal contains the following memorandum, handed in by Rev. Peter Parker, M. D., who was a passenger in the ship Niantic, from Canton for New York:

"Ship Niantic, L. F. Doty, master, April 5th, 1840, being in lat. 7 deg. 5 min. north, lon. 121 deg. 10 min. east, at 2 h. A. M., sixty miles west from Mindanuo, one of the Philippine islands, came up a fine breeze from the north-east, which was attended with a shower of dust, resembling that of ashes. It came so thick that it obscured the moon and stars, which were all out very clear before. It filled the sailors' eyes so full that they were obliged to retreat from the deck below. It lasted about one hour, and cleared away. At daylight the Niantic looked like an old furnace, completely covered, from the royal-mast-head down to the water's edge. The decks I should judge were one quarter of an inch thick with the ashes. We took up one half bushel, and might have saved three or four. It fell in small quantities, at different times, for two or three days after. On the 14th of April, spoke the English barque Margaret, whaler; reported likewise on the 5th of April had a similar shower of ashes, being at the time three hundred miles north-northeast of us. He informed me that on the 12th of April he visited several villages on the island of Madura, entirely deserted by the people, from one of which he had taken two brass cannon and several other articles. This led us to think that some volcanic eruption had lately happened in that neighborhood. After the 9th, perceived no more ashes in proceeding northward."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—“Is Mr. Bluster within?” “No; he is out of town,” remarked the servant. “When can I see him?” “I don’t know;—have you any especial business with him?” “Yes, there is a small bill which I wish to settle.” “Well,” said the servant, “I don’t know whether he will return this week or not.” “But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave the town immediately.” “Oh! you wish to *pay* him some money—he is up stairs, I’m thinking; I will call him. Take a seat, sir; Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment!”

FATAL ATTACK OF A SERPENT.—A letter from Martinique, in the *Journal of Guadaloupe*, states, that M. De Pickery, merchant, was met while on a hunting excursion by an enormous serpent, which attacked him, and inflicted several severe wounds in his legs. He defended himself with great courage; but, although timely succor was administered to him, he died four hours after. The serpent was nearly seven feet in length, and when opened there were found in it one hundred and sixty-two little ones. (1840.)

TEARS.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY’S MUSEUM.

Slow & Pathetic.

Tears, tears may speak of grief, More deep than words e'er spake, And
yet tears bring re - - - lief, When else the heart would break.

Tears, tears may tell of pleasure,
Too sweet for words to show;
For the heart is like a measure—
Too full, 't will overflow

Then give, oh give me tears!—
For sorrow's load they lighten—
And rainbow joy appears,
Amid their showers to brighten

